

PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO.

E. H. Smith,
Chief Clerk

A. D. Sharon, Lessee

The PALACE HOTEL, occupying the entire block in the center of San Francisco, is the model Hotel of the world. It has double the accommodations of any other hotel in the city. It is thoroughly fire and earthquake-proof, has broad, easy stairways, and five elevators. Every room is extra large, light and airy. The system of ventilation is perfect, combining flue from fireplace, inlet flue for fresh air from outside, and outlet flue to the roof. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors, leading from the glass-covered court in the center of the building. The central court, illuminated by the electric light, its immense glass roof, broad balconies around it on every story, its carriage way and its tropical plants, is an attractive feature, one hitherto unknown in American Hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The Restaurant is an adjunct to the Hotel, and is the finest in the city. Room with board, \$3 per day; room with board, \$4 per day; room without board, \$1 per day and upwards.

Lines of horse-cars, connecting directly with all principal streets, business centers, leading places of amusement or resort, and all notable localities, constantly traversing the entire city, even to its remotest suburbs, run within a minute's walk of the Palace. At the neighboring foot of the city's Grand Central Avenue, which passes directly under its northern front, are the stations and docks of the Great Overland Railway Terminus, with the piers and slips of the principal steam ferries, which swiftly bridge the broad Bay in every habitable or pleasurable direction. A few blocks south lie the immense docks and basins of the P. M. S. Co., with their grand fleet of Trans-Pacific Mail Steamships for the Sandwich Islands, China, Japan, Australia, India, and the nations of the Orient.

Ninety-six thousand two hundred and fifty square feet, or nearly two and a quarter acres, underlie the stupendous structure itself, while the sub-sidewalk extensions increase the basement area to upwards of three acres. Its general form is an immense, triplicate, hollow quadrangle, including one grand central crystal-roofed garden court, flanked by a lesser and parallel court on either side. Seven lofty stories surmount the deep and airy basement, and through a considerable portion it has eight. The lower story has a height of over twenty-seven feet; the uppermost, sixteen. Four artesian wells, having a tested capacity of 28,000 gallons an hour, supply the great 630,000 gallon reservoir under the central court, besides filling seven roof tanks, holding 130,000 gallons more. Three large steam fire-pumps force water through 45 3-inch wrought-iron upright fire mains, reaching above the roof, and distribute it through 327 2½-inch hose bibs, and 15,000 feet of fire-ply carbolized fire-hose, thus doubly and trebly commanding every inch of the vast structure from roof to basement, within and without.

Five patent safety-catch hydraulic elevators, running noiselessly within fire-proof brick walls, ascend even to the roof promenades. Electric fire-alarms, self-acting, instantly report at the office the exact locality of any fire, or even of extraordinary heat in any parlor, bedroom, closet, hall, passage, stairway or storeroom. Special hotel watchmen regularly patrol all parts of the building every thirty minutes, day and night. A self-acting and self-registering tell-tale indicator instantly reports at the office any neglect or omission of their duty. Besides all these precautions, a fire-proof iron staircase inclosed in solid brick and stone, and opening through iron doors, upon every floor, ascends from basement to roof. Every floor has its exclusive annunciator and its own tubular conductors, carrying all letters for the post-office directly to the main letter-box in the general office. A pneumatic dispatch tube instantly conveys letters, messages or parcels to and from any point of the different floors. The grand central court, 144 by 84 feet, has a carriage and promenade entrance through the east front on New Montgomery Street of 44 feet width, expanding into a circular driveway fifty-two feet in diameter, surrounded by a marble-tiled promenade and a tropical garden of rare exotics, with choice statuary and artistic fountains. Within this court, opposite the main entrance, is the music pavilion, in which the instrumental band, exclusively attached to the Palace, render choice selections at stated intervals during every afternoon and evening.

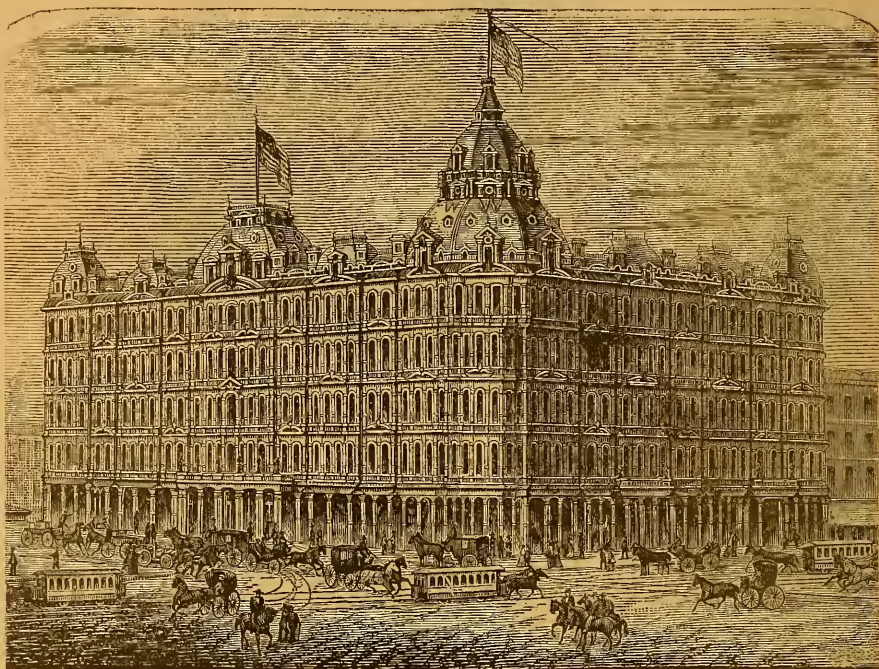
Off the central court open the main entrance to the hotel office, 65 by 55; entrances to the breakfast-room, 110 by 55; the grand dining-room, 150 by 55; the music and ball-room, 65 by 55; the ladies' lower reception parlor, 40 by 40; reading-room of the same size; billiard-rooms, 65 by 40; barber shop and bath-rooms, 40 by 40; coin-mattee-rooms and other general apartments, devoted to the pleasure or convenience of guests and patrons.

On the second floor are private dining-rooms, children's dining-hall, and the ladies' drawing-room, 84 by 40. THE TOTAL NUMBER OF ROOMS EXCLUSIVELY FOR GUESTS, ABOVE THE GARDEN FLOOR, IS 755, most of which are 20 feet square; none less than 16 by 16. They are equally well finished and furnished throughout.

Within and without, in all approaches, appointments and belongings, the kingly structure, far surpassing, not only in size but in grandeur, all the hotels of Europe and America, richly justifies the propriety of its happily chosen name—THE PALACE HOTEL.

A. D. SHARON, Lessee.

THE BALDWIN.



THE BALDWIN,

THE LEADING HOTEL OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

This Hotel was completed and opened in May, 1877, and is conducted on the American plan.

Over \$3,500,000 having been expended by Mr. Baldwin in its construction and furnishing, THE BALDWIN is the most elegantly appointed Hotel in the world.

Situated on Market street, at the intersection of Powell and Eddy Streets, and fronting on four principal streets in the business center, it is convenient of access to and from all quarters of the city. Eight lines of Street Cars pass its doors.

Hotel Coaches and Carriages in waiting at all Steamers and Railway Depots.

TOURISTS' HEADQUARTERS. Special accommodations for families and large parties.

PRICES the same as at other first-class hotels—\$2.50 TO \$5 PER DAY.

H. H. PEARSON, - - - - - Proprietor.

Formerly proprietor of the COSMOPOLITAN, San Francisco.

BRUSH HARDENBERGH, Chief Clerk.

M. A. FRENCH, Cashier.

Examples of Hundreds of Testimonials.

NO. 3.

Satisfactory Evidence.

J. W. Graham, Wholesale Druggist, of Austin, Tex., writes.—I have been handling DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS for the past year, and have found it one of the most saleable medicines I have ever had in my house for Coughs, Colds, and even Consumption, always giving entire satisfaction. Please send me another gross.

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William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass, says:—In the fall of 1876 I was taken with BLEEDING OF LUNGS followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the Hospital. The doctor said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up all hope, but a friend told me of DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when, to my surprise, I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel better than for three years past.

NO. 36.

Henry's Carbolic Salve.

The best salve used in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Piles, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Tetters, Chapped Hands, Chills, blains, Corns, and all kinds of Skin Eruptions, Freckles and Pimples. The salve is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction in every case. Be sure you get HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE, as all others are but imitations and counterfeits.

NO. 51.

Why Will You Die ?

SCOVILL'S SARSAPARILLA, OR BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP, for the cure of Scrofulous Taint, Rheumatism, White Swelling, Gout, Goitre, Consumption, Bronchitis, Nervous Debility, Malaria, and all diseases arising from an impure condition of the blood. Certificates can be presented from many leading physicians, ministers, and heads of families throughout the land, endorsing SCOVILL'S BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP. We are constantly in receipt of certificates of cures from the most reliable sources, and we recommend it as the best known remedy for the cure of the above diseases.

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Great Reduction in Time! Only Four Days for Round Trip!



Via the New Madera and Merced Route, including the following Points: Inspiration Point, Bridal Vail, El Capitan, Cathedral Rock and the Sentinel, Three Brothers and Yosemite Falls, Union and Glacier Points, and the World-renowned Mariposa Groves of Big Trees.

In order to get choice of seats, write or telegraph, in advance, the number and day of departure, to

SAM. MILLER,
613 MARKET STREET (Grand Hotel), S. F.

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GUIDE

—TO THE—

SEA-SIDE,

LAKE-SIDE,

FOOTHILL,

MOUNTAIN AND

MINERAL SPRING

Health and Pleasure Resorts

—OF THE—

PACIFIC COAST,

—BY—

NEWTON H. CHITTENDEN

(Second Edition.)



SAN FRANCISCO:
C. A. MURDOCK & Co., PRINTERS,
1884.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION,

SANTA BARBARA, Cal., April, 1881.

There is probably no portion of the world which possesses greater natural advantages for health and pleasure seekers than the United States.

Its vast territorial extent, embraces a combination of mountains and plains, rivers and valleys, forests, lakes and sea coast, on a scale of unparalleled grandeur and interest, affording unlimited range in the choice of situations as to climatic, scenic and social requirements.

The order of nature is opposed to monopoly, and distributes its gifts more evenly than appears at first view.

The characteristic features of the topography, climate and resources of the Atlantic and Pacific Slopes, and the great elevated region intervening, are so marked that each division of country becomes the sole possessor of certain great advantages, which cannot be destroyed, removed or counterfeited.

There is no place on either the Atlantic or Pacific Coasts which can match the scenery or climate of the interior mountains and plains; no spot in all that immense region which can satisfy a demand for sea air, sea food and ocean breezes; no climate from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico comparable with that of the Southern Pacific Coast; and no place from Alaska to Mexico which equals in all respects the great popular watering places of the East. This great diversity, and wise distribution of natural advantages, removes all cause for unfair rivalry, and should lead to the utmost liberality between sections and individuals specially interested in attracting and providing for the health and pleasure seeking public. In proportion as we increase in population, wealth and general information, and possess the means for rapid and easy transit, the people will more and more bestow their patronage where most deserved and best adapted to their special wants. Hitherto Americans have gone much abroad for recreation and health, but it has been mainly due to the undeveloped condition of our own country. The most frequented watering places in America have been known to the general public but a few years. Six years ago the writer was accustomed to gallop up and down the beach of Coney Island without meeting an obstruction, save an occasional fisherman's cabin, where now miles of hotels and caravansaries, unsurpassed in magnitude and excellence of accommodation and management, entertain tens and sometimes hundreds of thousands of people daily during the heated term. Last season, while camping at Ocean Grove, New Jersey—one of a succession of seaside resorts extending from Sandy Hook southward along the coast for over twenty miles, including Long Branch, Asbury Park and Ocean Beach—we were informed by one of the original owners of that portion of the shore that the whole of that almost unbroken line of magnificent hotels and summer residences, now thronged with multitudes of visitors and sojourners

from June to September, was all the creation of less than ten years. Still more recently have the great natural pleasure resorts and sanitariums of the interior of the continent and the Pacific Slope become practically accessible. Now that the facilities for transcontinental travel are so complete, a considerable and constantly increasing number of people from the Atlantic States will seek, especially during the winter season, the mild and healthful resorts of the Pacific Coast.

Health and pleasure seeking constantly involves the question of adaptation. No two persons were ever created alike in their mental and physical natures, and their requirements in a state of health or disease. All experience is so personal, that what we find to be good for us, affords a most unreliable guide in determining the needs of others. It is, therefore, a responsibility which no one should assume, without the most thorough knowledge of the subject, to give specific advice respecting those situations which will best promote the health or happiness of any one. Our present purpose is simply to furnish such descriptions of the most favorably known watering places and health resorts of this coast as will enable the interested reader to form a correct estimate of the special advantages which they afford. N. H. C.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., November, 1883.

Since the publication of the First Edition, I have visited most of the health and pleasure resorts of the Pacific Coast from Mexico to Alaska.

In the meantime, the completion of two new transcontinental railways renders them accessible to both tourist and invalid.

Beginning at San Diego, I have followed the natural order of description, presenting the various places and objects of interest as reached in traveling northward.

I am under special obligations to Major Ben. C. Truman, the well-known brilliant author of "Semi-Tropical California," "Occidental Sketches," "The South after the War," "Campaigning in Tennessee," "Tourists' Guides," etc., etc., for valuable information and cuts for this work.

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EL CAPITAN—3300 FEET HIGH.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1883,
By NEWTON H. CHITTENDEN,
In the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington, D. C.

The Climate of the Pacific Coast.

The Pacific Coast region, lying within the boundaries of the United States, extends over 1200 miles by the shore line, from north to south, and from 200 to 350 miles inland to the Sierra Nevada and Cascade Ranges of Mountains. This great scope of country embraces the grandest mountains and rivers, and most extensive forests, plains, and valleys, on the continent, and is one of the most interesting portions of the world. In sublime and beautiful scenery, variety and excellence of climate, and productions, it has no parallel. It affords an inexhaustible field for interesting and profitable travel and research, and abounds in localities possessing in the highest degree those natural advantages most conducive to the health and enjoyment of the visitor. Ranging through 20 degrees of latitude, and from the sea level to heights of 15,000 feet; with hundreds of mountains, thousands of valleys, dense coast forests bathing in six feet of rain, thirsty interior desert wastes receiving only four inches, summits upon which winter reigns, overlooking valleys smiling in perpetual sunshine and summer, where snow and ice never come, the orange ripens and the tenderest flowers bloom in January, there is no situation or atmospheric condition, which varying altitudes, degrees of humidity, heat and cold and exposure can produce, that it does not contain. Though the characteristic features of the immediate coast climate, and that of the country lying between the Coast Range and the Sierra Nevada Mountains, warrants the usual, general description, that the former is even, cool and moist, and the latter variable, hot and dry, it conveys a very inadequate idea of the local peculiarities of climate, occasioned by the modifying influences of ocean winds and currents, elevation, and the character and extent of protection and exposure.

Neither do the rules of climatology, based upon observations in other parts of the world, apply to this coast. According to these calculations, the mean annual temperature diminishes in going northward at the rate of one degree for every degree of latitude. This would show a variation of about 17 degrees between the temperature of San Diego, California, and the Strait of Juan de Fuca, in Washington Territory. The mean annual temperature at Fort Steilacoom, Washington Territory, is 51 degrees; at Portland, Oregon, 53 degrees, and at San Francisco, 56 degrees, showing a difference of only 5 degrees along a coast line extending more than 800 miles. This uniformity of temperature is due to the ocean current from the north, and the north winds which prevail from April to October. From San Francisco southward to San Diego, a distance of 480 miles, the coast bears eastward more than 250 miles, removing it sufficiently from the ocean current and winds which cool the upper coast, to produce a marked change in its climate. The mean temperature at Monterey rises to 57° , at Santa Barbara to 60° , at Santa Monica to 61° , and San Diego to 62° . This portion of the coast, known as Southern California, possesses the most equable and delightful climate in the world. The mean difference in temperature between January and July is only 8 degrees at San Diego, 12 degrees at Los Angeles, 7 degrees at Santa Monica, 10 degrees at Santa Barbara, 6 degrees at Monterey, and 8 degrees at San Francisco. As we recede from the coast, and the influence of the ocean currents and winds, the climate is mainly governed by elevation and exposure, and varies, in a marked degree, according to the configuration of the country. The summers are considerably hotter in the interior valleys than on the coast, and the winters colder in proportion, as we ascend the mountains.

Going northward from San Diego, through the interior valleys of the Bear, Poway, San Jacinto, San Bernardino, San Joaquin and Sacramento, for a distance of over 500 miles, the temperature averages about 55 degrees in winter, and 70 degrees in summer, ranging from the extremes of 120 degrees to 29 degrees. The valleys surrounding the bay of San Francisco are under the joint influence of the ocean

winds, which daily sweep inland through the Golden Gate, and of the interior climate. Here may be found the most agreeable and salubrious atmospheric conditions. Passing into Oregon, the Cascade range of mountains creates a third marked climatic division, which extends to Puget Sound. The average temperature in Western Oregon is 52 degrees in Spring, 67 degrees in Summer, 53 degrees in Autumn, and 39 degrees in Winter, with extremes from 95 degrees to 25 degrees. In Eastern Oregon, it averages 53 degrees in Spring, 70 degrees in Summer, 52 degrees in Autumn, and 35 degrees in Winter, ranging from 103 to 14 degrees. The rainy season throughout this whole coast region begins late in October, or early in November, and continues with more or less of showery weather, according to locality, until the ensuing May. Then, from May to October, the dry season has full sway, a shower during that period, especially south of San Francisco, being an unusual occurrence. So far as the amount of rainfall is concerned, throughout Southern California, the rainy season simply signifies that during that period exclusively, not exceeding 18 inches may fall.

The average annual rainfall at San Diego is only 10.43 inches. Following up the coast to San Francisco, it increases at the rate of about 2 inches for every 100 miles. Santa Monica receives about 13 inches, Santa Barbara 15 inches, Monterey 17 inches, and San Francisco 21 inches. The Coast Range of mountains, rising to an elevation of from 2000 to 4000 feet, robs the ocean rain-freighted clouds of all their precious burden before reaching the interior plains and valleys. At Fort Yuma, on the Colorado river and desert, the mean annual rainfall is only 2.54 inches. Among the little valleys extending from San Diego to the San Jacinto mountains, from 7 to 9 inches; in the valley of San Bernardino, and at Colton, Riverside and Cocomungo, 10 inches; advancing toward the coast, Spadra and El Monte receive about 11 inches, and Los Angeles, situated 20 miles from the ocean, about 14 inches. Crossing the San Bernardino mountains to the Mojave plains, the yearly rainfall is only from 3 to 4 inches, and from thence up the San Joaquin Valley as far as Goshen, in latitude 36 degrees, ranges from

3 to 6 inches; from thence northward it increases to 15.10 inches at Stockton, 18.23 inches at Sacramento. Along the upper Sacramento River and its tributaries in Yuba, Placer and Nevada counties, it sometimes reaches the maximum of 125 inches, as during the winter of 1881, causing the most disastrous floods. Returning toward the coast, the counties surrounding the bay of San Francisco receive from 15 to 25 inches, and those on the north the greatest amount. Now, proceeding northward again into Western Oregon, we find an average of 45 inches; crossing the Cascade Range into Eastern Oregon, it falls to 15 inches; back to Astoria, near the mouth of the Columbia River, it rises to 70 inches; and over on the great Columbia plains, in Eastern Washington Territory, the annual rainfall is about 15 inches, and from thence westward, along the shores of Puget Sound and into the heart of the great forests of Western Washington, we find from 60 to 70 inches. The snowfall is confined almost exclusively to the country lying east of the Cascade Range in Washington and Oregon, and to eastern and northeastern California, high up on the western slope of the Sierras. Here it is usually light, except on the elevated valleys and mountain summits, where it falls to a great depth. In ordinary seasons stock ranges at large throughout the winter without shelter, subsisting entirely upon the native grasses. In Western Washington the snowfall rarely exceeds a few inches at one time, except on the mountain tops, and seldom remains long enough for sleighing. Western Oregon has on an average about ten snowy days during the winter. Snow very rarely falls in large quantities or remains long on the ground. A small portion of northwestern California, especially in Siskiyou County, is within the snow range. Mount Shasta, 13,000 feet above the sea level, is always snow-capped. Sometimes it whitens the foothills and elevated valleys further south, and once during the winter of 1856, and again in 1882, covered the hills about San Francisco until near mid-day. But from thence southward to San Diego no snow is ever seen, except on the summits of the mountains, and sometimes for a few hours among the upper foothills.

Frosts prevail over this whole coast region during the winter months, and in Oregon and Washington Territory are not uncommon in midsummer. In Southern California they are seldom so severe as to inflict much injury upon the growing crops or fruits. Many sheltered localities are altogether exempt, except at long intervals. A strong northwest trade wind prevails, especially during the months of July and August, along the coast from Point Concepcion, in latitude 34° north, to Washington Territory. It comes heavily laden with fog, which thickly envelopes the immediate shore until about ten o'clock in the morning. The elevated plains and valleys east of the Cascade Range are exposed, especially in summer, to high winds from the southwest. What are known as "Chenook" winds occasionally sweep with great force from the southwest, in winter, up the channel of the Columbia River, and over the great plains of the upper basin. It is a warm current which melts in a few hours all the snow in its course. The prevailing winds on the southern coast are west and northwesterly from March to September, and southeasterly during the remainder of the year. It is sometimes visited by hot, drying, north and east winds from the great interior plains and deserts. About half a dozen "northers" may be expected during the year, continuing from one to three days. They seldom attain the velocity of a gale, but are the most disagreeable feature of the climate.

A division of the Pacific Coast region, according to prominent climatic characteristics would therefore be about as follows: Commencing on the north, the first division would embrace all that portion lying between the Pacific Ocean and the Cascade and Coast ranges of mountains and latitudes $37\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ and 38° . It possesses a comparatively mild climate, not unlike that of England, moist, cool and crisp, and somewhat harsh upon the immediate coast. Fires are comfortable throughout the year, and the same clothing worn in January is not uncomfortable in June. During the six months rainy season, north of latitude 40° , while the probabilities are in favor of rain during every twenty-four hours, intervals of bright sunny weather are not uncom-

mon. The heat of summer is rarely oppressive, and the nights are always cool and refreshing. The abundant rains and moderate fall of winter temperature, and the uniformly rich soils are exceedingly favorable to a luxuriant growth of all kinds of grasses and hardy fruits, plants and vegetables. Volunteer crops of cereals, sometimes equaling in yield the first harvest, are common. The average summer temperature is too low for Indian corn, tomatoes, or semi-tropic fruits. The climate is salubrious for vigorous constitutions, and free from malaria, except along the river bottoms.

A second division includes the remainder of the coast, from latitude $37\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ southward, lying within the United States. Mildness, equability, sunshine and salubrity are its marked peculiarities. Its severest storms, except an occasional norther, are comparatively mild. Winter is the season of greatest activity, growth and enjoyment. The tenderest flowers blossom the year round. In my own garden three-year-old tomato vines have been covered with fruit and blossoms all winter, and Indian corn has been growing. The summers are hot and dry, but not oppressive. The orange, fig and other semi-tropic fruits find here a congenial atmosphere. Soon after the winter rains all vegetation springs into life, and in April the country is a garden of luxuriant growth. In June the hills begin to turn brown, the early harvest commences, and until November following, the general aspect of the country is barren and uninviting.

A third climatic division embraces all that great interior lying midway between the Cascade and Coast Ranges of mountains, extending from the plains of the Columbia, in Eastern Washington, south through Eastern Oregon, and down the great valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, to San Diego, California. Removed, in a great measure, beyond the cooling and equalizing influence of the ocean winds, dryness throughout the year, and the extreme heat of the mid-day sun, are its marked peculiarities. Its special adaptations are to wheat and stock raising in the northern portions, wheat, fruit, and stock raising in the central, and

wheat, barley, Indian corn, semi-tropic fruits and stock raising in the southern.

The foothills, valleys, and elevated table lands lying within the snow limits along the western slope of the Sierras, constitute a fourth climatic division. Its distinctive features are a much lower winter temperature, snow storms of greater or less severity, according to altitude, and a greater rainfall. Farming, fruit growing, stock raising, mining and lumbering are the chief pursuits of this region.

Heavy gales are not uncommon in winter along the upper coast; tornadoes are rare visitations; electric storms are almost unknown south of latitude 34° , and north of that do not occur on an average oftener than twice a year. Water-spouts sometimes burst in the mountain cañons and overwhelm the unfortunate camper, but this is a very exceptional phenomenon. Slight shocks of earthquake are felt somewhere on the coast almost every year, but they are usually quite harmless. Cool, refreshing nights are a pleasant feature of this whole coast climate, except a comparatively small portion in the Colorado desert. During a residence of several years, I have seen but very few mosquitoes, except in the immediate vicinity of 'permanently wet and marshy places. House flies are not more numerous than in other sections of the United States. Fleas are native to the country, and troublesome if neglected, but, with care and neatness, occasion little annoyance. The poisonous tarantula and centipede may be found upon search, but are seldom thought of after a short residence. I have seen but few rattlesnakes, during quite extensive travels, on foot as well as on horseback, through wild, unfrequented portions of the country.

There has been, heretofore, so much poetic extravagance indulged in, both in praise and detraction of the climate and resources of Southern California, that the Eastern public has been puzzled to form any satisfactory opinion upon the subject. In descriptive writing, there is considerable temptation for those ambitious for a literary reputation, or more careful to please and secure personal ends than to present the truth—to "write up" beyond the merits of their subject. It is far better, in every way, to point out the drawbacks of

a locality, than to conceal them from the public, to surely reach it in an exaggerated form, through the complaints of the disappointed. It is not a question of the perfection of climate anywhere, but the greatest aggregate of climatic and other advantages, with the fewest disadvantages for the largest number. The prosperity of the country and the people attracted hither are so intimately associated, that both alike demand that all questions pertaining to its advantages and disadvantages as a sanitarium should be treated with perfect frankness. Opinions are valuable, in proportion to the experience, candor and judgment of their authors. When, emanating from respectable sources, they uniformly agree upon any matter, to that extent they are entitled to much consideration. I have taken considerable pains to consult the best authorities upon the adaptation of the climate of Southern California for the cure of consumptives. *They are unanimous in the opinion that it is unsurpassed in the world for the healing of diseased lungs.* My own experience in all the climates of this country, except the Polar, and observations derived from a personal acquaintance with a large number of consumptives, agrees with the general verdict.

While living in New York, before the publication of this work was thought of, I wrote as follows:

“Invalids seeking situations possessing the most beneficial climatic conditions for them, are beset with even greater difficulties than those which perplex the average home-seeker. Those difficulties are increased in proportion to the inability of the sufferer, from lack of sufficient strength or means to make experiments, involving much travel and expense, or the necessity of selecting a location affording opportunities for earning a livelihood.” Florida, Minnesota, Colorado, and California each have their interested advocates, asserting, with equal positiveness, the superior healing qualities of their respective climates, especially for all diseases of the lungs and respiratory organs. Such is human nature, that you may generally anticipate the advice you will receive, by consulting residents of localities supposed to possess the sanitary advantages which you desire. Results, rather than theories and opinions, are the only safe

guides in ascertaining the comparative advantages of sanitariums, and such results must be obtained from entirely disinterested sources.

A dry, equable climate, cool rather than hot, having the least daily, as well as annual, range of temperature, the most sunshine, the greatest exemption from storms, and as tonic as the patient will bear, affords the most favorable climatic conditions for all throat, bronchial, and lung diseases. The consumptive's greatest hope of recovery lies in taking all the out-door exercise possible without injury, in the sunshine, in a dry, pure, stimulating atmosphere. The climate of Florida, at certain seasons and places, affords relief to many consumptives; but, during a considerable portion of the year, it is so hot, humid, and enervating, that, instead of exerting any healing, strengthening influence upon diseased lungs, it proves injurious to them. Its nearness to the East gives it advantages as a temporary resort for all classes of its invalids who desire to escape the inclemency of Northern winters, but its opportunities for profitable business are too limited to invite the permanent settlement of those who find its climate beneficial. The dry, pure, stimulating air of Minnesota is very favorable for consumptives from May until November, especially in the eastern and timber-sheltered portions, but they should avoid its long, severe, stormy winters, except in cases where the disease is in its incipient stages, and the vitality of the person affected exceptionally good. Colorado possesses a still dryer climate than Minnesota, and by reason of its greater altitude, is more beneficial for asthmatics. It also contains many localities where consumptives may be benefited by a permanent residence. Portions of Arizona, New Mexico and Utah are well adapted, so far as climate is concerned, for the permanent settlement of all sufferers from bronchial and lung diseases. But Southern California probably affords the most perfect conditions of climate, combined with other advantages, for a home for consumptives, of any portion of North America. These are a dry, pure, equable, stimulating atmosphere, the most sunshine, the greatest choice of situations, as to elevation, humidity and exposure, in conjunction with superior advantages for engaging in light, pleasant and profitable occupations."

So, while the climate of other portions of the United States, at certain seasons, may possess, to an equal degree, the healing influence of the air and sunshine of this Southern coast, either the heat of summer, or the cold of winter, render them unfit for the permanent residence of the consumptive. There are only a few days during the year in Southern California when the most delicate person need keep in doors on account of the weather.

This is a happy land for children and all young animals. They are uniformly large, active, and healthy. They live in the pure air and sunshine, their great necessity and delight. During the past winter I have traveled upwards of a thousand miles in an open wagon, or on horseback, through Santa Barbara, Ventura, Los Angeles and San Diego counties, sleeping in the open air, under a slight shelter tent, with the greatest comfort, with only one day's detention on account of rain or storms. I have camped out, more or less, for over twenty years, and five years continuously during the war, and in many climates, including those of Texas, Florida, Colorado and Minnesota, but have found none so favorable to tent life, at all seasons, as Southern California. And yet it is far from perfection at all times and places. A visitor arriving for the first time, in a hot and dusty town of the interior, in midsummer, and looking over the parched plains and foothills destitute of a single green thing, and returning, without going further, or remaining longer, sees the worst and is greatly disappointed. Should he arrive in winter, when something green and blossoming and beautiful greets the eye everywhere, he sees it in its best robes, and is carried away with enthusiasm. California may be compared to a rich eccentric genius, a many sided character abounding in excellent qualities and not without bad ones, who can only be judged after a long acquaintance. We are generally pretty severe critics when we go abroad for health or recreation. We may leave the worst climate in the world, and, if we don't find a perfect one, are apt to complain. Those visiting the watering places and health resorts of this coast, who have frequented the great popular watering places of the Atlantic seaboard, must not expect to find, in this com-

paratively new country, outside of the principal cities, the same extent and excellence of accommodation and service, in all respects, which they have been accustomed to receive there.

San Francisco, the Pacific Coast terminus of both trans-continental railways, is naturally the objective point of a large portion of travel to this coast. Its inhabitants do not boast of their climate, which, though equable, is too harsh for feeble constitutions; but they are reasonably proud of their hotels, which are among the most magnificent in the world. I know of no city in this country where the hotel and restaurant fare is so uniformly excellent in quality and reasonable in price. At the Palace, Baldwin, Russ House, Lick House, Occidental and many other hotels, the most particular guest will find every reasonable want satisfied. So the Pacific Ocean House of Santa Cruz, Hotel Del Monte of Monterey, the Arlington of Santa Barbara, the Sierra Madre Villa of San Gabriel, and the Horton House of San Diego, are all large, first-class hotel establishments.

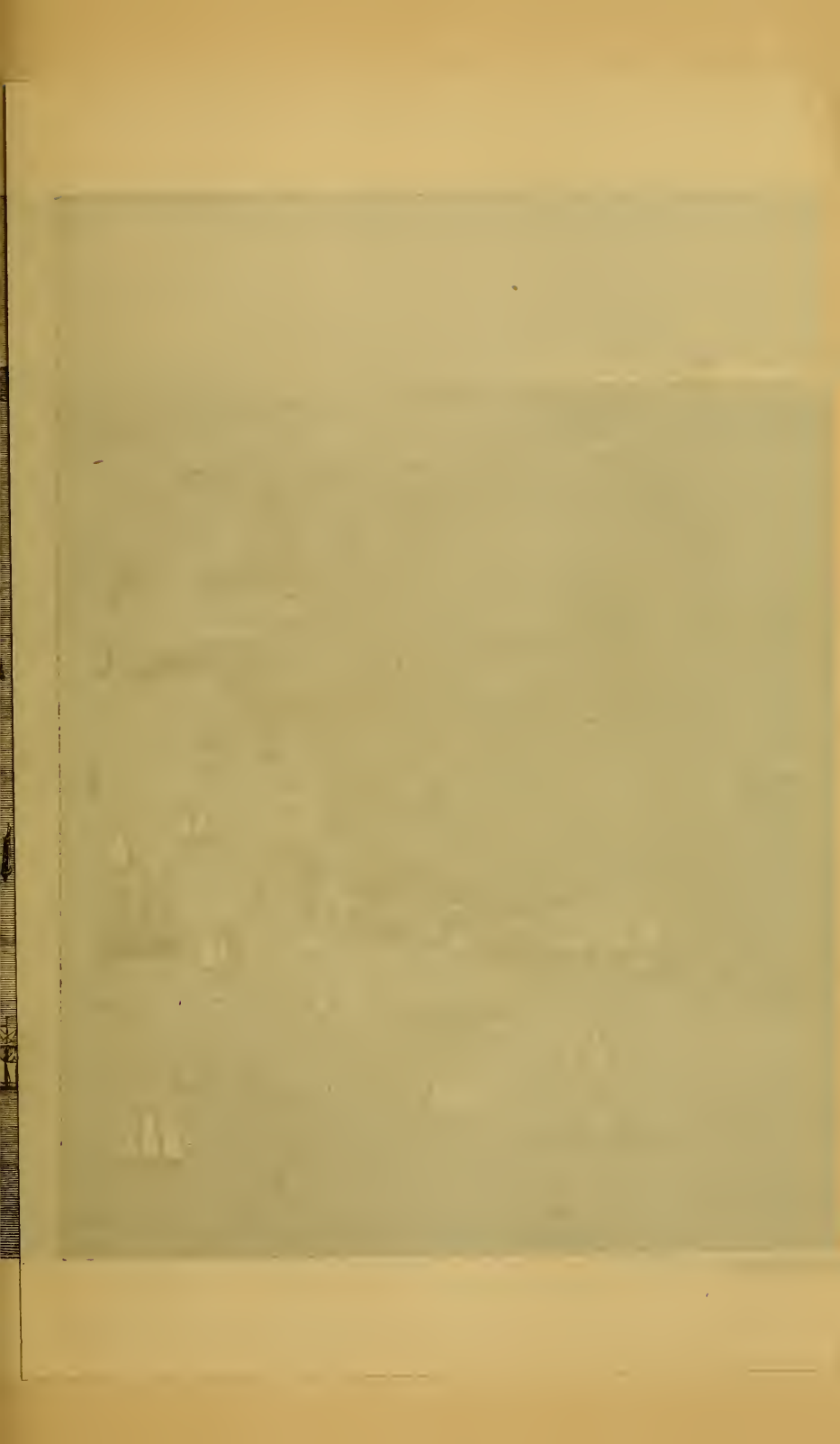
Each of the watering places and health resorts hereafter mentioned possesses some advantages as such, peculiarly and exclusively its own, specially recommending it to the patronage of certain classes of health and pleasure-seekers; and for those tourists and invalids who, for any reason, desire to avoid them all and "rough it" in their own way, choosing their own companions and outfit, camping at the seaside, among the foothills, or in the mountain fastnesses, as health or inclination leads them, there is no more favorable climate or interesting field of travel under the sun. The grandeur and beauty of its scenery, the brightness of its skies, mildness, equability and salubrity of its climate, and the excellence and variety of its productions have never been exaggerated.

CALIFORNIA.

California probably possesses a greater aggregate of natural and valuable resources than any other equal area of the American Continent. A pastoral paradise, gold fields among the richest in the world, the husbandman most liberally rewarded, field, orchard and vineyard yielding bountiful harvests of superior excellence of nearly every product of the soil, scenery of matchless grandeur and beauty, rounding up the measure of its blessings with one of the most genial and salubrious climates in the world. Descending the Pacific slope of the Sierra Nevada Mountains by the C. P. R. R., the pioneer transcontinental railway, in December, 1873, direct from snow and ice-bound Minnesota, I was first ushered into this glorious country. Green fields, blooming orchards and gardens, sunshine and beauty gladdened my feasting eyes all the way to

SAN FRANCISCO, the metropolis of the Pacific Coast. A wonderful city is San Francisco, remarkable for its rapid growth, the enterprise and wealth of its citizens, palace hotels and palace residences, luxurious and fast living, and surrounding places and objects of great interest.

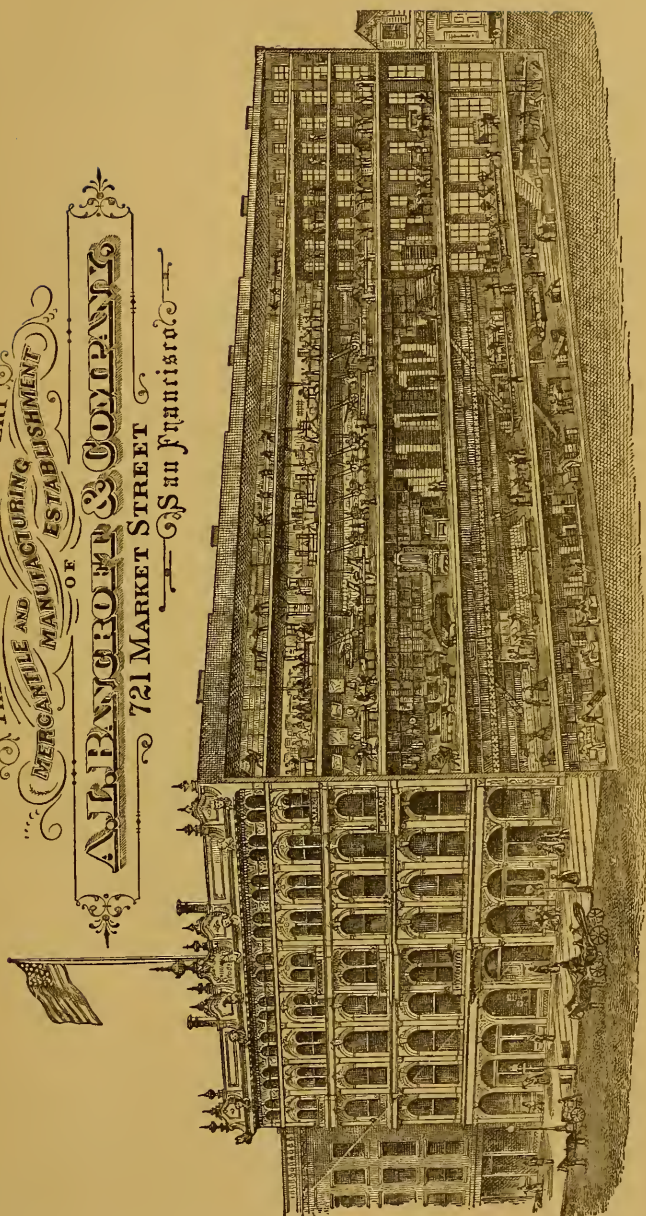
Founded in 1850, upon gold, centrally situated on the best harbor of the coast, commanding the principal trade of this region, keeping pace with the development of succeeding industries, her population in 1883 numbers about 280,000, worth \$250,000,000, owning 30,000 buildings. Palatial mansions crown the once unsightly sand hills; her hotels are the most magnificent in the world; her public schools costing \$1,000,000, a hundred churches, and numerous libraries, museums, theaters and parks, liberally provide for the instruction and amusement of the people. Daily swept by the ocean breezes, the climate of San Francisco, though equable, is somewhat harsh, but stimulating and healthy.



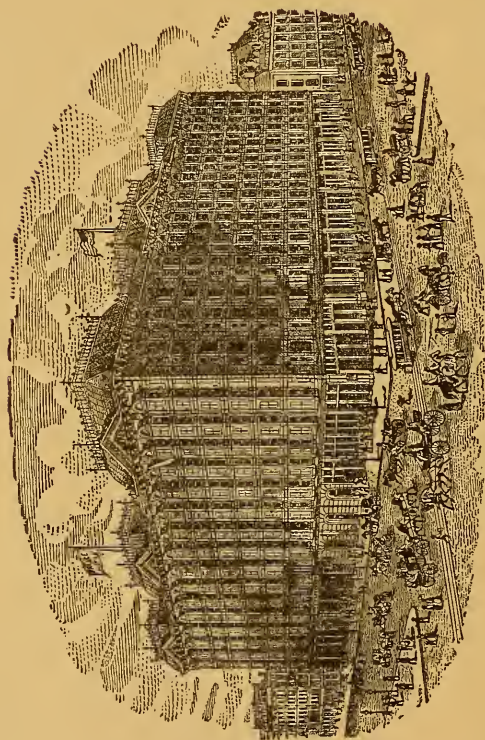


BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SAN FRANCISCO.

THE BOOK AND STATIONERY
MERCANTILE AND MANUFACTURING
ESTABLISHMENT
OF
ALBANY BROS & COMPANY
721 MARKET STREET
San Francisco



Woolen clothing is comfortable most of the year. Within and near the city, the Palace Hotel, The Baldwin, Woodward's Gardens, Presidio, the Chinese Quarter, Cable Roads, Golden Gate Park, and Cliff House, are objects and places of great interest.



Geo. H. Smith
Chief Clerk.

PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO.

A. D. Thomson, Lessee

San Francisco contains some of the most magnificent blocks and largest business houses in this country. The Safe Deposit and Trust Company's building is probably the most perfect in the world for the purpose designed. The great book, stationery, publishing and manufacturing establishment of A. L. Bancroft & Co. is one of the most complete in the United States. The cable roads are the wonder of all visitors.

OAKLAND AS A SUMMER AND WINTER RESORT.

No city in this country possesses a greater aggregate of attractions, both for a summer and winter resort, than Oakland.

The city itself is very beautiful, the surrounding country charming; climate, the perfection of equability and salubrity the year round; the people intelligent, sociable and refined; religious and educational advantages excellent, and opportunities for pleasure and recreation, riding, boating, fishing, hunting, bathing, and attending theatricals, lectures, etc., unsurpassed.

The facilities for rapid transit with San Francisco and the neighboring towns are most complete. Half-hourly trains and magnificent ferry-boats run between Oakland and San Francisco.

Added to all of these attractions are hotel accommodations of the most superior character.

THE TUBBS AND GALINDO HOTELS, under the proprietorship and management of Mr. J. M. Lawlor, are in every respect first-class establishments.

THE TUBBS HOTEL,

Erected by Hiram Tubbs, Esq., is a magnificent structure, occupying a whole block of ground, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twelfth Street, East Oakland, 35 minutes from San Francisco.

It is built in modern style, with broad, sunny verandas, spacious halls and stairways, with over 200 elegant apartments, perfectly appointed throughout, and surrounded by beautiful green lawns, ornamental trees and blooming flower gardens.

Splendid macadamized roads extend for miles in all directions.

Charming Lake Merritt, affording excellent boating, is within five minutes' walk.

Street cars, running to all parts of the city, pass in front.

Designed and conducted for that special purpose, it affords one of the most delightful resorts on the continent for families, tourists and others, seeking the quiet and respectability of home life with first-class hotel accommodations.

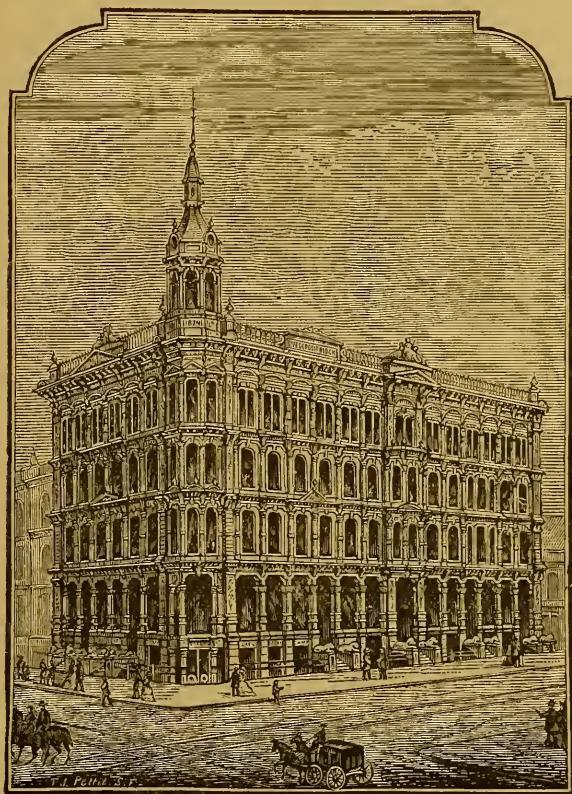
THE GALINDO HOTEL,

A large, elegant building, finely appointed throughout, is situated on Eighth Street, near Broadway, convenient to all street car and railway lines. Its superior table, perfect attention and reasonable rates, have given it a great reputation throughout the country.

Health-seekers and tourists, single or by families, will find the Galindo a most enjoyable, home-like place.

A radius of two hundred and fifty miles embraces more that is grand and beautiful in nature and art than can be found in any other country.

Five miles across the bay lies Oakland, the Brooklyn of San Francisco, a beautiful city of 35,000 inhabitants, possessing a delightful climate, fine churches, excellent educational institutions, splendid residences, gardens and drives.



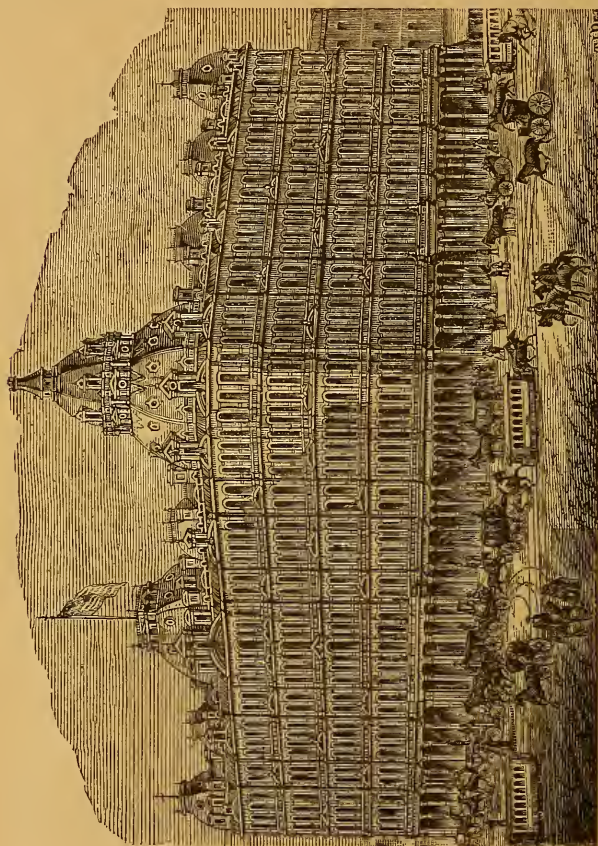
CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST CO.'S BUILDING.

J. D. FRY, PRESIDENT; C. R. THOMPSON, TREASURER; WILLIAM CUNNINGHAM, SECRETARY.

The railway depot and ferry house of the Central Pacific Railroad is an immense and magnificent structure, over 1,000 feet in length, its foundations covering an area of four acres.

Piedmont, Alameda and Berkeley are charming places

in the neighborhood—the latter containing the State University. San Rafael, at the base of Mount Tamalpais, about fifty minutes from San Francisco, is one of the most delightful places on the coast for residence and summer or winter resort. The great watering places of Monterey, Santa Cruz and Pescadero, and San Jose, the “Garden City,” to



THE BALDWIN.

H. H. PEARSON, PROPRIETOR BRUSH HARGENBERGH, CHIEF CLERK; M. A. FRENCH, CASHIER.

be hereafter more fully noticed, are all within an easy day's ride southward. The wonders of the Yosemite, of the Big Trees of Calaveras and Mariposa, the Geysers and Petrified Forests, as well as the famous mountain resorts of Lakes Tahoe, Donner, Weber and Independence, requiring more extended excursions, will be described in their proper order.



SAN DIEGO—LOOKING DOWN FIFTH STREET.

CALIFORNIA Health and Pleasure Resorts.

SAN DIEGO ADVERTISEMENTS.

For first-class Hotel Accommodation—go to the “Horton House, W. E. Hadley, proprietor.

Banking Business—Consolidated Bank of San Diego, corner Fifth and G streets. Capital, \$200,000. O. S. Witherby, President; Levi Chase, Vice-President; Bryant Howard, Cashier.

Baths—Turkish and Hot Water—J. V. Mumford, Fifth street, between C and D.

Baths—Swimming Pioneer “Sea Nymph”—Pacific Coast S. S. Co’s Wharf, W. W. Collier, proprietor.

Book and Job Printing—San Diego Union, (Daily and Weekly,) Douglas Gunn, proprietor.

Books and Stationery, Wall Paper, Window Glass and Fancy Goods—Established 1869. A. Schneider, proprietor.

Boots and Shoes—Philadelphia Boot and Shoe Store, McIntosh & Llewellyn, Fifth street.

Curiosities and Sea Shells (Pacific Coast)—Frick & Sons, 5th st.

Crockery, Glassware, Cigars, etc.—Palace Crockery Store, E. Roller, proprietor, Fifth street.

Drugs and Chemicals—Charles A. Chase, corner Fifth and F sts.

Dentist—D. Cave, Fifth street.

Dry Goods—Marston’s, Fifth street, near Post Office.

Express—Wells, Fargo—Sixth and G sts. J. W. Thompson, agt.

Fashion Livery and Feed Stables—Hinton & Gordon, corner Second and D streets.

Furnishing Goods—Rockfellow & Co., corner Fifth and F streets.

Forwarding, Shipping and Commission Merchant—Dealer in Honey, Wheat, Coal, etc. A. Wentscher, German Consul, Fifth street.

General Merchandise, Honey and Beeswax—Hamilton & Co.

Hardware, Farm Machinery, Groceries and General Merchandise—Gründike & Co., corner Sixth and H streets.

Hair-Dressing Saloon—First-class Enamel Baths—Charles Snider, proprietor, Fifth street.

Photographic Views—J. A. Sheriff, corner Fifth and E sts.

Pianos and Organs—For Sale and Rent, also Repairing—Blackmer & Schneider, Fifth street.

Real Estate—Morse, Noell & Whaley, Bank building, Plaza.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.—J. H. Simpson, agent. Office at Company’s wharf, foot of Fifth street.

Confining our attention to the health and pleasure resorts of the Pacific Coast north of latitude 31° , and following the order of description indicated,

SAN DIEGO, the extreme southwestern city of the Union, deserves our first consideration. Three hundred and forty years ago Cabrillo, the Spanish navigator, discovered the beautiful bay of San Diego, by him called Port San Miguel. Sixty years later, Viscayno, by direction of King Philip, surveyed and named it San Diego. One hundred and sixty years then elapsed when Father Francis Junipero Serra became the pioneer of civilization in California, by founding here the first of the Missions, which in succeeding years were established upon the choicest locations along the coast for 500 miles northward. The natives, at first hostile, were soon subdued and utilized, orchards and vineyards were planted, a grove of bearing olives and two towering palm trees still witnessing the intelligence and enterprising spirit of the Fathers.

Upon this historic ground, in latitude 32° N., 482 miles south of San Francisco, and about 13 miles north of the boundary line between Mexico and the United States, gradually sloping from the beautiful harbor, lies the handsome city of San Diego. It contains a population of about 3,000, chiefly American-born citizens, exceptionally intelligent and distinguished for their abiding faith in the future of their chosen home.

A magnificent public school building occupies a commanding situation, overlooking the city. The fine County Court House and the Horton House next engage the attention. Besides, there are many well-built blocks of brick and stone, and handsome residences, surrounded with beautiful lawns, flower gardens and orchards of semi-tropical fruits.

Fifth Street, the principal business thoroughfare, extends from the harbor, through the central portion of the town, back to the gently rising hills. Here I was surprised to see, at Hamilton & Co.'s, the most extensive stock of general merchandise south of San Francisco, except at Los Angeles. The city is well provided with churches, schools

and reading rooms, an active Board of Trade, a historical society, gas, water, and real estate agents. The harbor of San Diego is not only far superior to any other on the southern coast, but it is excellent without comparison, accessible, safe and commodious. Captain C. B. Johnson, of the *Orizaba*, an experienced and able navigator, familiar with the great harbors of Europe, as well as of this country, who has sailed in and out of it, without accident, every few days for the past eight years, says it is one of the best he has ever seen, with a good roadstead, anchorage and permanent channels.

The bold headland of Point Loma, upwards of 500 feet in height, projects far out to sea, forming an effectual barrier against the northwest winds and seas. A narrow peninsula, extending for miles on the southwest, so completes the land-lock, that small boats ply the harbor in safety, when severe storms are raging outside. Deep-draft ships enter at all times, and lie at the wharves or at anchor in perfect security. Ten miles in length, and with a deep-water channel from one-half to three-quarters of a mile wide in the narrowest places, there is ample room for all the demands of a large commerce.

The climate of San Diego is probably unsurpassed in the world, for the combined excellences of almost perpetual sunshine and summer without enervating heat, dryness without irritation, equability and salubrity. The cold, harsh winds which sweep over the north coast, pass San Diego untouched 75 miles at sea. A gentle sea breeze flows inland during the day, tempering the heated air from the interior to a delicious softness. The nights are almost always sufficiently cool for refreshing sleep, and the heat of mid-summer never oppressive.

Flowers bloom throughout the year, frosts are rarely seen, and snow unknown below the base of the distant mountains. Exempt from malarial fevers, tornadoes and thunder storms, there is probably no more perfect climate. The average annual rainfall is 9.59; rainy days, 40.5; mean temperature of January, 57°; July, 65°; difference, 8°. San Diego contains one of the best hotels on the Pacific Coast.

THE HORTON HOUSE, under the proprietorship and management of W. E. Hadley, Esq., is, in all respects, a first-class establishment. A large, well-built, imposing structure, occupying a central situation, convenient to depots and wharves, and business houses, it commands a fine view of the harbor and mountains.

The rooms are handsomely furnished, large and light, provided throughout with water, gas, bells, closets, and all the modern improvements. The stairs and hall-ways are ample, parlors, dining, reading and billiard rooms, spacious, comfortable and convenient.

The depot of the California Southern Pacific Railroad is only three blocks distant, and the dock of the Pacific Coast steamers within five minutes' walk, though carriages from the house meet all trains and steamers.

The sheltered waters of the harbor afford the best boating, fishing and sea bathing on the Southern Coast, for which excellent facilities are provided. The old Mission Church and orchard, National City, the "Monument," Tia Juana Springs, El Tejon, Strawberry, and other rich valleys, are all within a few hours drive.

NATIONAL CITY, the Pacific terminus of the Southern California Railroad, and Southwestern Transcontinental Railway System, is very pleasantly situated immediately on the shore of the splendid harbor, four miles below the city of San Diego. The location is an admirable one, sloping gradually toward the bay, but sufficient for thorough drainage. Here the company have already made extensive improvements, comprising a wharf, depot, warehouses, etc., and are daily running trains 126 miles to Colton, where connection is made with the Southern Pacific and all points on the continent. A commodious and excellent hotel and several handsome residences have been erected since my first visit three years ago.

The San Diego Land and Town Company, with principal office at National City, own about 50 square miles of country bordering on the bay, and extending from seven to eight miles back therefrom, which is now offered in tracts to suit,

upon six years' credit, if desired, with interest at seven per cent.

These lands embrace portions of the great Rancho de la Nacion and Otay, the former owned by the Kimball brothers, Frank A. and Warren C., the pioneers of National City, whose elegant residences and grounds will first attract the attention of the visitor. The title is United States patent, and the lands among the choicest in this region, growing, in great perfection, oranges, lemons, limes, figs, apricots, peaches, pears, apples, and many other fruits.

While the future of San Diego and National City is, to a considerable extent, dependent upon the utilization of their excellent harbor for the purposes of foreign commerce, they have other great resources in the infancy of their development, which will ultimately build up a flourishing city at the only practical seaport along 400 miles of coast.

SAN DIEGO COUNTY alone is larger than the State of Massachusetts, containing an area of 15,156 square miles, or 9,580,000 acres, from which, after making liberal deductions for mountain and desert wastes, there will remain, at least, 5,000,000 acres of available land, capable, considering the manifold productions and industries of this region, of supporting many times its present population.

After twenty years of experiment, the capacities and value of this Southern country are just beginning to be realized and appreciated. Its general aspect, especially along the immediate coast during the summer months, is barren and forbidding, in striking contrast with the green fields and foliage of the Atlantic States.

Originally held valueless except for grazing purposes, or where freely watered by irrigation, it has been gradually demonstrated that large areas will, in ordinary seasons, produce the most excellent and abundant crops of grain, cereals, and fruit, without any irrigation, and that, even upon the dry mesas and foothills, thorough cultivation is so complete a substitute for water, that the most gratifying results are obtained by the use of well and artesian supplies. So rapid and luxuriant are the growths in the vegetable

kingdom that, in a few years, the most unsightly places are converted into beautiful homes, amidst shady groves, blossoming orchards and gardens.

Two mountain chains traverse the county in a northwesterly direction, the San Jacinto and Coast Ranges. That portion lying east of the San Jacinto mountains is a hot, sandy waste, belonging to the Colorado desert. The country between these mountains and the Coast Range, though much broken, embraces numerous fertile valleys and arable slopes and mesas, and extensive and excellent stock and bee ranges. The higher elevations, and many of the cañons and foothill benches are timbered with live oak, cottonwood, sycamore, and willow, growing along the bed of the streams. Riding all through this interior section three years ago, I was surprised at the yield and excellence of crops grown without irrigation. It abounds with game, especially deer, rabbit and quail, the latter often seen by the hundreds.

West of the coast mountains to the sea, though still a rugged, broken region, the productive area materially increases, the arable valleys, mesas and foothills are more extensive, streams more numerous, and rainfall greater. Along the Tia Juana, Sweetwater, San Diego, San Bernardino, Santa Margarita and Temecula, which flow to the sea in winter, are considerable bodies of very choice lands, growing everything generally without irrigation.

The El Cajon Valley is famous for its fertility, and the Bear, Poway and others, are very rich and productive. The soils are of various composition, a fine alluvial prevailing in the lower valleys, and a reddish loam underlaid with a clay adobe upon the high lands. While growing in great perfection most cereals, roots and fruits, the orange, raisin grape and apricot promise the richest rewards to the husbandman. I have visited all of the principal orange groves, vineyards and orchards on the southern coast, and have found no oranges, raisins and apricots superior to those raised by Higgins and others, on the National Ranch, and in the valley of the Cajon. The population of San Diego County is about 14,000, or one to the square mile. Only about 15,000 acres are under cultivation, yet it has pro-

duced in a single season over 200,000 bushels of grain, 5,000 pounds of butter and cheese, 465,420 pounds of wool, besides a large quantity of fruit.

This is the greatest honey producing country in the world. San Diego's exportations for 1878, amount to 1,490,340 pounds.

There are about 190,000 sheep, 18,000 horned cattle, 5000 horses, 600 mules, and 2500 hogs in the county. Its real estate and improvements are assessed at \$3,400,000.

An extensive gold field, though but little developed, is yielding over \$400,000 annually.

EXCURSIONS FROM SAN DIEGO.

TRIP No. 1.—*Horseback to Tia Juana Hot Sulphur Springs, in Lower California. Round Trip, 30 miles.*

THE TIA JUANA HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS are situated in the Tia Juana Valley, Lower California, about 14 miles southeast of San Diego, two miles beyond the boundary line between the United States and Mexico. Resorted to by the natives from their earliest traditions, and known to the whites since their first occupation of the country, they were first improved by Mr. Lane about five years ago, and opened to public patronage. There are four springs at present developed, ranging in temperature from 116° to 120°, in which sulphur and iron predominate. They are highly recommended for rheumatism, and all blood and skin diseases. There is a comfortable hotel, with accommodations for 18 guests, good bathing facilities, including the best hot sand baths I have visited. Messrs. J. M. Moore and John H. Johnson are the present proprietors. The charge is \$9 per week, including everything. A tri-weekly stage runs from San Diego to the Springs. Unlike most valuable mineral waters, they are on the open plain, with good roads leading thereto. For ten miles I rode within sight of the beautiful harbor, through National City, past Capt. Robinson's fine country seat, the salt works and Chinese gardens, when turning gradually away from the ocean, I entered the valley of the Tia Juana, and soon crossed the line into Mex-

ico. Two miles up the Tia Juana Creek, through a Mexican settlement, brought me to the Springs. During the night my horse broke loose, and while I was enjoying a luxurious bath and refreshing sleep, the old fellow was coolly marching back to his stall in San Diego. Rising at 5 o'clock as usual, and finding it gone, I questioned the Chinese cook, the only other person astir:

“Where you get him?” “San Diego Stable.” “Stable horse sabe heap; he go back sure.” Carefully examining the road for a short distance, I recognized the animal's homeward bound tracks. There was no other horse obtainable, and having engaged passage by steamer to sail that day, I returned on foot. Tendering the keeper of the Pacific Stable two dollars, the price agreed upon, he returned one dollar, which I note as an act characteristic of a true Californian.

TRIP No. 2.—*By the California Southern Railway, to Colton, San Bernardino County, via San Luis Rey, Temecula, San Jacinto and Riverside. Round trip, 254 miles.*

San Diego is the Pacific terminus of the Southern California Railroad, now in operation 127 miles northward, to a junction with the Southern Pacific at Colton, 60 miles east of Los Angeles. Important extensions eastward, through rich mining, pastoral and agricultural regions, are contemplated. Railroads are the most important agencies in the amazing development of the nineteenth century, and this road marks a new era in the settlement and industrial growth of San Diego County. It crosses the county in a northerly direction, through the San Margarita Valley, Temecula Cañon, and across the plains of San Jacinto.

San Diego, Old Town, Selwyn, Cordero, 26 miles; Encinitas, 35 miles; Stuart's, 41 miles; Frazier's, 44 miles; San Luis Rey, or Ocean Side, 47 miles; Ysidora, 51 miles; De Luz, 60 miles; Fallbrook, 66 miles; Temecula, 78 miles; Pinacate, 103 miles; San Jacinto, 116 miles; Riverside, 122 miles; Colton, 126 miles, are the principal settlements and stations on the line. Crossing the dry bed

of the San Diego River, just beyond Old Town, it follows near the ocean shore for over 40 miles.

Encinitas, on the Cottonwood, is attracting the attention of home and health seekers.

THE OLD MISSION OF SAN LUIS REY, founded in 1798, one of the largest and best built on the coast, is about three and a half miles from the San Luis Rey Station, or Ocean Side. This interesting relic of our first civilization is picturesquely situated in the centre of the beautiful valley of that name, its massive six-foot walls slowly crumbling back to earth again. On a former visit I regretted to learn that large quantities of its masonry had been carried away by the neighboring settlers for building purposes.

These old Spanish Missions should not only be spared such barbarous destruction, but repaired and preserved as our most interesting historical relics.

Ocean Side is destined to become the popular watering-place of the interior country. A magnificent driving beach stretches away for over 25 miles, sloping gradually, affording excellent bathing places. Here taking leave of the ocean, and following up the green valley of the San Margarita, we were soon on the Don Foster Rancho, one of the most extensive and valuable estates in this region. Although a dry year, hundreds of cattle, rolling fat, are feeding on its rich moist bottoms.

The Mansion house, with its fine grounds and orchards, are seen from the train. Soon the valley rapidly narrows, and we enter the wild rock-bound cañon of Temecula. Live oak, cottonwood, sycamore and willow grow along the banks of the river.

The De Luz Hot Springs (unimproved) are near the station of De Luz.

At Fallbrook there is a new and prosperous settlement, engaged in general farming and fruit culture.

It is found that not only grapes, but also oranges of excellent quality, can be successfully grown on the rolling high lands, a short distance back from the station, with little or no irrigation. Twelve miles from thence the train

emerges from the cañon, and enters the plains of San Jacinto. On the right the eye surveys an extensive scope of rolling and mountainous country, suited mainly for grazing purposes.

At the village of Temecula, the site of an old Mission Church and Indian Ranchero, there is a considerable body of good farming and fruit land.

Descending toward the Santa Ana Valley, approaching Colton, the extensive orchards and vineyards of Riverside, their green, luxuriant verdure in striking contrast with the arid country surrounding, are seen in the distance, on the left.

Tourists will be well repaid for spending several days in this section, visiting San Bernardino, Arrowhead Springs and other place of interest.

TRIP NO. 4—*Horseback from San Diego to San Francisco via Bear and Poway Valleys, San Jacinto Plains, San Bernardino, Arrowhead Springs, Riverside, San Gabriel, Sierra Madre Villa, Los Angeles, Santa Monica, Ventura, The Ojai Valley, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, Paso Robles Springs, Monterey, Santa Cruz, San Jose and San Mateo, 800 miles.*

Horseback is one of the most enjoyable and healthful modes of traveling. A good California saddle horse can be purchased for from \$40 to \$75. Let the equipments be as light as possible, with safety. To avoid the weight and expense of the superfluous Mexican trappings, I have, on several occasions, bought a good Spanish tree and put on the simple parts necessary, at a cost not exceeding \$8. The ordinary Spanish bit is also a cruel infliction. Unless the horse is headstrong and vicious, a plain light American bit is far preferable. The use of the martingale, double rein and crupper is not recommended. A good saddle-blanket is very important. Those made from felt or grass are best, being least liable to heat and blister the animal's back.

The service of the horse depends more upon the skill and care of the rider, than upon its good qualities.

A natural, erect, unrestrained position in the saddle, bending slightly forward when galloping, with stirrups about one and one-half inches shorter than the leg, heels lowest, toes out, holding rein in left hand, will be found easiest for both horse and rider. Loosen the cinch when watering, and, if the day is hot, unsaddle and pour water over the animal's back to prevent blisters.

For camping out, a double blanket and rubber will be sufficient for any season in California, excepting in the elevated mountain districts.

Thirty miles a day, I have found far enough for long journeys.

A very interesting ride through the country already as fully described as the limits of this work will permit, brought me to the borders of

SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY, which comprises an area of 23,472 square miles. Though mainly mountains and desert, the San Bernardino Valley, well watered by mountain streams and artesian wells, is of great fertility. It has been settled for over twenty years, and is now a garden of farms and orchards. The surrounding mountains contain rich mines of gold and silver, and valuable forests of pine.

SAN BERNARDINO, the principal town, is centrally located in the valley, about five miles from the old Spanish Mission, now in ruins, and three miles from Colton, on the S. P. R. R. The extension of the California Southern Railway, now being built, runs through the place.

RIVERSIDE, on the Santa Ana river, about ten miles below, is the second most important settlement in the county, and one of the most attractive and flourishing on the Southern coast. The situation is especially favorable for the growth of citrus fruits and raisin grapes, which reach great perfection here. Its dry, sunny, equable climate is also much sought by consumptives and other invalids.

THE ARROWHEAD HOT SPRINGS.—The Arrowhead Hot Springs are situated in the foothills of the San Bernardino Mountains, about six miles northeast of San Bernardino, and 2000 feet above the level of the sea. They derive their name from a remarkable arrow-shaped growth of vegetation



THE ARROWHEAD HOT SPRINGS.

on the side of the mountain, visible for several miles. Both the location and the virtue of these springs are all that could be desired for the establishment of one of the greatest sanitariums in the United States. The grounds embrace 160 acres, an open terraced bench, with a southern exposure,

surrounded by high mountains on the north, and commanding a magnificent view of the valley below. An orchard and vineyard bears the choicest fruits. The springs cover upwards of 50 acres, ranging in temperature from 60° to 210°. They have proved very efficacious in the cure of lung and bronchial affections, rheumatism, scrofula, dropsy and all skin diseases.

Besides hot and cold, vapor, steam and mud baths, there is a swimming pool, 75 by 100 feet, and from three to ten feet in depth—one of the very best I have ever seen.

There are comfortable cottage accommodations for 25 guests, and unlimited room for campers, for which there are rare advantages.

Strawberry Creek, a clear mountain stream, flows past the place, giving an excellent and abundant water supply. There is also a shady and picturesque cañon near at hand, a favorite resort for picnickers.

Dr. D. N. Smith, the owner of the springs, an experienced physician, gives his personal attention to the treatment, health and comfort of his patrons.

THE WATERMAN SPRINGS are situated about three quarters of a mile west of the Arrowhead, at an elevation of 1750 feet above the sea. Mr. Waterman, their owner, being engaged in profitable mining operations, prefers to reserve this delightful place as a quiet home for his family, rather than open it to public patronage.

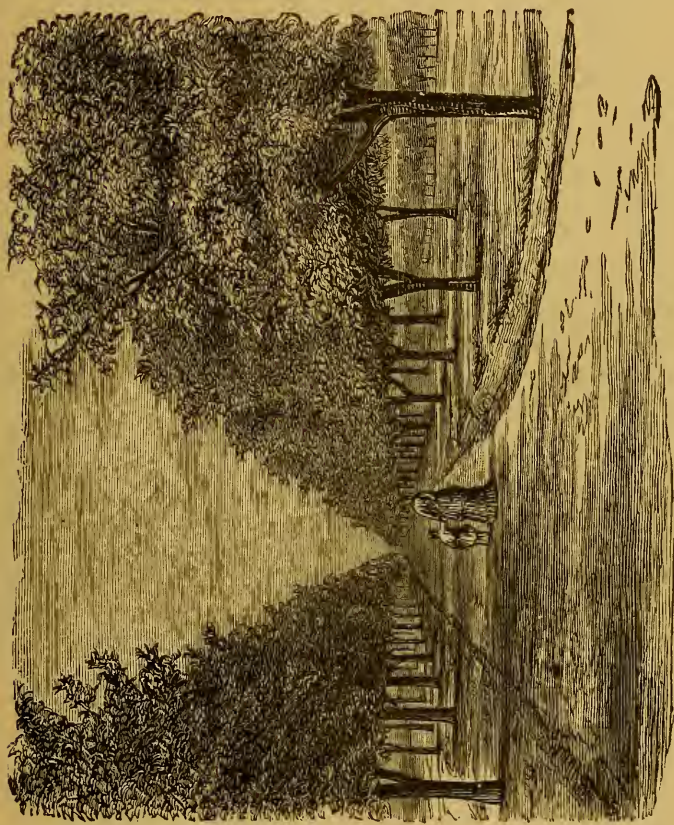
LOS ANGELES COUNTY.—Proceeding westward, leaving Cucamonga on the right, I soon entered Los Angeles County, the heart of Southern California, and in climate and productions one of the most favored portions of the globe.

Los Angeles, Anaheim, San Gabriel, Pasadena, Orange, Santa Monica, Santa Ana, Downey, Compton, Wilmington, San Pedro, Pomona, El Monte and Spadra are the most important towns and settlements.

Passing through the pleasant villages of Pomona, Spa-

dra, El Monte and Savanna, a ride of about 40 miles, brought me to

THE SAN GABRIEL VALLEY, famous for the beauty of its situation, excellence of climate, extensive and productive orange groves and vineyards, and elegant country seats. Here are the magnificent estates of Gen. Stoneman,



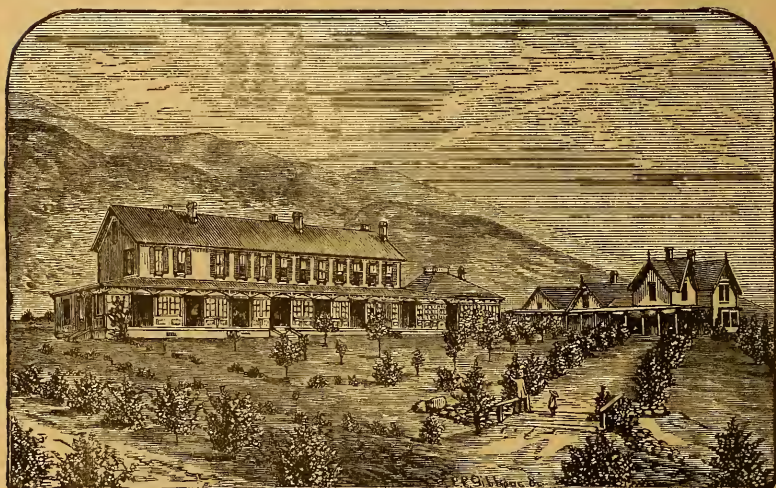
ROSE'S ORANGE GROVE, SAN GABRIEL.

Messrs. Rose, Baldwin, J. De Barth Shorb, Wilson, Mayberry, Titus, Chapman, Carter, Hastings, Kinney, Cogswell and others.

Chas. T. Wilson, Esq., real estate agent, San Gabriel, may be addressed by those desiring homes in this delightful spot.

THE SAN GABRIEL MISSION, founded by Fathers Camberra and Somera in 1871, is an object of much interest to tourists.

THE SIERRA MADRE VILLA, owned by Cogswell, the artist, situated at the base of the Sierra Madre Mountains, at an elevation of 1800 feet above the sea, overlooking this charming valley, is deservedly one of the most popular and frequented summer and winter resorts of this region. The property comprises 500 acres, highly improved with orange groves, orchards, vineyards, gardens and lawns, in



SIERRA MADRE VILLA.

the midst of which are the hotel buildings and cottages, commodious and first-class in all their appointments. There are 54 rooms *en suite*, large, light and airy, with gas, hot and cold water, and elegantly furnished throughout; music and billiard halls, and a veranda over 200 feet in length, enclosed with sliding windows for regulating the sun and air exposure, to suit the pleasure and health of the guest. Excellent mountain water is conducted in iron pipes into every apartment, and throughout the grounds. Gen. Sherman, after his recent visit there, "took occasion to express the emphatic

PART I.

CALIFORNIA Health & Pleasure Resorts.

BAKER BLOCK, LOS ANGELES.



Brush Electric Light, "Mast" System,
NORTH MAIN STREET.

PART I.

CALIFORNIA

Health and Pleasure Resorts.

Los Angeles Advertisements.

For the Best Hotel Accommodations Go to the Cosmopolitan. Ham-
Rates, \$2, \$2.50 and \$3 per day. mel & Denker, Proprietors.

Steamship Agency. Pacific Coast Steamship Co., No 8 Commercial Street.

Banking Business. Los Angeles County Bank, Temple Block. John E.
Plater, President. H. L. MacNeil, Cashier.

Books and Stationery. Hellman, Stassforth & Co., 120 North Spring and
117 North Main Streets.

Boots and Shoes. The Queen Fashionable Boot and Shoe Store and Manu-
factory. 60 and 62 North Main St. Jos. Mesmer, Prop.

Drugs and Chemicals. Preuss & Pironi, Wholesale and Retail Druggists.

Hardware. Harper, Reynolds & Co., 108 and 110 Main and 77 Los Angeles Streets.

Hats and Caps. H. Siegel, Fine Hats and Furnishing Goods, Corner Main and
Commercial Streets.

Livery and Hacks. N. A. Covarrubias. Turf Gallery, First, between Main
and Spring Streets.

Notary Public and Attorney-at-Law. Bradner W. Lee, Room 14, Baker Block.

Physician and Surgeon. W. E. Reed, Rooms 37 and 38, Baker Block.

Wholesale Grocers. H. Newmark & Co., 105, 107, 109 and 111 Los Angeles St.

opinion that the Sierra Madre Villa was the most attractive spot for having a quiet, good time, on the American continent." There is telegraphic communication with Los Angeles, 15 miles distant. A carriage meets every train at the San Gabriel Depot of the S. P. R. R., five miles from the Villa. The San Gabriel Narrow Gauge Railway will in a few months convey guests to the entrance of the grounds. Mr. W. P. Rhodes, manager of the Villa, may be addressed at Los Angeles or San Gabriel.

PASADENA. — Following the foothills five miles through a succession of orange groves, vineyards and orchards, I was soon in the midst of the delightful settlement of Pasadena. Spending the winter of 1874 and '75 at Los Angeles, I was accustomed to gallop over this beautiful tract, and saw the founders, then known as the "Indiana Colony," constructing their reservoir and laying down the water pipes.

What a wonderful change these few years have wrought, from a sheep pasture to hundreds of ideal homes, in the midst of green lawns and perpetually blooming gardens and orchards, bending under the burden of the choicest fruits of the land!

THE HERMOSA VISTA of South Pasadena, G. W. Glover proprietor, six and three-quarter miles from Los Angeles, a private boarding house, affords all the comforts of an elegant home.

LOS ANGELES. An hour's ride down the picturesque arroyo seco, and I entered the chief city of Southern California. Los Angeles is situated on the Los Angeles river, 16 miles from the popular seaside resort of Santa Monica, and 20 miles from its rival, Willmore City. It contains a population of about 23,000, and occupying a central and commanding position, amidst the great resources of this region, will increase in size and importance with their development, and always be the commercial metropolis of the South Pacific Coast.

Examining the magnificent Baker Block, at the time of its erection a few years ago, the general opinion seemed to be that it was a waste of money to build such a costly structure; but now, Colonel Baker, the owner, informs me that every room is occupied, and I see several other large and elegant business houses in course of construction.

EXCURSIONS FROM LOS ANGELES.

TRIP No. 1—*From Los Angeles to Santa Monica, the great sea-side resort of Southern California. Round trip, 36 miles.*

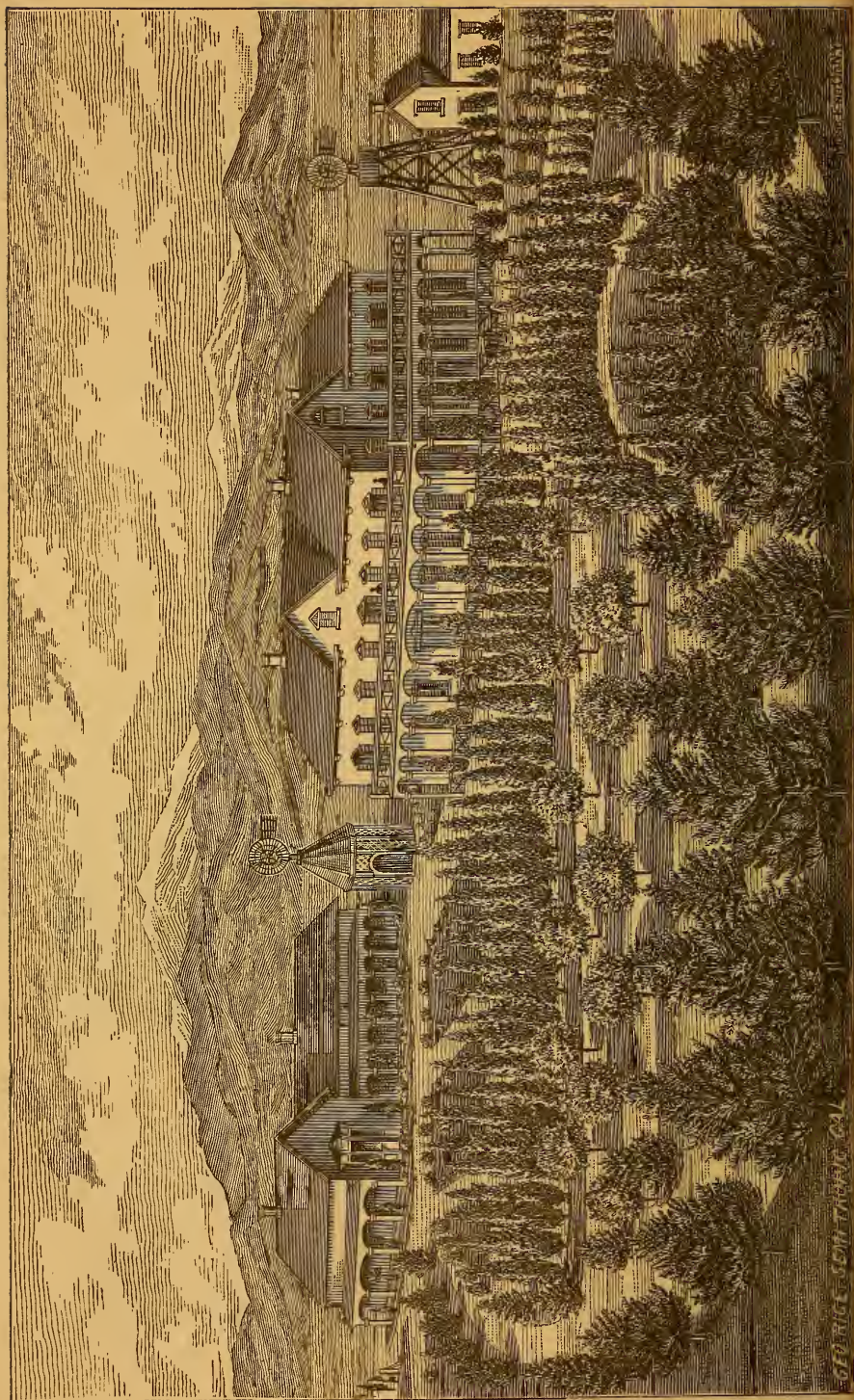
SANTA MONICA is situated on the Pacific Ocean, 16 miles from Los Angeles. The sea-shore here has always been a favorite health and pleasure resort from the earliest occupation of the country, and has only needed population, railroad communication and good accommodations to rapidly rival the great watering places of the Atlantic Coast.



SANTA MONICA HOTEL.

When I first rode along these shores, nine years ago, only a single sheep-herder's cabin marked the site of Santa Monica, though there were a number of campers near the beach, in the shady, cool cañon just beyond.

But capitalists had already observed its superior advantages, and soon built a railway from Los Angeles, a wharf, hotels and bath-houses, at an expenditure of many hundred



thousand dollars, and the people from the interior now rush to Santa Monica, as the New Yorkers to Coney Island and Long Branch.

It possesses, the year round, one of the most enjoyable and healthy climates in the world, being from 10 to 15 degrees cooler than Los Angeles and the interior country in summer, and warmer in winter.

There is a magnificent driving beach stretching away for 15 miles, good sea fishing, an abundance of water-fowl in the neighboring lagoons, and game in the mountains, a few miles distant.

There is a capacious, deep-water roadstead, with good anchorage, where vessels may lie in safety the greater portion of the year.

The development of this delightful place is largely due to the enterprise and abundant capital of Col. Robert Baker, of Los Angeles.

THE SANTA MONICA HOTEL, J. W. Scott, Proprietor, open the year round, provides excellent accommodations. It contains sixty well furnished rooms; commands a magnificent ocean view, and is only about 150 yards from the beach and the railroad depot. The "Union Livery Stable," M. R. Gaddy, proprietor, is on the adjoining block.

THE SANTA MONICA BATHS, built at a cost of several thousand dollars, by far the most complete on the Southern Coast, are also under Mr. Scott's management, and afford unusual facilities for hot and cold salt and fresh water baths.

The Santa Monica Pavilion, 60 x 150 feet, for dancing, picnics, etc., is close at hand.

TRIP No. 2 — *From Los Angeles to Santa Ana, by the S. P. R. R., via Downey, Norwalk, Fulton Wells, Anaheim and Orange. Round trip, 80 miles.*

THE FULTON SULPHUR WELLS are situated on the handsome stretch of plateau lying between New and Los Angeles rivers, about 14 miles south of the city of Los Angeles, two and one-half miles from Norwalk, on the S. P. R. R., and 13 miles from the sea-shore.

The broad expanse of the beautiful, fertile and highly improved valley extends in all directions, the view looking eastward, limited by the near lying Chino range, with the grand old Sierra Madre and San Bernardino mountains looming up in the background.

Like many of our most valuable discoveries, that of these mineral wells was accidental. Dr. J. E. Fulton, the owner, was boring for irrigating purposes, when, at a depth of 300 and 350 feet, these remarkable waters burst forth. The discovery soon spread abroad, and invalids came to test their virtues, with such gratifying results, especially in the cure of indigestion, kidney and liver complaints, scrofula, rheumatism and skin diseases, that a Sanitarium has been established for their treatment, and upwards of \$20,000 expended in the erection of hotel buildings, cottages, baths, reading and billiard rooms, for the excellent accommodation of thirty guests.

The grounds embrace sixty acres, with gardens, lawns and walks tastefully laid out, shaded with cypress and other handsome evergreens; a splendid circular croquet ground, 100 feet in diameter, being surrounded with a double row of Eucalyptus.

The situation, both as to scenic attractions, healthfulness, mildness and equability of climate, is one of the most delightful in the world.

Dr. Fulton, a skillful physician, is in constant attendance at the Sanitarium, devoting his entire time to the health and comfort of his patients.

The charges for board, baths and treatment range from \$8 to \$12 per week.

Analysis of one gallon of water, 231 cubic inches, from Fulton Sulphur Wells:

	Grains.
Bicarbonate of Soda.....	2.20
Bicarbonate of Lime.....	12.00
Bicarbonate of Magnesia.....	16.50
Bicarbonate of Iron.....	13.00
Sulphate of Soda.....	.90
Chloride of Sodium.....	10.40
Silica.....	.30
Trace of Iodine and Potash.	

ANAHEIM.—Returning from Fulton Wells to the train at Norwalk, a ride of 16 miles brings us to Anaheim, the city of gardens, orange groves and vineyards, where almost every resident owns his home, and has either acquired a competence, or is free from debt.

This pioneer and most flourishing colony was established in 1859 by Germans from San Francisco. It occupies a level tract of wonderful productiveness, 34 miles southeast of Los Angeles, 12 miles from the ocean, irrigated by the Santa Ana River, and is especially noted for its wines, of which 800,000 gallons have been produced in a single year. It also possesses a most salubrious and charming climate, and is a delightful resort for invalids and tourists.

Westminster, Garden Grove, Santa Ana, Gospel Swamp, Tustin City, Orange and San Juan Capistrano are other flourishing towns and settlements in this portion of the county.

En route to Los Angeles, my attention was called to the great Nadeau vineyard, comprising 2,000 acres, the largest in the United States.

Mr. Nadeau, the owner, is erecting the magnificent Nadeau block of Los Angeles.

TRIP No. 3.—*From Los Angeles to the Seaside Resort of Willmore City, Wilmington and San Pedro, by the S. P. R. R. Round trip, 56 miles.*

A delightful ride of 23 miles, through the orange groves, vineyards and orchards of the beautiful Los Angeles Valley, brought me to

WILLMORE CITY, founded by W. E. Willmore, in 1882, one of the most popular seaside resorts of Southern California.

It is finely situated, immediately on the shore of the Pacific, on a commanding bluff of the old Spanish Rancho Cerritos, and embraces, together with the lands of the American Colony, a splendid tract of over 3,000 acres, laid out into blocks, lots, parks and broad avenues and streets, and abundantly supplied, through iron pipes, with excellent soft water, from several flowing artesian wells.

The beach is one of the most magnificent on the Pacific Coast, and in some respects unequalled on the Atlantic, stretching away for nearly ten miles, perfectly smooth and level, and so hard that the shoes of a horse barely leave an impression.

It slopes very gradually, is perfectly free from stones, quick-sands, holes, and undertow—one of the best and safest bathing beaches I have ever seen. There are already good bathing facilities, but a very extensive and complete bathing establishment and pavilion is in course of erection, upon the plan of those at the great watering places of the East.

The climate is that delightful mean the year round found no where in the world in greater perfection than near the seashore in Los Angeles County, from ten to twenty degrees cooler in summer than in the interior valleys, and warmer in the so-called winter months, without malaria, very healthy and invigorating.

Game abounds in the neighboring salt water lagoons, especially wild geese and ducks. From spring until fall the beach is strewn with shells and sea-grasses, so that for health and pleasure-seekers, tourists and sportsmen, the year round, Willmore City affords extraordinary attractions.

THE BAY VIEW HOUSE, of which Mr. James H. Smith is proprietor, provides good accommodations for 30 or 40 guests, at seven dollars per week. The hotel comprises two commodious buildings, occupying a fine block of six lots near the seaside, with light, airy, well furnished rooms, under the personal supervision of Mrs. Smith. There is also a good livery attached.

The bathing house, pavilion and city railway are only one block away.

THE WILLMORE CITY STREET CARS, owned by Judge R. M. Widney, of Los Angeles, meet all trains to and from Los Angeles, at Willmore's Station, on the Southern Pacific Railway, 21 miles from Los Angeles, leaving Willmore City at 7:20 and 10:45 A.M., 12:30 and 4:30 P.M.; fare, 15 cents for adults and 10 cents for children under eight years.

The ride is a very pleasant one of about three miles, in full view of the Pacific on the right and the orchards and vineyards of the famous valley in the distance on the left, terminating at the sea shore, near Judge Widney's handsome cottage.

WILMINGTON, the home of Gen. Banning, and seat of a flourishing seminary, is situated about a mile beyond the Willmore City Junction.

Since the extension of the railway three miles to

SAN PEDRO, the chief port of entry of the Southern Pacific Coast, it is rapidly becoming its principal seaport town.

Travelers will find good accommodations here at the "San Pedro Hotel," kept by Capt. R. Hillyer.

After a pleasant ride of about 40 miles through the picturesque Cayuenga Pass, along the southern borders of the plains of San Fernando, leaving the old Spanish mission in the distance on the right, I entered

VENTURA COUNTY. —It embraces that portion of Southern California extending along the Pacific Ocean, between latitude 34° and $34\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, from Point Rincon to Point Magu, a distance of about 45 miles; and thence in a northeasterly direction, crossing the Conejo mountains to the summit of the Santa Susana Range, about 29 miles; thence northerly about 16 miles to the Coast Range, near Lake Costac; thence westerly and northwesterly along the summit of the San Emideo mountains, about 21 miles to Cuyama Valley, and from thence south 36 miles, to the Pacific Ocean; being bounded on the north by Kern and San Luis Obispo counties, on the south and east by the Pacific Ocean and Los Angeles County, and on the west by Santa Barbara County. It comprises, including the two small islands of San Nicholas and Anacapa, an area of about 1,380 square miles, or 1,100,000 acres. For a distance of about 13 miles from Point Rincon southwest, the high hills of the Coast Range and of the San Miguelito present their bold bluffs to the ocean.

The Santa Ynez and San Rafael mountains, rising to an elevation of over 4,000 feet, 12 miles from the seashore, encircle the rich and charming valleys of the Ojai and Santa Ana. The San Emideo range of mountains encroach upon its northwestern borders, while the Conejo and Santa Susana ranges enclose the fertile and beautiful Conejo and Pleasant Valleys, in the southeastern portion.

It is well watered by numerous rivers, creeks and springs. The Santa Clara, its most important river, rises in the Soledad range of mountains near the Mojave desert, and rapidly descending their southwest slope, cuts out the wild and rockbound pass of Soledad, and flowing about 45 miles through the southern portion of the county, reaches the ocean about five miles southeast of San Buenaventura. Its principal tributaries, the Santa Paula, Peru, Big and Little Sespe, are fine, clear, living streams, abounding in trout, and furnishing an unfailing supply of water, for irrigation and household use for all that portion of the county comprised within the original grants of Sespe, Santa Paula, Saticoy and San Francisco ranchos, and also extensive water powers. The Lockwood, Alamo, Hot Spring and Pine are feeders of the Peru and Sespe. The Ventura River, rising in the Santa Ynez mountains, flows through the beautiful Ojai, and, with its tributaries, the Arroyo San Antonio, Cañada Leon, Santa Ana, Cañada Larga, and Los Coyotos, waters large portions of the Ojai, Cañada Larga, and Santa Ana ranchos, supplies the City of Ventura with pure water, and affords excellent water powers. These streams also abound with trout, especially the Ventura, as it emerges from the mountains, through the well-known hot springs cañon of Matilija. The Santa Clara, Ojai, Conejo and Pleasant are the most important valleys. The Santa Clara extends across the county a distance of over 40 miles, varying in width from three to twenty miles, containing over 200,000 acres of the richest land on the Pacific Coast.

The Ojai Valley, situated about ten miles from the ocean in the warm embrace of the Santa Ynez and Coast Range of Mountains, has deservedly acquired a national reputation as a health resort, and is destined to become famous the

world over as a great natural sanitarium for consumptives, asthmatics and rheumatics. The Conejo Valley, its rival in beauty of situation and superiority of climatic advantages for the healing of lung diseases, is also rich in agricultural and grazing resources.

The timber supply of this part of the coast is deficient. The live-oak, a large, wide-spreading, handsome evergreen tree, grows quite abundantly, furnishing pleasant parks on the high lands, and valuable supplies of wood from the thicker growths on the low lands and in the cañons. A dense thicket of chapparal, mesquit and redwood divides the mountain sides with the bare, gray sandstone rocks of the tertiary period. The best portions of Ventura County, in common with all Southern California, were granted by the Mexican Government in extensive tracts of from one league (4,438 acres), to 11 leagues (48,420 acres), to its most wealthy citizens, without other consideration than actual occupancy. During the last thirty years, most of these lordly possessions have been acquired by Americans, and subdivided among heirs and purchasers, though the Semi, Rio de Santa Clara o La Colonia, and Los Posas ranchos, a magnificent domain of over 170,000 acres, are mostly owned by Mr. Samuel Gray, of Philadelphia, and Hon. Thomas R. Bard, of Hueneme. They are now, however, open to settlement upon liberal terms as to price and payment. About 150,000 acres of the county are under cultivation, yielding over 375,000 bushels of barley, 75,000 bushels of wheat, 50,000 bushels of beans, besides large quantities of other crops. The wool product amounts to about 450,000 pounds, cheese 150,000 pounds, and honey 750,000 pounds. There are about 100,000 sheep in the county, 25,000 hogs, 7000 stand of bees, and 20,000 bearing fruit trees. The assessed valuation of all property is \$3,171,126, of which \$2,239,335 is upon real estate. The county was organized in 1872, and contains a population of about 6,000, chiefly Americans. San Buenaventura, Santa Paula, Hueneme, Springville, New Jerusalem, Saticoy and Nordhoff are the principal towns and settlements.

We camp for the night under the wide-spreading branches of a handsome live-oak, on

THE RANCHO EL CONEJO, comprising 48,671⁵⁸/₁₀₀ acres, originally granted to Guerra y Noriega. It is delightfully situated 1700 feet above the sea, surrounded and sheltered by picturesque oak-clad hills and mountains.

It embraces large bodies of choice pastoral and extensive tracts of rich farming lands, especially adapted for wheat-growing. Possessing a dry, sunny and equable climate, protected from the coast fogs and winds, it is deservedly held in high estimation as a resort for consumptives and asthmatics.

During the night we were awakened by the hideous howling of a band of coyotes, and in the morning they were seen retreating up the foot-hills.

To the northwest lies

THE RANCHO CALLEGUAS, of 9998²⁹/₁₀₀ acres, granted to Gabriel Ruiz, in 1861, of which Juan Camarillo owns over 4000 acres. There are several thousand acres of rich arable lands, about 3000 of which are under cultivation, including a fine vineyard.

THE RANCHO GUADALASCA, a magnificent estate of 30,593.85 acres, granted in 1861 to Ysabel Yorba, stretches away for ten miles to the ocean. Though mainly adapted for grazing purposes, it contains over eight thousand acres of excellent arable land.

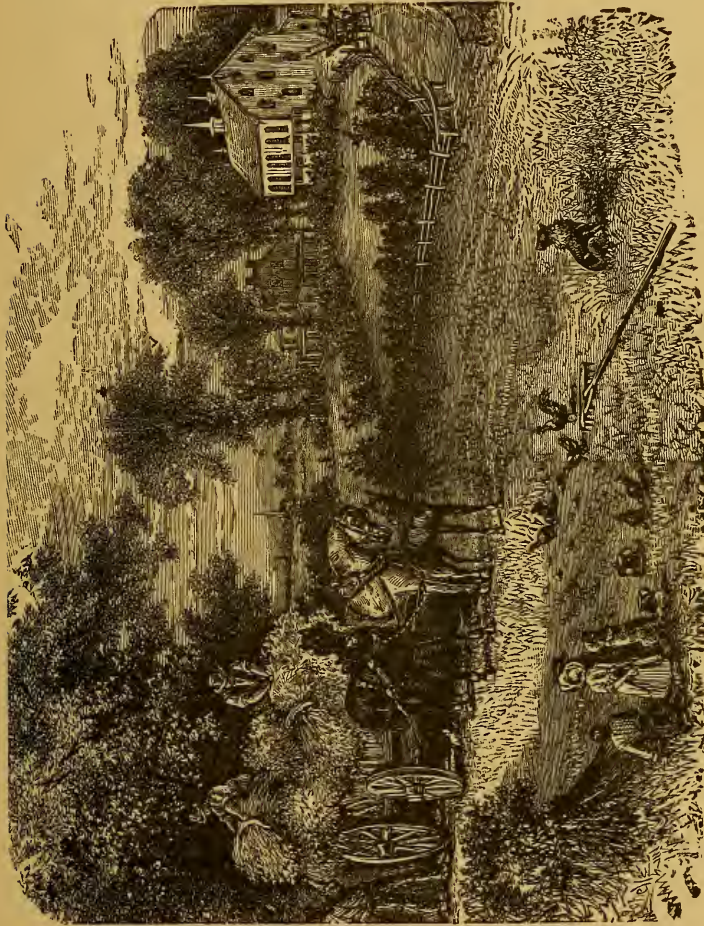
On the sea shore, near Point Magu, are the remains of one of the most extensive Indian villages on the southern coast.

Twenty-three thousand acres of the Guadaluasca are owned by W. R. Broom, a wealthy Englishman, who resides at Santa Barbara.

Descending the western slope of the mountain, we enter Pleasant Valley, a delightful section of country, surrounded by the mountains of the Conejo, Simi and Las Posas, and opening out into the Santa Clara Valley.

On the northeast and west are situated

THE GREAT RANCHOS SIMI AND LAS POSAS, comprising 139,632⁵⁷/₁₀₀ acres, of which upwards of 100,000 acres are owned by Andrew Gray, Esq., of Philadelphia. They embrace large bodies of the choicest arable and grazing lands,



A HOME IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

tens of thousands of acres of the richest valleys and mesas, producing abundantly all the various productions of semi-tropic California, and extensive rolling foot-hills, admirably adapted for vineyards and fruits.

The climate is unsurpassed in the world, water excellent, situation very healthy, picturesque and inviting. An abundant supply of artesian water is obtained here, a well on the Las Posas, sunk by Hon. T. R. Bard, being one of the most remarkable for force and flow of water on the southern coast.

There are good school, church and market facilities. These most desirable lands are now offered upon very liberal terms.

THE TAPO RANCHO, of 14,000 acres, well known for its old orchard and vineyard, and the excellence of its wines, lies in the northeastern portion of Simi. Two thousand acres of the same comprise a portion of the fine stock ranch of W. S. Chaffee, Esq.

Proceeding toward Santa Paula, the road leads around the southeastern foot-hills of the Las Posas, through the village of

SPRINGVILLE, situated upon a triangular body of very rich and productive Government land lying between the Colonia and Las Posas, 13 miles from Ventura, and 12 miles from Hueneme.

THE RANCHO SANTA CLARA DEL NORTE, of 13,988 $\frac{91}{100}$ acres, of which A. Schiappapietra owns 12,000 acres, is situated west of Springville, the Santa Clara River forming its western boundary. It contains about 7000 acres of grazing lands—now supporting 15,000 sheep, 4500 acres of excellent arable lands, fine orchards and vineyards, and several flowing artesian wells.

Crossing the Santa Clara River, I camped upon

THE RANCHO SANTA PAULA Y SATICOY, AT THE GREAT SPRINGS OF SATICOY.—This ranch of 17,773 $\frac{33}{100}$ acres, granted to John T. Davidson, and subsequently purchased by the great orchardist, George G. Briggs, embraces the heart of the Santa Clara Valley, beautiful in situation, and unsurpassed in fertility and for the variety and excellence of its productions.

SATICOY, a pleasant village, is situated near the Santa Clara River, nine miles from San Buenaventura. The Saticoy Springs are remarkable for their extent and flow, covering acres, and affording an inexhaustible supply of excellent water.

Close at hand is the beautiful home of Rev. S. T. Wells, a splendid farm of 600 acres, highly improved, bearing field, orchard and garden crops of exceptional excellence. Here I was shown a rose of less than two years growth, 36 feet in length, and a tomato vine had been trailed 18 feet. This is the favored climate and location for the apricot and semi-tropic fruits.

En route to Santa Paula, I passed through the rich tract known as

THE ORCHARD RANCH, owned by Samuel Edwards, of Santa Barbara, containing 1050 acres.

Six miles up the narrowing valley, through a succession of well improved farms and orchards, and Blanchard's 100-acre orange grove, brought me to

SANTA PAULA, the second largest town in the county. It is pleasantly situated, about a mile west of the Santa Clara River, and 16 miles from San Buenaventura. The Santa Paula Creek, a considerable mountain stream, flows through the place, affording a good water power, improved by the flouring mill of Blanchard & Bradley, and an abundant water supply for all general purposes, and a large surplus for irrigation when required.

Occupying a central position in the valley, surrounded by such great and various resources of agriculture, horticulture, grazing, oil, honey, etc., it is one of the most promising towns in this region.

The Santa Paula oil wells, in the center of the great oil belt extending through the county, are only four miles distant.

Blanchard & Bradley are the principal town proprietors, owning a tract of about 2000 acres. There are good religious and educational advantages, and a comfortable hotel, C. N. Baker proprietor.

Proceeding up the valley, we soon reached

THE SESPE RANCHO, one of the finest in Southern California, and the scene of the most brutal and cowardly assassination ever perpetrated in these parts. Fifty years ago, when California was under Mexican rule, and its lands granted in immense tracts for grazing purposes to the most worthy citizens of that country, Carlos Antonio Carrillo received a deed in due form from Governor Don Figueroa, for the San Cullitano or Sespe Rancho, embracing all that portion of the fertile Santa Clara Valley, and the bordering foot-hills, extending up the valley from the Arroyo Piruc about five and a half leagues to the Arroyo Mupn, and across from mountain to mountain a league or more, a magnificent estate of $25,360\frac{96}{100}$ acres; and on the 17th of May, 1834, was placed in formal possession by the local alcade, by the customary pulling up of herbage, breaking of the branches of trees, etc., and entered thereon with his 700 head of cattle, horses and mules.

After the acquisition of California by the United States, on the 18th day of April, 1853, Carlos Antonio Carrillo's title to the Sespe Rancho, as herein described, was approved by the United States Land Commissioner. Soon after the grantee, Carrillo, died, and in 1854-5 the Rancho Cullitano or Sespe was sold by his administrators to Thos. Wallace More, Esq., of Santa Barbara, for the sum of \$18,500 cash. December 29th, 1854, the U. S. District Attorney filed in the U. S. District Court a petition to review the decision of the Land Commissioner, making Thomas W. More the party appellee. This petition was based upon the claim that the original grant had been altered after delivery and before possession was taken, from *dos* (two) to *seis* (six) square leagues, and upon a stipulation by Mr. More's attorney that such was the case, although made without the former's knowledge or consent, the U. S. District Court confirmed the grant for two leagues June 23th, 1862. More's appeal from this decision was dismissed January 12, 1865, and in March, 1872, he received a patent for two tracts of the Sespe— $8880\frac{81}{100}$ of the $25,350\frac{96}{100}$ acres purchased by him in good faith, and occupied continuously for the period of seventeen years.

In the meantime, during the pendency of the appeal, settlers began to encroach upon the disputed lands of the Sespe Grant, by entering and taking squatters' claim thereon. More, firm in the conviction of his rightful possession of the original six league grant, of course resisted the invasion, but only by such lawful and justifiable means as were necessary for the protection of his rights. The lawless and desperate intruders therefore resolved to remove all opposition to their quiet possession by the cold-blooded murder of More. For this purpose they banded together, some seven in all, and led by one F. A. Sprague, armed with rifles and shot-guns, and masked, at midnight, surrounded More's premises, set fire to his barns, and when the defenseless man rushed out to rescue the stock, riddled his body with bullets.

A few months previous to this most cruel and cowardly assassination, Hon. C. A. Storke, a young lawyer of excellent ability and reputation, had married Miss Mattie More, one of the four children of the murdered man, and upon him devolved the prosecution of the assassins and the management of the estate. Sprague, the leader of the conspiracy and the principal actor of the horrible deed, was soon convicted, and is now serving a life-sentence in the State Prison.

The Sespe Ranch, as confirmed, was divided among the heirs in tracts of about 2520 acres each. Subsequently, Wallace H. More sold his portion to Hon. C. A. Storke, and Thos. R. More his to the great land-owner, Hon. Thos. R. Bard.

Well watered by the Santa Clara River, which flows through it, and its tributary, the Sespe, the arable portion, comprising upwards of 8000 acres of the richest lands, producing everything, and capable of irrigation if required, affords a rare opportunity for those seeking homes in this favored region.

The great oil belt extends the whole length of this rancho, at the base of the mountains on the west; a well bored 1500 feet in the Sespe Cañon having yielded 100 barrels a day. Bordering the river there are 500 or 600 acres

of moist lands, known as the Cienega, affording one of the best hog ranges in the State.

THE CAMULOS RANCHO, of 1500 acres—a portion of the San Francisco rancho—belonging to the heirs of Ignacio del Valle, and well known for its splendid and productive orchards and vineyards, and the excellent quality of its oranges and wines, lies eight miles up the valley from the Sespe. This wealthy Spanish family are also the owners of

THE TEMISCAL RANCHO, comprising 13,339 acres of grazing lands, watered by Piru, a tributary of the Santa Clara. Next we enter

THE SAN FRANCISCO RANCHO, of 14,500 acres (3,000 arable), which stretches away to the head of the valley, at Newhall, on the line of the Southern Pacific Railway in Los Angeles county. A day's ride over the mountains, through the famous Soledad Pass, brought us to the borders of the plains of the Mojave. These wild, inaccessible mountain fastnesses have been the favorite rendezvous of the robbers and freebooters which, for a long time, infested the Southern coast—the notorious Vasquez, Joaquin Murieta, and other bandits. Early one morning, we saw a man suddenly emerge from one of its lonely cañons, driving two horses at full speed. Reaching the next station, we learned that he was a robber fleeing with stolen horses from Santa Barbara. One night on the borders of the cactus waste of the desert of Mojave, and we recrossed the mountains *via* Elizabeth Lake, through the San Francisco Pass, one of the wildest gorges of the Pacific Slope. It cuts through

AN EXTENSIVE GOLD FIELD comprising portions of Los Angeles, Kern and Ventura counties, which produced the first gold ever mined in California, over forty years ago, and has been worked ever since. The richest discoveries are in the Piru Mining District, in the northeastern portion of Ventura county, about 65 miles west of Newhall, in the Frazer Mountains, 6,000 feet above the sea. Here are quartz ledges from two to twelve feet in thickness, reported to have assayed from \$12 to \$130 gold per ton. Their inaccessibility and the robbery of a party engaged in their development by

banditti, has discouraged further operations there. On Piru Creek, which affords an abundant supply of water for mining purposes, there are several *arastras* now in successful operation. Ledges of gold, silver, and galena have also been found there. Mexicans and others are now working placers at the fork of the Piru and Lockwood creeks. We met several parties of prospectors and practical miners who spoke confidently of the richness of this gold field, and have heard encouraging reports of discoveries made since our visit.

Returning down the Santa Clara River, I recrossed it to

THE GREAT RANCHO EL RIO DE SANTA CLARA O LA COLONIA, a magnificent domain of 44,883 30-100 acres, principally owned by Hon. Thomas R. Bard of Hueneme. It stretches for eight miles along the ocean, and back therefrom, in a triangular form, a distance of ten miles, comprising about 35,000 acres of arable lands, the heart of the lower Santa Clara valley. Commanding a magnificent view of the encircling mountain ranges, possessing one of the most healthful and agreeable climates in the world, absolutely free from all malarial fevers and epidemic diseases, abundantly supplied with excellent water from mountain streams, artesian and other wells, producing, in great abundance, all the staple productions of both northern and southern latitudes, it affords a combination of advantages rarely found in any portion of the globe. It is already the site of three pleasant prosperous villages—Hueneme, New Jerusalem and Springville—in the midst of well-tilled, productive and profitable farms. There is room here for hundreds of families to secure homes with these unsurpassed advantages, upon the most favorable terms.

NEW JERUSALEM. I shall never forget my first entry into New Jerusalem.

Whoever has had his conveyance, however humble, kicked all to pieces, on a hot dusty day, by a vicious old mustang, compelling him to complete his day's journey on foot, will appreciate my feelings. I had purchased at Santa Barbara, a short time previous, from a pious-faced son of a quaker, the miserable brute which made me so much trouble. The man, of

course, was as silent as a sphynx about the animal's vicious qualities, though he knew perfectly well that he would buck and kick like a veritable horse fiend. I used him horseback for a while, and every morning went through with a series of violent equestrian performances, such as I venture were never witnessed at any circus, and at no small risk of limb and trial of patience. I then undertook to train him to a buck-board. I had found him in harness, and still had hopes of his usefulness. I harnessed him in, and strapped him down. He kicked everything clean and sat down on one of the shafts, breaking it in the middle, in about twenty seconds. I repaired damages, got new shafts, and stronger backstraps. Everything held this time, and, after a few desperate kicks, he started off most encouragingly, and we were getting along so well, that our second day's ride was nearly over, without mishap, when, all at once, the deceptive beast let loose and kicked off the shafts, twisted off one wheel, and turned around and surveyed the ruins with a most exasperating look of satisfaction. Let me here caution the traveler never to trust in a mustang of confirmed vicious habits, however well he may behave for a time.

New Jerusalem is centrally situated in the lower Santa Clara Valley, on one of the richest portions of the great Rancho La Colonia. It commands an extensive and fine mountain view, embracing portions of the Coast, Guadalaska, and Conejo ranges, and the high, rolling hills of the Ex-Mission and the Las Posas. The climate is most enjoyable—seldom too hot in summer, or too cold in winter.

I here met a farmer, who, during the dry year of 1877, raised, by irrigation, 113 bushels of shelled corn per acre upon 20 acres. The grain harvest was in progress, the fields were alive with threshers, and the roads with six-horse teams drawing great loads of barley to

HUENEME, the greatest barley shipping port south of San Francisco. The town is pleasantly situated immediately on the sea-shore, 12 miles southeast of San Buenaventura. The mountains of the Coast Range loom up grandly on the northeast and west, and, sweeping the horizon sea-

ward, the eye is arrested by the rugged outlines of the outlying islands.

The climate is very healthy, free from all malaria, cool and invigorating. An abundant supply of good artesian water is conducted in iron pipes throughout the place. Magnificent stretches of level farming lands of unsurpassed excellence extend from the sea-shore north, east and west from 10 to 20 miles. A revolving light welcomes the mariner into a safe roadstead, and to the best and most extensive wharf and warehouses on the southern coast. The wharf, very strongly built, from 18 to 40 feet in width, and 800 feet long, reaches out to 30 feet of water. From the three great warehouses—A 66x315 feet, B 66x161, and C 66x312—a double-track railway, provided with 24 cars of 100-sack capacity each, carries the grain to the loading vessels. These excellent shipping facilities are the property of the Hueneme Wharf and Lighter Company, of which Hon. Thomas R. Bard is the President and principal owner.

Mr. Bard's elegant residence is situated in the midst of extensive and highly-improved grounds near the village. The owner and manager of the most important business interests in the county, distinguished for his integrity, generosity and public spirit, he occupies a foremost place among the leading men of the coast.

THE RANCHO SAN MIGUEL, a splendid estate of $4693\frac{92}{100}$ acres, originally granted to Raymundo Olivas, fronting about four miles on the ocean, extends from the Santa Clara River to Ventura. Dixey W. Thompson, late manager of "The Arlington" of Santa Barbara, owns 2346 acres of this ranch, and the heirs of Raymundo Olivas the other half. The whole is under high cultivation, producing great crops of barley, corn, beans, flax, hay, etc.

SAN BUENAVENTURA, the principal town and county seat, is picturesquely situated on the sea-coast, near the San Buenaventura River, 311 miles from San Francisco. It is built around the base of the high hills of the Ex-Mission

Rancho, which protect it from the severity of the east winds. A fine large public school building stands out in bold relief upon a commanding terrace on the southward slope. The eye next rests upon the white-walled massive architecture of the old Mission, founded by the Catholic Fathers, the pioneers of civilization on this coast, in 1782. Then the County Court House, a substantial building, is seen among a cluster of the old Mission olive trees. Main Street, the principal business thoroughfare, encircles the foot-hills, and presents that interesting commingling of peoples and collection of habitations which forms such an attractive feature of the American-Spanish towns of this coast. Large, well-built blocks of brick look down upon the humble one-story, tiled-roofed adobe of the original settler. The Schiappapietra or Palace Hotel Block, Ayers' Hotel, Spears' Block, the Chaffee, Gilbert & Bonestel, and Einstein & Bernheim stores, the Free Press, Brown's, and Library Building are all good substantial structures.

The principle residence portion occupies the gentle slope between Main Street and the ocean, and the foot-hills and the San Buenaventura River. Hundreds of small, cosy, home-like cottages are half-concealed amidst the thick foliage of the acacia, pepper, eucalyptus, fir, Monterey cypress and other handsome evergreens and ornamental and fruit-bearing trees. They are interspersed with a goodly number of large fine residences. Many of the gardens and grounds are laid out with excellent taste, and ornamented with the choicest varieties of flowers, plants and shrubs. In the old Mission orchard, adjoining the elegant residence of A. Schiappapietra, stands one of the largest palm trees in this country, set out by the Santa Maria Fathers nearly a century ago.

Ventura Avenue, which extend for three and a half miles up the rich valley of the San Buenaventura, is one continuous garden and orchard, producing most bountifully the various products of this highly favored country. Ventura is a modest place, which has never pressed its claims upon public attention beyond its merits. It contains a population of about 2000, chiefly American-born citizens, though there

is sufficient foreign element—Spanish, Italian, German, French, English, Scotch and Chinese—to give it quite a cosmopolitan spirit and aspect. The people are intelligent, hospitable and law-abiding. No place of its size upon the coast maintains in a more efficient state the various institutions, organizations, societies and orders, either essential to, or indicative of, a well-ordered and prosperous community.

It affords good religious, educational and social advantages. The various churches, an excellent graded school and a well filled and selected library are generously supported; also two weekly papers—the *Free Press* and the *Ventura Signal*.

Excellent water is supplied from the San Buenaventura River, and distributed in iron pipes throughout the place by the Santa Clara Water Company. The Bank of Ventura, of which Hon. T. R. Bard is President, affords excellent banking facilities.

The traveling public will find good accommodations and reasonable charges at the Palace Hotel, Wagner & Co., proprietors.

Commodious warehouses, and a substantial wharf, 1200 feet long, extending to 30 feet of water, and provided with a double-track freight railway, afford good shipping facilities.

Ventura has always done a commercial business disproportionate to its size. Visitors will be surprised to find here larger stocks of general merchandise than at any other place on the coast between San Francisco and Los Angeles. The firm of Chaffee, Gilbert & Bonestel carry over a \$40,000 stock of every description of merchandise, which the trade of the county demands. The neighboring house of Einstein & Bernheim is about equally large, commanding an extensive trade.

I am informed by Dr. Cephas L. Bard, a resident physician, who has practiced medicine and surgery in the county very successfully for sixteen years, that the health of the city is excellent, being free from diphtheria, scarlet fever and other diseases so fatal to children.

From Ventura, I proceeded to the Ojai Valley, a distance of 15 miles. The high hills of

THE EX-MISSION RANCHO, an immense estate of 49,822 acres, of which Hon. J. M. Brooks is agent, originally granted to Manuel A. Rodriguez, stretch away on the right to Santa Paula. Following seven miles along the bank of the Ventura River, through a rich and beautiful valley of groves of oranges, apricots, plums, figs, walnuts, etc., formerly a portion of

THE RANCHO CANADA LARGA, comprising 6659 4-100 acres, granted to Joaquin Alvarado; then, eight miles further up a gradually ascending grade, crossing and recrossing a clear mountain stream, the San Antonio, under the grateful shade of the live oak and poplar, arched and festooned with the thick foliage of a luxuriant growth of grape and other vines, we emerge into the beautiful

OJAI VALLEY, Ventura's famous health and pleasure resort. So far as my personal experience or knowledge extends, there is no place in North America which contains greater natural advantages for a perfect sanitarium. These are mildness, equability and healthfulness of climate; excellence of water; grandeur and beauty of scenery; exemption from fogs, wind and dust; hot and cold sulphur springs; excellent trout-fishing and hunting; delightful camping grounds, and retirement from the exciting throngs of fashionable watering-places. It is charmingly situated at an elevation of about 1100 feet above the sea, surrounded and sheltered by the Santa Ynez and San Rafael ranges of mountains.

Here, at the little village of

NORDHOFF, centrally situated in the Lower Ojai, amidst groves of handsome live oak, fields of wheat, orchards and vineyards, commanding magnificent mountain views, are the popular health resorts of Frank P. Barrows and McKee & Gally, the former well known as the "Ojai House" or the "Country Home," and the latter as "The Oak Glen Cottages."

THE OJAI RANCHO, embracing the central portion of this most delightful valley, and containing 17,716 83-100 acres, was granted to Fernando Tico in 1868.

THE SANTA ANA RANCHO, of 21,522 21-100 acres, was confirmed, in 1850, to Ayala and others. Together, they contain about 14,000 acres of arable lands of great fertility, and specially adapted to wheat raising, fruits and vineyards.

Visitors to the Ojai, whether for health or pleasure, should go to

THE MATILIJA HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS. They are situated in the wild, rock-bound cañon of the headwaters of the Ventura River, about 1500 feet above the sea, and six miles from the village of Nordhoff. Some twenty in number, ranging in temperature from 35° to 150°, they are equal to any on the Southern Coast for the cure of rheumatism, dyspepsia, kidney disease, etc. Deer are numerous and small game plentiful, and the trout-fishing excellent. Two visitors recently caught 200 trout here in a few hours. Mr. A. J. Wilcoxon, the proprietor, furnishes comfortable hotel and cottage accommodations at \$8 per week. Mr. Robert Lyon's orchard and vineyard, well known for the excellence of its fruits, is located a short distance below the springs.

All the roads leading into the Ojai present a succession of views charmingly picturesque and interesting. The 15 miles from Santa Paula to Nordhoff pass through the wild cañon of the Santa Paula by the great oil wells and tanks, over remarkable deposits of asphaltum, past apiaries, fine orchards, and vineyards, through fields of grain and groves of live oak, by the humble cottage of the homesteader and the mansion house of the wealthy land owner. The 35 miles to Santa Barbara, by the Casitas Pass road, is equally delightful, for 15 miles winding among the rugged wooded hills, and over the handsome slopes of the Santa Ana and Rincon; then, through the beautiful valleys, which, with the glorious mountains, the blue sea, the islands, and the bright skies, compose the matchless views of Santa Barbara.

Returning to San Buenaventura, I followed the sea-coast 30 miles to Santa Barbara, first through the

RANCHO DE SAN MIGUELITO, of 8877⁴/₁₀₀ acres, confirmed to Juan F. de Rodriguez in 1860, and owned by G. B. Taylor, chiefly mountainous, and suited only to grazing purposes; then for several miles under the high bluffs of

THE RANCHO EL RINCON, the road skirting the ocean-shore, washed by every high tide. This grant, of 4459⁶³/₁₀₀ acres, made to Theodore Arellanes, 2200 acres of which are owned by M. H. Biggs, of South America, is mainly rolling foot-hills, specially adapted for stock-raising, with arable mesas, slopes and benches of limited extent.

Point Rincon is on the boundary line between Ventura and Santa Barbara counties.

That portion of Southern California, known as

SANTA BARBARA COUNTY, lies between latitudes 34° and 35°, and extends from the mouth of the Santa Maria River, near Point Sal, south and east along the Pacific Coast to Point Rincon, a distance of about 106 miles. From the mouth of the Santa Maria River to Point Arguello, 27 miles, its shore line runs nearly south; from thence to Point Concepcion, 14 miles, southeast, from which point it bears almost due east 65 miles to Point Rincon.

The Pacific Ocean bounds it on the south and west, Ventura County on the east and San Luis Obispo County on the north. Three mountain ranges cross the county in a north-westerly and westerly direction; these are the Sierra Madre Del Sur in the northeastern portion, the San Rafael Mountains in the central, while along the immediate coast, distant only from two to six miles from it, extends the Santa Ynez Range. The average elevation of the Coast Range is about 2500 feet, rising at some points to over 3500 feet. The mountains increase in altitude as we recede from the coast, the San Rafael overlooking the Santa Ynez, and the Sierra Madre both ranges.

The Santa Maria and Santa Ynez are its principal rivers, the former being the longest, and carrying the greatest vol-

ume of water. It rises in the Sierra Madre Del Sur and San Rafael mountains, draining the south slope of the former by its north branch, the Cuyama, and the northern slope of the latter by the Sisquoc, and flows into the Pacific about seven miles north of Point Sal. The Tepusque, Los Encinos, Canoncito, Agua Sacado and Potrero are small tributaries. The Santa Ynez River rises in Ventura County, in the Santa Ynez Mountains, and flowing westerly, drains the south slope of the San Rafael and the north slope of the Santa Ynez Range, reaching the ocean five miles south of Purissima. Its feeders are the Sal Si Puedes, Zaca, Alisal, Alamo, Pintado, Santa Cruz, Caballado, Los Laureles, Indio, Mono, Agua Caliente, and a few other small streams. The south slope of the Coast Mountains waters the valleys below by the Rincon, Carpinteria, Santa Monica, Paderon, Toro, Ficay, Hot Springs, Cold Stream, Mission Creek, Maria Ygnacia, San Jose, San Pedro, Carneros, Tocolote, Armitas, Tocolotito, Dos Pueblos, Las Varas, El Capitan, Refugio, Hondo, Costa, Molinos, Las Cruces, Agua Caliente, Santa Añita, San Augustine, Rodeo, Cañada Honda, and the San Antonio and Casmalia creeks. Of these mountain streams, the Rincon, Carpinteria, Mission, El Capitan and Dos Pueblos are the most important, flowing to the sea in ordinary years, while most of the others partially or wholly disappear during the dry season, soon after leaving the foothills. There are several small lakes and lagoons in the county, the Guadalupe and the Zaca being the largest. The Santa Maria, Santa Ynez, Los Alamos, Cuyama, Montecito and Carpinteria are its principal valleys.

There are two good wagon passes over the Santa Ynez Mountains, the San Marcos and Gaviota, and several horseback trails. The San Marcos Pass is reached by following up the San Jose, descending the mountains on the north side, along the Los Laureles, by what is known as the Fremont Trail. Its greatest elevation is 2240 feet. The Gaviota Pass lies along the Las Cruces, crossing the mountain on the old Spanish grant by that name, at an altitude of only 1500 feet. A horseback trail starts from the foot of Montecito Valley, follows up the Ficay to its head, and

then bears a little northeast, across Section 34, T. 5, to the Najalayegua Cañon. Another crosses the mountain by Cold Stream Cañon, near the head of this valley. A good trail also ascends the Pedregosa, the east branch of Mission Creek, to near its sources, where it divides, the right fork leading eastward along the summit to Section 30, T. 5, and then north down the mountain; the left fork runs northwesterly over the divide, and then north toward the Santa Ynez River.

The county comprises an area of nearly 2,000,000 acres, one-fourth of which it is estimated are arable lands. That portion lying north of the Coast Range is mainly suited only to grazing purposes, though there are considerable tracts in the upper valleys of the Santa Ynez and Cuyama which are being successfully cultivated. Over 300,000 acres lying between the San Rafael and the Sierra Madre mountains are still unsurveyed. Nearly all that portion lying west of the San Rafael and south of the Santa Ynez Mountains was granted by the Mexican Government, in extensive tracts of from one league, or 4438 acres, to eleven leagues, or 48,420 acres, without other consideration than actual occupancy.

During the last thirty years Americans have succeeded to most of these lordly domains, and obtained patents therefor from the United States Government.

The Los Dos Pueblos, containing 15,500 acres (patented) is owned by Col. W. W. Hollister, E. Cooper and others; 8000 acres of the Nuestra Señora del Refugio, containing 26,529 acres (patented) by Thos. B. Dibblee and Albert Dibblee; La Espada containing 15,000 acres being a part of Punta de la Concepcion (patented), comprising 24,992 acres, by Col. W. W. Hollister; the Sal Si Puedes (patented), 6650 acres, by Col. W. W. Hollister; 6000 acres of Las Cruces by Col. W. W. Hollister, Thos. B. Dibblee and Albert Dibblee; 23,000 acres of the San Julian (patented), by Col. W. W. Hollister, and 25,000 acres by Thos. B. Dibblee and Albert Dibblee; the Lompoc (patented), containing 42,085 acres, has been subdivided and is owned by the Lompoc colony and others; the Santa Rosa (patented), containing

16,300 acres, is owned by J. W. Cooper; La Zaca (pat.), 4485 acres, and Correl de Quati (pat.), 13,322 acres, by Don Gaspar Oreña; San Carlos de Jonata (pat.), 26,634 acres, by R. T. Buell. The Los Pinos, 35,499 acres, belongs to the Catholic Church. H. & W. Pierce are the owners of the San Marcos, containing 35,573 acres, of the Tequepis, 9819 acres, and also of Nojoqui. The Los Almos (pat.), comprising 48,803 acres, is owned by Dr. J. B. Shaw, Don Gaspar Oreña, and others; the Todos Santos y San Antonio (pat.), 20,772 acres, by H. M. Newhall and others; the Lomas de Purificacion (pat.), containing 13,541 acres, by Capt. T. W. Moore; the Punta de Laguna (pat.), 26,648 acres, by T. B. Jamison et al.; Guadalupe (pat.), by LeRoy et al.; Tinaquaic (pat.), 8847, by W. Foxen et al.; Sisquoc, 35,485, by Hayden et al.; Suey, by Newhall; Jesus Maria (pat.), 42,184, and Casmalia (pat.), 8841, by Benj. Burton, and the Los Prietos y Najalayegua (pat.), containing 48,728 acres, is owned by Judge Charles E. Huse.

These great estates have been almost exclusively devoted to grazing purposes down to 1870, the stock of a single proprietor sometimes comprising 70,000 sheep alone. Col. W. W. Hollister, the pioneer and most extensive sheep raiser of the Pacific coast region, and his associates, Mr. Thomas B. Dibblee and Mr. Albert Dibblee, have at present about 60,000 sheep upon their ranchos. During the last ten years, agriculture and horticulture, though laboring under the disadvantages of distant markets, has become the most important industry of the people. The soil is generally a fine rich loam, even to the tops of the highest hills, producing bountifully nearly all the crops common to both northern and southern latitudes, including semi-tropical fruits in great variety. The assessed valuation of all the property in the county for 1870 was \$5,487,053. The county was organized in 1850, and contains a population of about 10,000. The principal towns and settlements are Santa Barbara, Montecito, Carpinteria, Guadalupe, Central City, Lompoc, La Gaviota, La Graciosa, Las Cruces, La Patera, Goleta, and Santa Ynez. Of these, Santa Barbara has become justly celebrated as a health and pleasure resort throughout the world.

CARPINTERIA. Leaving Point Rincon, we soon overlook the beautiful and fertile valley of Carpinteria. It extends about six miles along the ocean, and back from one and one-half miles to the foothills of the Santa Ynez mountains; containing upwards of ten thousand acres of arable lands. It possesses an exceedingly rich, warm soil, producing without irrigation bountiful crops of barley, lima



A HOME IN SANTA BARBARA COUNTY.

beans, flax, potatoes, corn, etc., and all garden vegetables. It is also excellently adapted to fruit and nut growing, containing the most productive orchards in the eastern portion of the county. Hon. Russell Heath, a Santa Barbara pioneer of 1852, and the first American settler in Carpinteria, owns 175 acres in the heart of the valley. He first introduced

walnuts and apricots here, and now has the finest and most valuable walnut grove in Southern California. It produces yearly about one thousand bushels of walnuts, worth from eight to twelve cents per pound, and he informs me that twenty-year-old trees are increasing their yield nearly one-third every year. Adjoining Mr. Heath, Mr. O. N. Cadwell, a prominent horticulturist, has transformed 30 acres of willows, briars, alder, poison oak and cactus into a very fruitful and valuable orchard of apricots, apples, pears, plums, quinces, peaches, nectarines, figs, oranges, lemons, limes, walnuts, etc., etc. The soil is fine, rich sandy loam, the situation sheltered and warm, the cultivation perfect. Nearly all the fruits mentioned do well, but the apricots grown here are distinguished for their excellence. Many of the trees, especially the apricot, pear and apple, threaten self-destruction by overbearing the present season. The gross annual product of this orchard is about \$3,000, but with the improved processes for drying and canning, the fruit now being introduced will soon considerably exceed that amount. Mr. E. J. Knapp, his neighbor, whose extensive orchard comprises about 3000 trees, principally apricots, plums, apple, pears and walnuts, has made a marked success in drying prunes from the French plum, which compare favorably with the best imported.

The rural home of H. C. Ford, the well-known artist, is the flower garden of the valley, a gem of floral beauty. The families of Blood, Hall, Pierce, Thurmond, Knight, Fish, Franklin, Shields, Ballard, Nidever, Smith, Callis, Benn, Cravens, and Lambert, are among its other principal residents.

There is considerable small game, and an occasional deer and bear among the foothills. Camping, one November night, on the side of the mountain overlooking the valley, two wild animals, about the size of wolves—which, I presume, they were—came charging through the chapparal toward my tent. I had just rolled into my blankets, when the noise of their approach brought me to the entrance, apparently just in time to prevent them from jumping in. They dashed up the mountain at a rate which showed that I was

not the game they were after, but that I had taken possession of their run-way since their last hunt. The neighboring settlers were very hospitable, bringing me a feast of venison and choice wild honey.

The shipping point of Carpinteria is a substantial wharf, situated in a little semi-circle cove near the head of the valley. It extends about 800 feet to sixteen feet of water at low tide; is protected by the mountains and hills on the north and west, and from the southeast winds by a strong sea kelp and a projecting reef. A good depth of water near shore, and a clayey bottom, afford a safe anchorage. Mr. Smith, the owner, estimated his shipments, from the products of this little valley for 1881, at two thousand tons, comprising twelve hundred tons of lima beans alone.

From Carpinteria, I descended Ortega Hill to

MONTECITO. It is a very warm, dry, beautiful little valley, containing upwards of 6,000 acres of orchard and vine-lands, chiefly occupied in small tracts. Oranges, lemons, figs, apricots, and many other semi-tropic fruits are successfully grown. It is supplied with excellent water from the Ficay, Cold Spring and Hot Spring, small mountain streams. It contains a population of 400 Americans and 200 Spaniards. Its climate is very equable, and much resorted to by consumptives. Judge Hall, Col. Hayne, Dr. Doremus, Messrs. Eddy, Bond, Thompson, Crooks, Stafford, Johnstone, Swift, Doulton, and Bristol are among its best known residents. In 1874, I camped, for a few days, near the mouth of the Hot Springs Cañon. One evening, I heard the sound of music a little way off. Guided by it, I soon reached the entrance of the Big Grapevine enclosure, and accepting a cordial invitation to enter, found myself in the midst of a genuine Spanish fandango, under the wide-spreading branches of that enormous vine. I remained for an hour, an interested observer of the novel and hilarious scene. Ten or a dozen couple at once waltzed to well-played Spanish airs, until it seemed as if perpetual motion had finally been discovered. One young Spaniard attested the genuineness of his affections for a pretty Señorita, by breaking over her head of raven

black hair sixteen cascarones—eggs filled with fine cut tinsel paper of various colors—which glistened like a shower of diamonds. She reciprocated the attention by breaking some half a dozen over his head. They cost twenty-five cents each—rather expensive for a mere flirtation.

Montecito has an ocean frontage of about three miles. The Matanzas property, so called from having furnished the



BIG GRAPE VINE OF MONTECITO.

site of extensive slaughter and tallow-trying works in the dry years of 1862-3, lies near the Southeastern extremity. When death, by starvation, seems inevitable, cattle and sheep are killed by the tens of thousands, their hides and pelts stripped off, and their bodies thrown into huge vats, and what tallow remains extracted. Camping here in 1877,

I found excellent water, near the dry bed of a small arroyo, at a depth of twelve feet, and less than twenty rods from the ocean. A little way off was an abandoned well of worthless brackish water. I was advised where to dig by an old pioneer, familiar with the underflow of the mountain springs. I also discovered a brace of wild cats, which follow down the arroyo beds from the mountains at night and carry off the settler's fowl, and sometimes the young of other domestic animals. They startled me from a sound sleep at midnight, by breaking out into an alarmingly loud and desperate chorus close to my tent. I seized an old army sabre, the only weapon at hand, and sallied out; they did not wait for an encounter, which was doubtless fortunate for me, but retreated rapidly toward the mountains. This valley was formerly thickly covered with live oak, and considerable still remains, especially on the Matanzas tract, though it is being rapidly cut for fuel, now worth \$7 per cord at Santa Barbara. Several years ago, an unsuccessful attempt was made to obtain oil just below the Matanzas, and also at the foothills three miles back. The oil is there in such abundance that it flows into the ocean from the shore at several points, and will doubtless be reached, in paying quantities, when sufficient capital, energy and experience undertake the work.

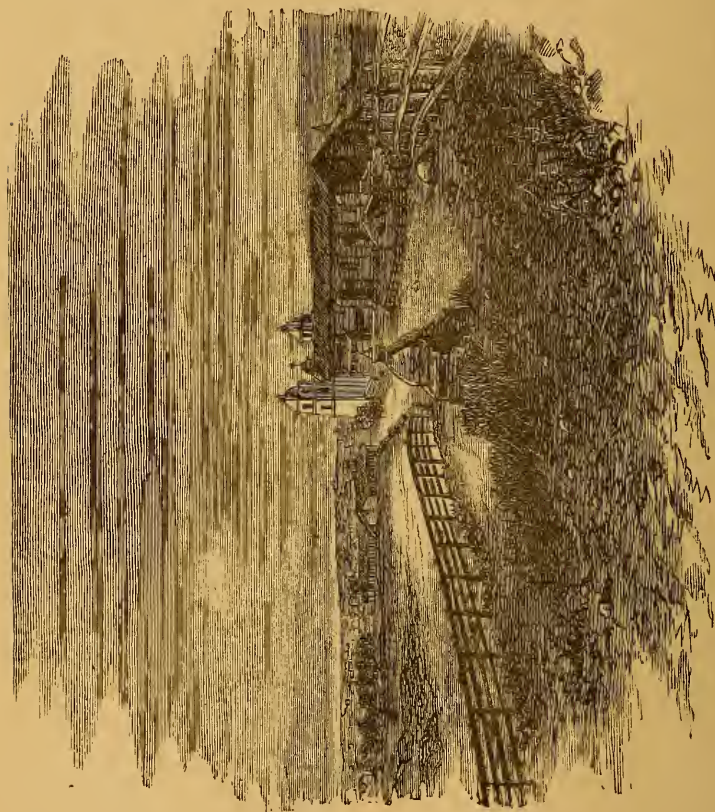
THE SANTA BARBARA HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS are situated in a picturesque cañon, at an elevation of 1,500 feet above and three miles distant from the ocean, and six miles from Santa Barbara. They comprise some twenty in number, ranging in temperature from 60° to 120°, and are considered very efficacious for the healing of many diseases. Their best endorsement, perhaps, is, that they are not only much resorted to by people from abroad, but also by the resident population. I have known persons to be greatly benefited by their use, especially rheumatics. Tourists should visit them for the extended and magnificent view which they afford of the beautiful valleys of Santa Barbara, Montecito and Carpinteria, and of the ocean and the islands, twenty miles away.

Late the tenth day out from San Diego, riding 65 miles in one day, I entered the beautiful city of

SANTA BARBARA, the great health and pleasure resort of Southern California. Santa Barbara is situated on the sea coast, in the southern part of the county, 288 miles southeast of San Francisco. It is built upon a beautiful slope, gradually rising from the ocean back for a distance of one mile and a-half to the foothills of the Santa Ynez Mountains, which, rising to an elevation of over 3,500 feet, encircle it about on the north and east. It is further enclosed by a range of hills some 200 feet in height, extending from the sea-shore along its western suburbs. These are the immediate surroundings which nature has bestowed upon this singularly favored spot. Fifty miles west of Santa Barbara, at Point Concepcion, as we have already seen, the coast line turns from a southeasterly course, and runs almost due east to Point Rincon.

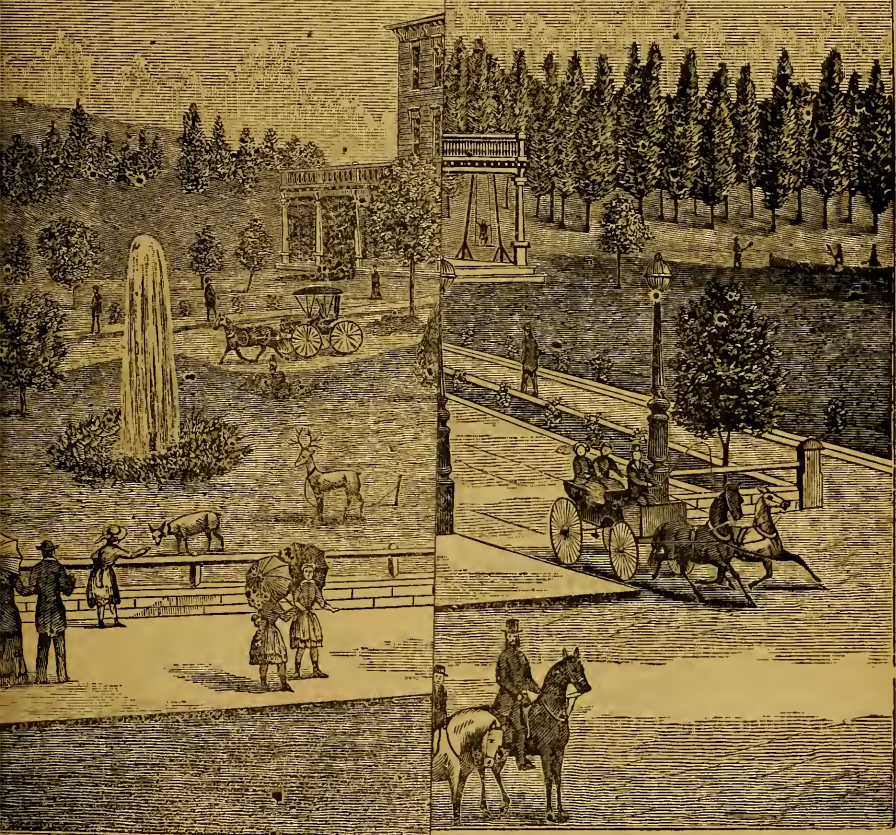
About twenty miles to the southward the islands of Anacapa, Santa Rosa, Santa Cruz, and San Miguel rise to an elevation of over 2500 feet. With the ocean on the south to moderate the heat of Summer and the cold of Winter, the mountains and foothills on the north and east and west to protect it from the severity of the north winds; with Point Concepcion standing guard against the cold northwest winds and currents, warding them off thirty miles at sea, and the overlapping islands of Santa Rosa and Santa Cruz to shelter it from the force of the southwest ocean winds, Santa Barbara has deservedly acquired a world-wide reputation for its mild, equable, and salubrious climate. And the same causes, the great natural storm barriers by land and sea, which secure such exemption from sudden changes of temperature, afford also the most perfect land-locked roadstead from Alaska to San Diego. When the ocean storm-swells carry away the wharfs at other points along the coast, they stand secure here. I have sailed from San Francisco down the coast several times, encountering strong winds and rough seas until past Point Concepcion, when the winds and waves subsided, and the sea became as suddenly calm as if obeying some omnipotent command, "Peace, be still." This

part of the coast was doubtless the favorite abode of the aboriginal tribes in pre-historic times. Cabrillo, a Portuguese navigator, found them here in large numbers more than 340 years ago. The Smithsonian Institute contains an exceedingly interesting collection of the relics of these people, exhumed from the numerous burying places found along the sea-shore and on the opposite islands. The Span-



SANTA BARBARA MISSION.

ish priests established a Mission here nearly one hundred years ago, for the conversion of the natives to the Catholic faith. This was the beginning of its occupation by white men. Thirty years later, in 1825, Santa Barbara contained about a thousand people, chiefly Californians, and Indians attached to the Mission. During the succeeding forty years



THE ARLINGTON HOTEL is the best of its kind on the Pacific Coast. Horse cars lead to the hotel for first-class patronage. The House occupies a whole square of five acres of ground, which is a rare privilege. The Arlington of Santa Barbara has no equal. W. N. COWLES, Manager.



THE ARLINGTON HOTEL is the best appointed hotel in California outside of San Francisco, being designed and especially built for first-class patronage. The House occupies a whole square of five acres of ground, which is superbly laid out in lawns, flower gardens, etc. As a delightful home for families or invalids, The Arlington of Santa Barbara has no equal on the Pacific Coast. Horse cars lead directly to the ocean beach where excellent sea bathing can be had.

W. N. COWLES, Manager.

some seventy-five Americans settled here, but as late as 1869 the Spanish and native Californian element largely predominated. Then followed a considerable influx of people from the Eastern and Northern States, rapidly Americanizing the place, and building up the Santa Barbara of to-day. It now contains a population of about 3500—2000 Americans and 1500 of other nationalities, chiefly Spanish and Californians. It is regularly laid out into 360 blocks, 450 feet square, with streets from 60 to 80 feet in width. A good supply of mountain water is distributed in iron pipes throughout the city. The great white face of the old Mission--its first and most interesting building, from its elevation at the foothills 340 feet above the ocean, though in a decaying condition, is still the most conspicuous landmark. The church spires, Colleges and High School buildings, Theater, Court House, Cook's Clock building, The Arlington, and prominent business blocks next engage the attention. State street is the principal business thoroughfare. It extends from the beach back to the foothills, is lighted with gas, well sprinkled, and traversed every few minutes by horse-cars as far as The Arlington. Very good blocks and buildings of brick and stone rise here and there among rows of cheap one-story structures, and the low tiled-roofed adobes of the original inhabitants. Encircling this business center, and extending from the beach to the foothills, are the homes of its citizens. On the higher grounds in the western suburbs are grouped many fine residences and cosy cottages of the principal residents. The homes of Don Gaspar Oreña, John Edwards, J. W. Calkins and Joseph Cooper are especially noticeable, both for the elegance of their villas in design and finish, and the great beauty of their perfectly kept lawns and gardens. In their midst, occupying a whole block, surrounded by a beautiful lawn, tastefully ornamented with a choice selection of evergreens and semi-tropic plants and flowers, with fountains playing and tame deer feeding, stands

THE ARLINGTON, a magnificent hotel establishment, with broad piazzas and stairways, capacious and richly fur-

nished apartments, extensive dining hall, fine reading and billiard rooms and telegraph office, all under the able management of W. N. Cowles.

Col. Hollister, the owner, has just completed on the adjoining blocks The Ellwood, a magnificent brick addition, with broad verandas, large, sunny, elegantly furnished rooms, to accommodate the overflow of The Arlington, and those who desire to live on the European plan.

Frequently the guests are afforded a special treat by the presence of the Colonel, a most affable and whole-souled



THE ARLINGTON.

W. N. COWLES, - - - MANAGER

gentleman, the proprietor of great estates, the main dependence of many important local interests and generous supporter of worthy public enterprises.

Mr. Thomas B. Dibblee, an extensive and wealthy landowner, is building the most magnificent residence on the Southern Coast upon the headland by the seaside.

A little to the south, fronting the ocean, along an excellent shore for bathing, is situated the Burton Mound property, which comprises a tract of some 25 acres, exceed-

ingly well adapted for the site of an extensive watering establishment.

Gradually sloping on all sides from a central elevation of about 40 feet above the ocean, it is covered with an abundant growth of pepper, acacia and olive trees, and plants and flowers in great variety. Flowing springs of excellent water—one highly charged with sulphur—burst forth from its surface.

One block east of this valuable property, at the foot of State Street, is situated Stearns' Wharf, built in 1873, by John P. Stearns, one of the most public-spirited and influential citizens. It is from 20 to 80 feet in width, extending into the ocean about 2,000 feet, reaching a depth of 20 feet of water, and is one of the most accessible, substantial and safe landings on the entire coast.

Mayor Fernald's handsome residence and beautiful grounds are a few blocks distant.

Santa Barbara contains a large number of intelligent, cultured and refined people of the best New England type. The various religious denominations, the Congregational, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Episcopalian and Catholic, each have their respective houses of worship, and sustain regular services. Educational matters receive that attention which their importance demands.

The City Public Schools are provided with suitable buildings and an efficient corps of instructors. The St. Vincent School, under the supervision of the Sisters of Charity, furnishes good educational facilities for those of their faith.

There are orders of Good Templars, Masons, Odd Fellows, United Workingmen, etc. The Odd Fellows' Library and Reading Room, well supplied with standard works and current periodicals of the day, is free to all visitors. Distinguished lecturers and artists occasionally come this way, although the residents are abundantly able, from their own resources, to not only entertain themselves, but strangers also. I have attended during the past winter three exhibitions, which afforded me much interest and pleasure, and a new revelation of their general intelligence and culture, and

of the variety and excellence of the productions of their adopted home.

For an Art Loan Exhibition they brought from their own homes over 1500 articles of bric-a-brac, curios, paintings, porcelain, China, unique Indian relics, gold and silver, laces, embroideries, etc., rich, rare and costly.

Their Citrus Fair and Flower Shows were most surprising displays of the variety and excellence of the semi-tropic fruits, and great wealth and beauty of the flower world, as represented from their own orchards and gardens.

Life on the streets is more cosmopolitan and interesting than the number of inhabitants indicates. Travelers from all parts of the world sojourn here. The customs and manners of all the leading nationalities may be observed; Protestants, Catholics, Jews and the "Heathen Chinese" mix in friendly intercourse.

The native Californians dash by as if riding a steeple chase, with the young Americans not far behind. Graceful-riding, handsome ladies gallop fearlessly along; phaetons, English dog-carts, buck-boards, elegant carriages and omnibuses, country wagons of various make and in all states of repair, conveying all sorts of people, drawn by all kinds and conditions of draught animals, file past. Nearly everybody rides. Horses are still cheap, and their keeping inexpensive.

Riding, bathing, boating, fishing, hunting and camping-out afford excellent opportunities for healthful and enjoyable recreation for all classes of visitors. The natural advantages for safe, enjoyable and beneficial bathing are unsurpassed on this coast.

The temperature of the sea water off Santa Barbara is about 60° in winter and 64° in summer; the shore slopes gradually, with a smooth, even bottom; there is no undertow, no sharks, nor rough, irregular surf to alarm the timid or the invalid. From my cottage, near the beach, I have seen people bathing throughout the winter.

The ocean drive is also a very fine one, extending for some six miles one unbroken, level stretch, over the clean, white sand, free from all dust, in the cool, sweet and wholesome sea air.

EXCURSIONS FROM SANTA BARBARA.

Santa Barbara is becoming more and more the initial point of excursions to all parts of Southern California. There are probably now at this writing, the 4th of June, twenty-five parties, residents and sojourners of Santa Barbara, camping out for health, hunting, fishing and recreation in the Southern Coast Counties, including two or three en route for the famous Yosemite Valley, 488 miles distant. I meet them wherever I go—in the mountains, in the valleys, by the sea-shore, at the hot springs, in parties of from two to a dozen, in pursuit of some of these things. They are seldom disappointed. There is health for the invalid, game for the hunter, glorious scenery for the tourist, on every hand; the climate is the most favorable in the world for field life. Camping outfits are inexpensive—good riding horses range from \$40 to \$75; a good pony team, harness and wagon can be bought for from \$200 to \$250; a muslin wall-tent, 9x12, will cost about \$10. Livery horses in the saddle are furnished for from \$1 to \$2 per day; single teams from \$3 to \$4, and double team, with driver, from \$4 to \$6 a day. The native California horses are unsurpassed for the saddle, of great endurance, swift and sure-footed. I recently met Jose Gutierrez driving a band of fine specimens to Newhall, on the Southern Pacific Railroad, from whence they will be shipped to Boston, for the stable of Mr. J. Malcolm Forbes. He says that these animals are inferior to their choice stock prior to American occupation; that his brother Antonio, 28 years ago, rode from Santa Barbara to Los Angeles—to see his sweetheart—a distance of 110 miles, in eleven hours and a half; and that he, on a similar mission of love, rode from Los Alamos to Santa Barbara, over 20 leagues, or 64 miles, in six hours. Gaspar de la Guerra once rode from Santa Barbara to Ventura, a distance of 30 miles, in one hour and fifty-nine minutes. These wonderful feats of fast riding seem almost incredible, but are well vouched for. Many of their horses were sired by the best imported blood, which, for generations, had been trained exclusively for the saddle. These are instances of the possibilities of fast riding, which my readers are not likely to at-

tempt, either for love or money, or for any other purpose. Five or six miles an hour is fast enough for all ordinary occasions, and especially for health or pleasure. Those who hire will find good safe horses and teams at McPhail's stables, opposite the Morris House, at the Occident, G. W. Leland's, and also at N. C. Pitcher's on Garden street, opposite the Plaza, who makes a specialty of furnishing gentle saddle horses, and cheap rides around town. Where to go and how to go, are so peculiarly questions of personal taste, want or necessity, that it is very presumptuous to offer any specific advice in the matter.

Among the short rides and drives in and near the city, those along the sea-shore, upon the mesa on the west, to Point of Rocks, and the Light House, to the Mission, to Dr. Finch's, on the summit of the nearest foothills on the north-east; up the Mission Cañon two and one-half miles to the pleasant mountain home of W. D. Squiers, 1085 feet above the ocean; seven miles to Cathedral Oaks; seven and one-half miles to Indian Orchard; eight miles to Bartlett Cañon; four miles to the charming valley and homes of Montecito; six miles to the Hot Sulphur Springs, deserve mention. A drive through the beautiful valley of Carpinteria will afford a very enjoyable day's excursion. The American Restaurant, at the post-office, near the foot of the valley, Mrs. C. Richardson, proprietress, provides good meals for excursionists, at all hours. Mr. E. Dailey, living at Point Rincon, about four miles beyond, also entertains travelers. There is excellent fishing at Santa Rosa Island, in the Santa Barbara Channel, opposite the city, and very good at times, from Stearns' Wharf. There are frequent excursions by sailing vessels, and occasionally by steamer, to the islands of Santa Rosa, and Santa Cruz. For trout fishing, and larger game than rabbit, quail, pigeons, and water-fowl, cross the Santa Ynez mountains by the Montecito or Mission trails, or the San Marcos toll road, into the upper valley of the Santa Ynez River. This stream abounds with trout; and deer, mountain sheep, mountain lion, wild cats and bear are common in the valley foothills.

If possible, do not fail to visit the Ojai Valley in Ventura

county, 38 miles from Santa Barbara *via* the Casitas Pass road. Handsome live oak parks, blossoming orchards, fields of waving grain and green pastures, clear mountain streams, the brightest skies, balmiest atmosphere, and the glorious views of the surrounding mountains, make it one of the most beautiful and enjoyable spots in the world.

Santa Barbara is at present 85 miles from the nearest railroad station—Newhall, on the Southern Pacific—but I have no doubt that this beautiful coast country, unequalled in climate, and so rich in natural resources, will eventually become the favorite rail route of travel between the Atlantic sea-board and San Francisco, via the Southern railways.

Besides the regular U. S. mail stages up and down the coast, Ruiz runs a daily stage to and from Ventura; fare, \$2.

EXCURSIONS FROM SANTA BARBARA.

TRIP No. 1. —*From Santa Barbara to the Mountain Glen Hot Springs. Round trip, 50 Miles.*

THE MOUNTAIN GLEN HOT SPRINGS, owned by Mr. T. H. Hough, are situated in the Santa Ynez Range of Mountains, in Santa Barbara County, about 25 miles northwest of Santa Barbara. The property embraces a very picturesque tract of 140 acres, and though but little improved at present, is a favorite resort for campers, who pay a small sum, not exceeding fifty cents a day, for parties of four or five, for the use of the grounds and baths.

On the 2d of May, 1881, I started thence from Santa Barbara, mounted on a strong, active mule, provided with two blankets and two days' rations. For seven miles the road leads westerly through the rich and pleasant valley of Goleta. The farmers were in the midst of hay harvest, and preparing the ground for bean planting.

Well-kept orchards of almonds, plums, pears, apples, peaches, apricots, etc., were full of green fruit and blossoms. The green fields looked promising; fine fat cows were feeding along the roadside upon a luxuriant growth of alfalfa.

At Goleta the road turns at right angles toward the foothills, two miles distant, over a good wagon road, past several small and well tilled farms.

Turning to the left, and crossing the San Jose, a small, clear stream, and opening the right hand gate, the ascent of the mountain begins.

This is the San Marcos Pass toll road, built about thirteen years ago by Flint & Bixby, mail contractors, at an expense of \$40,000. It is a long, strong pull of three and a half miles to the summit, 2240 feet above the sea; and you will need let your animals rest before it is reached, and while they are blowing, take a survey of the valley below—the ocean and the islands of Santa Cruz and Santa Rosa, of Santa Barbara, and the coast as far south as Port Rincon. This view alone is a rich reward for all the fatigue of the whole trip.

A little past the summit, but less than half way over the mountain, in a lonely glen, lives Pat. Kinnevan, the toll man. He has occupied his mountain home for thirteen years, and would not think of exchanging it for a residence in the City of Washington, where he formerly lived. Pat. is right, and it would be vastly better for his countrymen and the country of their adoption, if they would abandon the cities and make homes of their own in the great West. The toll charges are \$2.00 for four-horse wagon, \$1.50 for two-horse, \$1.00 for one-horse, 50 cents for a trail wagon, 25 cents for a saddle horse, 10 cents a head for cattle, and 2½ cents for sheep.

I was somewhat surprised to find that I had come eight miles since leaving Goleta, and that it was only nine miles to the Hot Springs. There is no better animal for mountain roads than a good, well-trained mule.

A little beyond Kinnevan's I passed a small apiary, the owner living in a cabin close by. A collection of fine roses and other flowers in the garden showed a woman's tasteful care. This is the natural home of the honey bee. In ordinary years a single stand or swarm will produce from 150 to 250 pounds. I am informed by Judge D. P. Hatch, of the firm of G. A. Temple & Co., that their apiary, the Queen City—



A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA APIARY.

consisting of 300 double stands—produced 51,000 pounds of honey during last season, or an average of over 170 pounds to the stand. They rent the bee privileges of the Najalayegua Grant, comprising 33,000 acres, situated on the upper Santa Ynez River, six miles to the northeast.

The descent of the north slope of the mountain is gradual, following the course of a small clear stream, called the Los Laureles, by what is known as the Fremont Trail.

I can understand how the soldiers and their horses could have made the passage of these mountains by the Indian trail of 35 years ago, but by what means and way the cannon were taken over, the famous Pathfinder himself must explain.

About half way down the road winds around a deep gorge, along its precipitous sides, affording the grandest views, embracing the eastern portion of the San Rafael Mountains and of the Santa Ynez Valley.

Descending the foot-hills, I crossed several small streams of the clearest, purest water, then through a pleasant live oak opening, when the ruins of an old adobe are seen in the distance.

Just before reaching it, I rode cautiously up to the bank of the Hot Springs Creek, and without dismounting counted seven trout, of various sizes, up to eight or ten inches in length.

Passing the adobe, and to the north of an enclosed field on the left, then one mile up an easy grade into a narrow wooded cañon, past a little spring on the right, and I dismounted among a group of happy children from the tents of the campers at the Mountain Glen Hot Springs.

Hot springs and cold springs and warm springs of almost any desired degree of temperature and strength may be found within half a mile along the cañon. I sampled several, and thrust my hand into others, and found their temperature ranging from 60° to over 100°, and all strongly impregnated with sulphur. The principal spring is about six feet in diameter and three feet deep, walled up on all sides, and provided with a rustic bench, but uninclosed except by the foliage of the surrounding trees. The tem-

perature is about 100° , and afforded me at an early hour in the morning a most enjoyable bath.

Good water is convenient, fuel abundant, small game and trout plentiful, wild deer and bear, if desired, within easy range of experienced hunters. The tenters were most hospitable, and insisted upon adding to my supply of bedding a warm comforter for the night.

I left them at so early an hour in the morning and rode so rapidly over the mountains, that the bells of the old Mission were clanging for 12 o'clock noon as I entered Santa Barbara.

TRIP No. 2.—*Horseback from Santa Barbara to Guadalupe, via Gaviota Pass (returning via the San Marcos). Round Trip, 250 miles.*

Travel in California is always full of interest to the intelligent observer; it is never monotonous; there is something grand and beautiful in its scenery for every eye; fresh and novel scenes surprise you on every hand. The variety, excellence and extent of the productions of the comparatively small area under cultivation, suggest the greatness of its resources when fully developed. Hundreds of thousands of fat sheep and cattle attest its adaptation for stock raising; bountiful harvests of wheat, barley, Indian corn, potatoes and other staple products prove its fitness for agriculture, while orchard trees in great variety, bending under their burdens of fruit, invite the horticulturist.

Santa Barbara is rich in all these resources. The subjects of this sketch are in that portion lying between the coast and the San Rafael Mountains and Santa Barbara and the Santa Maria River.

Where I have tarried but a few moments, the tourist for health or pleasure may profitably linger for days or weeks, and things that I have barely touched upon, merit an extended notice.

I have promised to introduce as little "hearsay testimony" as possible. It is Emerson, I believe, who has said that "one fact is worth a thousand mere suppositions or

common reports." This is my apology for giving so much personal experience.

I rode out of town past the home of that enthusiastic flower-lover, Dr. Dimmick. Santa Barbara saved him from a consumptive's grave twelve years ago, and his rare and beautiful collection of flowers has been a perpetual praise offering ever since.

Now on the right, through thick rows of Monterey cypress, I catch glimpses of

MR. JOHN SPENCE'S EXTENSIVE FRUIT, PLANT, SHRUB AND FLOWER NURSERY. He can fill a rose order with 150 varieties, by mail, if desired. Twenty acres are devoted to the cultivation of pampas, which thrive better in Santa Barbara County than any other portion of Southern California. They bear a few plumes the first year, and when three or four years old produce from 150 to 200 each. Mr. Spence has already received orders this season for over 40,000 plumes, at \$60 per thousand.

Elevated rolling mesa lands, covered along the north slope with pleasant groves of handsome live oaks, shut out the ocean view for several miles. A small lagoon, christened Lake Fenton, perfects the beauty of the landscape.

The principal portion of this very valuable tract—destined in the near future to furnish Santa Barbara with magnificent villa sites—belongs to the Thomas Hope estate, originally the Los Posas Collara, grant, containing 4681 acres, and extending from the suburbs of Santa Barbara, seven miles along the ocean to Goleta. The imposing mansion house, erected at a cost of \$10,000, is occupied by the widow, Mrs. Delia Hope.

GOLETA is situated seven miles from Santa Barbara, in the heart of the rich old Spanish grant of that name, about one mile from the ocean, and two miles from the foothills of the Santa Ynez mountains. It contains Methodist and Baptist Church organizations, holding regular services, a Methodist church, school-house, store, blacksmith shop, meat market, and shoe shop, and is the business center of a

flourishing American settlement engaged in stock raising, general farming and fruit culture. Opening a gate on the left hand, a few rods beyond Goleta, I galloped a mile across the 1200-acre farm of Mr. John More, to More's Landing, the shipping point of this settlement. Here I found a substantial wharf about 700 feet long, and the most extensive exposure of asphaltum I have ever seen: a bluff 40 or 50 feet in height, extending inland, out to sea, and downward for an unknown distance. Whenever I have sailed along this portion of the coast by daylight, I have seen large quantities of crude petroleum floating on the surface of the ocean. Scientists and medical men have expressed the opinion that the remarkable exemption of Santa Barbara and Ventura counties from the ravages of epidemics of every kind, is due in a great measure to the powerful disinfecting influence of these enormous asphaltum and petroleum deposits.

Mr. John More, the owner of this ranch, wharf and asphaltum bed, is one of the six brothers, Andrew, Henry, Alexander, Thomas, Lawrence and John, who came to this coast in 1849, and subsequently became possessed of vast grants of land, including the Ranchos Lompoc, 42,085 $\frac{44}{100}$ acres; Mission Vieja de la Purissima, 4113 $\frac{60}{100}$ acres; Santa Paula Santicoy, 17,733 $\frac{33}{100}$ acres, and the Sespe, containing about 25,000 acres, and immense flocks of sheep numbering at times over 60,000 head. Mr. Alexander T. Moore now owns the whole of Santa Rosa Island, comprising 62,696 $\frac{49}{100}$ acres, and one-third of the island of Santa Cruz, containing 52,760 $\frac{33}{100}$ acres, both now stocked with upwards of 50,000 head of sheep, horses and cattle.

Returning to the main road,

THE SANTA BARBARA NURSERY OF JOSEPH SEXTON, the most extensive in the county, next engaged my attention. Twelve years ago Mr. Sexton rolled down a forest growth of wild mustard ten or twelve feet in height, and so large that the fowls of the air could have lodged in the branches. It has proved an excellent situation for the purpose selected, and through intelligent selec-

tion and culture, been a most valuable contributor to the stock of choice fruit-bearing trees of this Southern Coast. Some ten acres are filled with every useful and ornamental tree, plant, shrub and flower obtainable, many varieties growing in a state of luxuriance and perfection seldom attained in other climates. A beautiful Australian oak, advertised to grow to the height of twenty feet in its native country, is already about thirty feet high, and still growing. Twelve hundred pampas, though allowed 10x12 foot spaces, are crowding for more room. A single specimen weighed 800 pounds when delivered at the railroad in Los Angeles county. Mr. Sexton has received as high as \$200 a thousand for the plumes. He devotes special attention to the apricot, at present the most valuable fruit tree grown in the county. About sixty thousand very thrifty seedling apricots and peaches will be budded this season. He has just completed an elegant \$10,000 residence, and enlarged his place by the purchase of 20 acres adjoining. Two miles beyond and one mile off the road to the right, hidden from view by groves of live oak and surrounded by orchards of almonds, walnuts, limes and lemons, and substantial barns, work shops, store houses, etc., is the fine country seat of S. P. Stow, Esq. His ranch comprises 1200 acres, 200 acres of which are cultivated with fruit and nut bearing trees, 1000 acres being devoted to general farming and the raising of thoroughbred short-horns. It is well supplied with running streams, living springs, live oak timber, good pasturage and rich soils for farming and fruit growing. A little over a mile further on the main road, and then three miles toward the mountains, up a gently sloping carriage road, through fields of wheat, barley and corn, groves of almonds and walnuts, orchards of apricots, oranges, lemons, pears, apples, etc.—past a magnificent building site—now crowned with a beautiful lawn and flower garden—a small village of farm houses, barns, granaries, store houses and work shops, through gates, over bridges, across pasture lands and through groves of live oak, and we reach

GLEN ANNE, the home of Col. W. W. Hollister. The Colonel, now upwards of sixty years of age, is a tall, well formed, well preserved man, erect in carriage, with a very intelligent, frank and pleasant face, and a most generous heart. He is not only distinguished for his remarkable



COLONEL HOLLISTER.

career as a great and successful wool-grower, farmer, horticulturist and financier, and proprietor of immense landed estates, but also for his bold and manly independence upon all questions of public interest, for his brave and humane defense of Chinese labor and rights against the strong

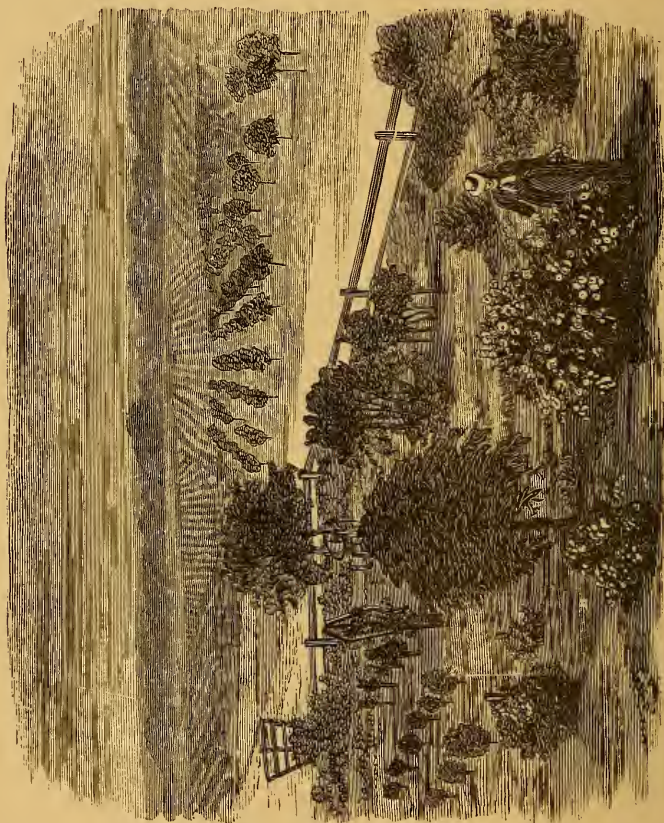
hostile anti-Chinese sentiment of the people of the Pacific Coast, for his friendly helping hand toward all, without regard to race, rank or condition, and his liberal support of every movement calculated to promote the public good. The Colonel reached this coast in 1852, with a band of less than 900 sheep, without other property, and burdened with debt. Through the constant and intelligent care of his rapidly increasing flocks and the judicious investment of the proceeds from them, his possessions increased until his acres and his sheep have each numbered over 70,000 at one time. The Colonel's Glen Anne home residence occupies a pleasant, sheltered nook close to the foothills of the Santa Ynez mountains, near a small stream called the Tecolote (the little owl). It is surrounded with fine bearing groves of oranges, almonds, lemons and limes, and orchards of pears, apples, apricots, peaches, plums, persimmons and other fruits in great variety. The Glen Anne farm contains 3600 acres, over 2000 of which are arable lands, excellently adapted to the successful growth of all the productions of northern latitudes and those of the southern in great variety. Three hundred and fifty acres are devoted to fruit culture, comprising over 40,000 fruit and nut-bearing trees. The almond orchard is the largest in the United States, containing 250 acres and over twenty-five thousand trees. Their culture is perfect, and many of the trees are the finest I have ever seen. Fifteen acres are covered with 1500 olive trees, one of which bore a barrel of fruit last season. A beautiful orange grove of thirteen acres and 120 thrifty trees, enclosed by Monterey cypress, and the lofty eucalyptus occupies a choice spot of warm, rich, fine loam close by the Glen Anne home. Here I found Mr. Geo. W. Coffin, the Colonel's private secretary, a very intelligent and courteous gentleman. I have nowhere seen so great a growth in seven years from the seed, and all without irrigation except for the first year or two. Its irrigating hydrants, part of a system of water works constructed at a cost of \$10,000 and supplying the whole ranch, are here unused; yet the growth has been so superabundant as to suggest to Mr. Coffin an excess of moisture at the roots,

and a remedy by underdrainage. The first ditch had just been opened for this purpose, and full half an inch of water flowing through it confirms his good judgment. He also prunes the interior of the trees vigorously, letting in the air and sunshine with excellent results. Many of the trees are now overburdened with fruit, massed in great golden clusters of over forty oranges on a single branch within a three-foot circle. I tasted the fruit from a dozen different trees, and found it equal to the average Los Angeles orange. Lemons also do exceedingly well in this highly favored location. A one-acre grove adjoining produced sixty thousand lemons in a single year. I am inclined to Colonel Hollister's opinion, that this whole coast region, from Point Concepcion southward, is well adapted to the growth of citrus fruits. Next I was shown several thrifty specimens of the tender Japanese persimmon, beginning to bear excellent fruit, though only four years old. Choice varieties of pears, apples and plums were so thickly set with fruit as to require thinning out to protect them from injury. In addition to those enumerated there are 5000 walnut trees, 500 lime trees, 400 apple trees, 200 apricot trees, 200 cherry trees, 50 date palms and a vineyard containing 5000 grape vines. Some 2300 acres are devoted to general farming, grazing and dairying. From thirty to forty hands are employed in the various departments of the farm. The whole place is a model of thorough culture and excellent management under the immediate superintendence of the Colonel's brother-in-law, Col. W. B. James. I take leave of Glen Anne by riding for the second time upon the beautiful mound chosen by the Colonel as the site of his mansion house. It affords a most charming view of the valley of Patera, of the ocean, the foothills and the mountains.

“ELWOOD,” the country seat of Hon. Elwood Cooper, adjoins Glen Anne on the west. Mr. Cooper, formerly a New York merchant, occupies a prominent position on the Pacific coast as a leading spirit in its most beneficent enterprises — educational, agricultural and horticultural. Whatever Mr. Cooper undertakes is done so thoroughly

that the results of his experiments are regarded as established precedents. In forest and olive culture especially, their importance to Southern California can scarcely be overestimated.

In 1876 he published a valuable work upon "Forest Culture and Eucalyptus Trees." Fully appreciating the importance of forest culture, especially in dry climates com-



THE HOME OF THE ORANGE, OLIVE AND APRICOT.

paratively destitute of timber, he has set out on his 2000-acre farm 150,000 eucalyptus trees, comprising 24 varieties, now from two to seven years old, and from 15 to 80 feet in height, the largest still growing luxuriantly. A dense growth of fine specimens affords a grateful shade along the public road across the entire estate.

The Elwood residence, plain and comfortable looking without, and elegantly furnished within, is hidden from view, until close at hand, in a pleasant little wooded glen on the Armitas. Commodious barns, work-shops, store-houses, etc., are situated close by.

I found Mr. Cooper busily engaged in packing olive oil. Cooper's olive oil is absolutely pure, and commands forty cents a bottle more than any other in the American market. His perfect success in the home extraction of such an excellent and valuable product will greatly stimulate the culture of the olive along the Southern coast. His orchard contains 5000 olive trees, the latter bearing finely, 12,500 almond trees, 3500 English walnuts, 1500 domestic fruits, and about 1500 vines, covering altogether 300 acres. The whole is under most thorough cultivation, and looks very promising. Five hundred acres are devoted to general farming. The soil is a deep, rich loam, producing excellent crops without irrigation. Twelve hundred acres are used for grazing purposes. About twenty-five hands are employed in the various departments of the ranch.

Elwood is admirably situated on a gradually rising slope extending from the ocean to the foot-hills of the Santa Ynez, only four miles from More's Landing, and an hour's drive from Santa Barbara.

After leaving Elwood the coast road runs near the ocean, and the ocean soon washes the feet of the mountains. The land is more elevated and rolling, but still well adapted to agriculture.

The Armitas, Tecolote and Cañada Aguila, small, clear mountain streams, all flowing to the sea, are crossed before reaching the Dos Pueblos. Col. Hollister's Winchester place of 1100 acres, on the right, and Bell's 500-acre farm, on the left, are the most important improved places.

DOS PUEBLOS is situated on the Spanish grant by that name, on the Dos Pueblos Creek, close to the sea-side, 18 miles from Santa Barbara, and 20 miles from Gaviota.

The Dos Pueblos Rancho extends about ten miles along

the coast and three miles back into the mountains. About 9600 acres of the 15,000 comprising the grant are still owned by the heirs of Nicholas Den, the original grantor; 3,000 acres are devoted to farming, principally to raising cereals, and the remaining portion to grazing. It contains the oldest American orchard in the county, comprising 12 acres, and some 800 trees of different varieties, many of the trees being exceptionally large, fine and fruitful.

Next on the right, on the Cañada De Las Varas, the Doty Ranch, of 400 acres, including a fine vineyard, deserves mention.

CANADA DEL CORRAL.—The two-league grant of Cañada Del Corral extends from the Dos Pueblos to the Nuestro Senora Del Refugio, and is owned in equal parts—the El Capitan being the dividing boundary—by A. W. Buel and Bruno Orella.

Crossing the Cañada Del Gato and the Cañada De Las Llagas, I met 35 fine fat cows, belonging to Mr. Buel. This has heretofore been an excellent dairy ranch, but a rank growth of mustard is now encroaching so rapidly upon the best grazing portion, that it will be stocked with sheep for the purpose of feeding it down and out.

EL CAPITAN, a fine, clear mountain stream, flows to the sea about one mile beyond the Buel Ranch. Handsome live oaks border both banks all the way to the ocean. It is a favorite resort of Santa Barbara camping parties, and its cosy, cool retreats are seldom long unoccupied during the summer months. Bruno Orella was not at home, and his young son, suspecting that I was a tax assessor in disguise, declined to be interviewed.

A little further on, over the Refugio Creek and Cañada Tajiguas, and we enter

THE RANCHO NUESTRA SENORA DEL REFUGIO, containing 26,529 acres, 8,000 of which are owned by the Dibblee Brothers and Col. Hollister. It extends along the coast for 20 miles, to the eastern boundary of the Punta De La Concepcion. Pedro Baron, a Frenchman, owns 1900 acres of

the Refugio, situated on Arroyo Quenada, nine miles from Gaviota. Some twenty acres only are farmed, it being chiefly grazing land, now supporting about 1200 sheep, 80 cattle and a few horses. At Arroyo Honda, Pedro Ortego owns 500 acres, where he has lived for twenty-five years. Unlike most of his countrymen, he set out a variety of fruit trees fifteen years ago, and 800 grape vines ten years later, which now yield abundantly. The mountains crowd closer and closer to the sea, until, like the children who followed the "Piper of Hamelin," you wonder how you will get into and through them; but when, after crossing the Posta and Molinos Creeks and Cañada San Onofre and Cimentero, you turn abruptly away from the ocean and enter

GAVIOTA PASS, the way seems plain enough, and is neither very steep nor difficult. Gaviota Pass and Landing is about 38 miles from Santa Barbara, on the Rancho Nuestra Señora del Refugio. A substantial wharf extends 1000 feet into 25 feet of water, and is the shipping point of a considerable portion of the Santa Ynez, Santa Rita and Los Alamos valleys. San Francisco steamers stop here every Thursday for passengers and freight.

Three and one-half miles through the coast range, crossing and re-crossing the Gaviota, worn down by the wash of ages hundreds of feet into the solid limestone rock, a genuine pass, wild and tortuous, narrow and high-walled, and we reach

LAS CRUCES, about 42 miles from Santa Barbara. It contains a post-office, school house, store, blacksmith shop, four families of Spanish speaking people, and one American. A radius of six miles from Las Cruces embraces a rare combination of attractions for the health-seeker, tourist, and sportsman. The

LAS CRUCES HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS are situated about three-quarters of a mile to the southeast, in a very pleasant sheltered situation, under the shade of large live oaks and sycamores, with good camping grounds near by. The principal spring is one of the largest I have

seen, flowing a volume of about ten inches, and having a temperature of 90°. It is walled up about nine feet in diameter, and provided with a seat and towel rack for bathers. A fine spring of good cold water flows out close alongside. Two families from Lompoc were camping there for the benefit of its waters.

Five miles to the northeast, over rolling hills and across a pleasant little valley, three quarters of a mile beyond the store and inn of Jose Buelna, on the Cañada Najoqui, at an elevation of 1000 feet above the sea, are situated the beautiful

FALLS OF NAJOQUI. They remind me of the charming falls of Minne-ha-ha, made famous by the song of Longfellow. Only a little stream, but bravely leaping over a hundred feet, down a rocky precipice, through the overhanging foliage, dashing itself half away in crystal spray, eddying a moment in the deep-worn basin below, and then flowing laughingly on to the sea. I reached it on a warm day, after a fatiguing ride, and could not resist the temptation of the most luxurious shower bath I ever enjoyed. With its hot springs, good bathing beach at Gaviota, the beautiful falls of Najoqui, picturesque scenery, and excellent hunting and fishing, Las Cruces deserves the attention of health and pleasure seekers. It is eighteen miles from Las Cruces to Lompoc, through the San Julian. For about five miles the road gradually ascends the Cañada Las Cruces, crossing the summit of the mountain at an elevation of 900 feet. Thick groves of live oak cover the highest hills, the gentle slopes and level bottom lands affording excellent pasturage. We are now on the Rancho

SAN JULIAN, a magnificent estate of 48,000 acres, all owned by Thomas B. and Albert Dibblee. It is well watered by the Cañadas De Los Alamos, Gaviota, the Arroyos De Los Amoles, De La Jara, De Salsipuedes, La Espada, and other small streams. This and the adjoining ranchos are probably unsurpassed on the Pacific coast in their adaptation for dairying purposes.

Although almost exclusively devoted to grazing up to the present time, it comprises a considerable area of arable lands of the best quality. Over 55,000 sheep and 300 cattle are now feeding upon its rich native grasses, all in excellent condition so far as seen. For fifteen miles the road descends an easy grade, along the La Jara and the Salsipuedes, before leaving this great ranch. Night overtook me five miles from Lompoc, riding a horse so weary and footsore that I turned it into a volunteer barley field, abandoned to the stock, wrapped my blankets around me, and lay down until morning. At an early hour I rode into the

TEMPERANCE COLONY OF LOMPOC. It was established in 1874, upon lands of the Lompoc and Mission Vieja de la Purissima, containing over 40,000 acres. The Lompoc Valley proper comprises about 12,000 acres of the richest portion of the lower valley of the Santa Ynez. The soil is rich, fine, alluvial loam, producing bountiful crops of wheat, barley, beans and corn, and nearly all the productions raised on the Pacific coast. The climate is bracing and healthy, free from all malaria, but considerably harsher than south of Point Concepcion. Its most disagreeable feature is the northwest ocean winds which sweep down the valley quite constantly, and with considerable force, from March until midsummer. During the fall and winter months the weather is most agreeable. It is well watered by the Santa Ynez River and other smaller streams flowing through it, and affords good well-water at a depth of 40 feet, and artesian supplies within 200 feet. The colony contains over 1400 people, some 300 occupying the town, who are generally in a prosperous condition. Among the things which pleased me most was a fine, commodious school building, a good church, well filled on the Sabbath, and the ruins of the only liquor saloon the town has ever had. Organized as a temperance colony, its lands sold with covenants prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors within its boundaries settled; mainly by temperance people, they have shown a determination to live a temperance colony by blowing up from its foundation a building where, after due protest, liquor was being sold—and long may they prosper.

The most interesting object to tourists are the ruins of the old adobe Lompoc Mission, shaken down by an earthquake nearly a century ago. Its extensive buildings, enclosures, reservoirs, and irrigating works indicate its occupation by a larger population than Lompoc now contains. But the civilization of New Lompoc is a thousand years in advance of theirs.

Point Purissima, thirteen miles, Lompoc Wharf, twelve miles, and the new wharf at Point Arguillo, eleven miles distant, are the shipping ports of this region. There are Hot Sulphur Springs on the Espada Ranch, three miles from Point Arguillo. The ruins of the old Purissima Mission, established in 1812, are exceedingly interesting, and I regret my lack of space to notice them more fully. Huge piles of concrete, tile-roofed adobes, three hundred feet in length, with walls four or five feet thick, are abandoned to the owls and bats, and are crumbling back to the earth again. Reservoirs, from ten to thirty feet in diameter, are still in a good state of preservation. A sixty-year old pear orchard bears abundantly, but the fruit is of poor quality. The

LA PURISSIMA RANCHO, as recently confirmed by the Commissioner of the General Land office, embraces an area of upwards of 35,000 acres, chiefly grazing land, though containing extensive tracts well adapted to agriculture and fruit growing. It is watered by the Santa Ynez River, the Cañada De Los Berros, and numerous springs. This ranch and the Santa Rita, containing 12,000 acres, are owned by Christy & Wise, of San Francisco, D. W. and A. P. Jones, Jesse Hill, Craig, Blackburn, and others. It will soon be subdivided and sold in tracts to suit purchasers, at prices ranging from \$2.50 to \$40 per acre. The soil is a warm, sandy, fertile loam, the water good and easily obtained, and fuel abundant. The climate is healthy, free from malaria, and comparatively protected from the cold ocean winds. At

SANTA ROSA, I was very cordially greeted by the Major Domo, John Wilson, a warm-hearted pioneer of 1850, from Vermont, and twelve years manager of the Santa Rosa. It

is a magnificent estate of over 16,000 acres, well watered by the Santa Ynez River, and other streams and numerous springs. Seventeen thousand sheep and 100 head of cattle and horses are now grazing upon it, and there is feed for several thousand more. Upwards of 5,000 acres of valley and foot-hill lands are arable. Twenty acres of wheat yielded 55 bushels to the acre, and it is estimated that ten bushels per acre was lost in threshing. About one hundred acres are farmed, chiefly for hay, a capacious barn now enclosing a reserve of one hundred tons. The wool clip of last year amounted to 120,000 pounds, worth $22\frac{1}{2}$ cents per pound. Thirty-five men are employed in shearing time in April and September, and twelve during the remainder of the year. The shepherds live with their sheep, the Major Domo packing them provisions every week on horseback. The storehouse contains upwards of two thousand dollars worth of flour, groceries, boots, shoes, clothing, and other necessary ranch supplies. The ranch house is a capacious, tile-roofed adobe, occupying a commanding situation, supplied with good water, forced through pipes, from a spring below. A four-acre seven year old orchard of apples, peaches, pears, quinces, etc., occupies a warm, sheltered spot near by. It bore eight tons of fruit last summer, and many of the trees are now supported with poles, to prevent their breaking from the excessive fruitage.

J. W. Cooper, the owner of Santa Rosa, is a warm-hearted, estimable man, who has acquired it by his own patient, untiring industry, since his arrival on this coast in 1850. He resides most of the time in his elegant city residence at Santa Barbara. I met here his father-in-law, Hon. Albert Hollister, brother of the Colonel, a Missouri pioneer, a staunch Union man among rebels, full of interesting anecdotes and experiences of early and of rebellious times. A good horse trail about nine miles long leads over the mountains from Santa Rosa to

LOS ALAMOS, the present terminus of the San Luis Obispo and Santa Maria Railroad, which connects at Port Harford with the steamers of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company.

Santa Rosa is a very pleasant valley to look back upon from the summit, but Los Alamos loses nothing by comparison with it. Rapidly descending the north slope of the mountain, I was most agreeably surprised at the character and beauty of the landscape which greeted me.

The valley proper is about twenty miles long, with an average width of a mile and a half, and an elevation, at Dr. Shaw's, near Los Alamos, of 480 feet above the sea. The valley surface is level, with gently rising foot-hills, on the east and west. Handsome groves and parks of live oak cover the upper portion. The soil is rich, deep and moist; good water being obtained at a depth of from eight to fifteen feet.

The San Antonio River, Arroyo de Los Alamos and Cañadas Santa Rosa, Camusa, Los Alamos, Santa Ynez de Las Flores and other living streams flow through it.

Careaga and Harris own 17,000 acres of the Los Alamos Rancho, John S. Bell 13,000, Dr. J. Shaw 4400, and Gasper Orena 4000 acres.

Mr. Bell's residence is delightfully situated on a handsome mound, in a fine live oak park, within sight of the village, and overlooking a considerable portion of the valley. Mr. Bell is also the owner of 10,000 acres of the Laguna de San Francisco.

The country home of Dr. J. B. Shaw is situated near the foot-hills, about one mile east of Los Alamos. His ranch comprises 8000 acres of the Laguna de San Francisco and 4400 acres of the Los Alamos. It is well watered and wooded, and contains several thousand acres of excellent arable lands.

Los Alamos is 17 miles from Lompoc, 27 from Gaviota, 15 from La Graciosa, 14 from Ballard's Station and 64 from Santa Barbara.

En route for La Graciosa, I soon reached the residence of Juan Careaga, owner of 17,000 acres of the Los Alamos. He farms 4000 acres, and keeps 8000 sheep and 60 dairy cows.

Turning into the foot-hills, a little beyond the Los Alamos school-house, two hours' ride over a sandy road, and

thence across the Todos y San Antonio Rancho, of 20,772 acres, owned by H. M. Newhall, Mrs. Hartwell and others, brought me to

LA GRACIOSA, seventy-five miles from Santa Barbara. Among the sand-hills between La Graciosa and Guadalupe, I was overtaken by L. Markam, the pioneer farmer of the Guadalupe Valley, now of Los Alamos. His wheat averaged 3100 pounds per acre last season, and will exceed 2300 pounds the present. Hares or jack rabbits have entirely destroyed one twenty-acre field of wheat. They were so numerous and destructive in an adjoining settlement that for some time the settlers rallied every Saturday and killed them by the hundreds, in order to save their crops. Approaching Guadalupe through the lower valley of the Santa Maria, I could survey from a single point ten miles square of unbroken grain fields, extending almost as far as the eye could reach, white, golden-strawed, and full-headed, bowing for the harvester. A strong northwester swept up the valley from the ocean so cool, that an overcoat was found very comfortable.

THE SANTA MARIA VALLEY is about thirty miles long and ten miles broad near the ocean, with an average width of three miles. It comprises the best portions of the Guadalupe, Punta de Laguna, Suey, Tepesque, and Todos Santos Ranchos, about 60,000 acres of arable lands. The soil is a deep sandy loam, especially adapted to the growth of cereals, but producing also good crops of corn, beans, potatoes, flax, mustard and the various other productions of Southern California, except semi-tropic fruits. A range of high rolling hills, known as the Azufre, extending from near the ocean upwards of twenty miles, with an average width of six miles, in a southeasterly direction, separates it from Lompoc and the valley of the Santa Ynez. The Guadalupe rancho, containing 43,681 ⁸⁵/₁₀₀ acres, owned by Leroy and others, embraces a considerable portion of these lands. Well watered, free from noxious weeds and plants, its excellent pasturage affords one of the best dairy ranges in Cali-

fornia. It is occupied chiefly by Swiss dairymen, who milk daily about 4000 cows, making 2000 pounds of butter, which ranks with the best produced in Marin county.

GUADALUPE, the principal town of the Santa Maria Valley, is situated on the Guadalupe Rancho, near the Santa Maria River, about seven miles from the ocean and 95 miles from Santa Barbara. It is somewhat sheltered by the high lands bordering the Santa Maria River, in San Luis Obispo county, from the force of the strong cool winds which prevail along the upper coast, especially from midday until sundown. The climate is cool, bracing and healthy. W. W. Ayres, druggist, and a resident of six years, says it is too salubrious for the good of his business.

Point Sal and Chute Landing, about eight miles distant, are the shipping points for all this section of country. The caves, arches and grottos formed by the abrasion of the ocean waves in the limestone formation at Muscle Rock, on the sea-shore, between six and seven miles from Guadalupe, are a favorite resort of local excursionists, and will be of much interest to tourists.

CENTRAL CITY is situated ten miles from Guadalupe, and ten miles from the Santa Maria River, sixteen miles from Point Sal and the Chute Landing, nineteen miles from Los Alamos, twenty-nine miles from San Luis Obispo, and eighty-four miles from Santa Barbara. It commands the trade of a large scope of rich country, and is one of the most promising places in the county.

A large tract of Government land lies between the Rancho Punta de Laguna, Los Alamos and the Santa Maria and Sisquoc rivers, occupied in the upper portion chiefly by Spaniards and Chilians, and in the lower portion by Americans.

Following the course of the Sisquoc River, I turned away from the valley toward the Tinaquaic, past the Catholic Church, and the monument of its original owner, Julian Foxen, a Santa Barbara pioneer of 1828, to the pleasant home of his son-in-law, Mr. Frederick Wickenden.

The Tinaquaic, containing 8874 acres, is still owned and occupied by the Foxen heirs. Mr. Wickenden having added to their portion by purchasing 6000 acres of the La Laguna.

The Tinaquaic adjoins the eleven league Rancho Sisquoc, owned by Mrs. Stone. The rent of this now highly improved and very valuable estate was at one time offered to Mr. Wickenden for \$38.

Passing rapidly through the upper portion of the Los Alamos, I crossed the mountain to

THE RANCHO SAN CARLOS DE JONATA, by a good horseback trail along the Cañada Santa Ynez. The summit, 1368 feet above the sea, affords a very fine view of the upper Santa Ynez Valley. The Jonata, comprising 26,634 acres, about 10,000 of which are arable, with a fine, rich, sandy loam, is owned by R. T. Buell, the enthusiastic greenbacker. It is well watered by the Santa Ynez River, which flows through it for more than six miles, Cañada de La Laguna, Cañada Botella and Zaca creeks, and numerous springs. Its shipping point is Gaviota, thirteen miles distant.

THE RANCHO NAJOQUI adjoins De Jonata on the south, the Santa Ynez River flowing between them. It contains 11,262 acres of excellent farming and grazing lands, and is the home of Dr. De la Cuesta—a pioneer of 1848, from Spain—a resident owner of about 6000 acres. It is well watered by the Santa Ynez River, Alisal and Cañada Najoqui, upon which are situated the beautiful falls of that name, only four miles distant. It contains about 1200 acres of arable land, 800 of which are now farmed; wheat, barley and flax being the principal crops. Najoqui is about eleven miles from Gaviota, twelve miles from Los Alamos, and forty-six miles from Santa Barbara. Proceeding from thence past the store of Leon Carteri, through the upper

VALLEY OF THE SANTA YNEZ, I was most agreeably surprised at its extent, richness and beauty. It embraces portions of the great ranchos, Cañada De Los Pinos or College Grant, and Lomes de Purificacion; the Tequepis,

and the San Marcos. Stopping a while to examine the very interesting ruins of the Santa Ynez Mission, established in 1804, I reached the Rancho Purificacion, just as Thos. W. More, son of its late owner, Capt. T. W. More, was leaving for their fine city residence in the suburbs of Santa Barbara. It contains 13,541 acres, chiefly grazing lands, lying between the Santa Ynez Mountains and river, the latter separating it from the College Grant, flowing between them for eight or nine miles. An orchard, forty years old, is still bearing good apples, pears, cherries, etc. Capt. More, for many years before his death, was intrusted by the Catholic Church, with the charge of the

COLLEGE GRANT, which he grazed, in common with his own. It contains 35,499 acres, over 15,000 of which are rich arable lands, specially adapted to wheat. Besides the Santa Ynez River, the Santa Agata, and Cañada De Los Pinos, both living streams, flow through it. The elevation is about 596 feet above the sea. Good well-water is obtained at a depth of from twenty to eighty feet. Passing through this settlement toward Ballard's Station, I met Bro. Walter, of the College of our Lady of Guadalupe, conducted by the Brothers of the Christian Schools, Father Lynch in charge. His thirty pupils were bathing in the cool waters of the Cañada De Los Pinos, which flows through the College grounds. This school is sustained by a tuition fee of one hundred and fifty dollars per year, and the College grant fund. It is a healthy and delightful situation for a school of learning.

BALLARD'S STATION is very pleasantly situated on the banks of the Alamo Pintado, on the borders of a live oak park of great beauty, in the western portion of the valley, about three miles from its principal settlement. Formerly a station on the Coast Stage Line via San Marcos Pass, it is still a favorite and most agreeable resting place, for travelers and tourists. It is now the home of G. W. Lewis, who came to this coast in 1856, and to the valley of the Santa Ynez in 1860. He owns 800 acres of its best lands,

well watered by the Alamo Pintado creek, containing an abundant supply of wood for fuel, and affording good water at a depth of from ten to thirty feet. The climate is most healthful and delightful, and very beneficial to asthmatics and consumptives; the scenery magnificent, the Santa Ynez Hot Sulphur Springs and charming Lake Zaca, within three hours drive, while the foothills abound with deer and small game, and the streams with fine trout. Ballard's Station is about forty miles from Santa Barbara, via the San Marcos toll road. Riding until nightfall, rider, horse and dog found a welcome rest under a wide-spreading live oak, until morning, when, at an early hour, I rode down the Marshall trail to Santa Barbara.

The resources of Santa Barbara County are greatly underestimated, not only by the public generally, but also by its own residents. That narrow belt of rich and beautiful country, embracing the delightful valleys of La Patera, Montecito, and Carpinteria, comprises only a small portion of its agricultural and horticultural lands. There are ranches in the western portion of the county, now occupied by a single family, and a few thousand head of sheep, cattle and horses, and their shepherds and vaqueros, which are capable of supporting, in comfortable circumstances, one hundred and fifty families.

TRIP No. 3.—*Horseback from Santa Barbara to San Francisco, via Newcomb's White Sulphur Springs, San Luis Obispo, Paso Robles Springs, Monterey, Santa Cruz and San Jose. 450 miles.*

I have already described the general features of the Coast country to the Santa Maria River. This stream is the boundary line between Santa Barbara and San Luis Obispo Counties.

SAN LUIS OBISPO COUNTY contains an area of over 2,000,000 acres of greatly diversified surface, well watered, embracing magnificent grazing, farming and fruit lands, possessing a delightful climate, and yet but sparsely settled, the total population not exceeding 15,000.

San Luis Obispo is the principal town, containing about 2500 people; and Cambria, Moro, Cayucas, San Simeon, San Miguel, Paso Robles and Arroyo Grande the other more important places.

I reached Arroyo Grande the third day, and on the following morning visited

NEWCOMB'S WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, one of the most popular resorts and sanitariums of this region. An excellent carriage road led me to the springs, very pleasantly situated, in a shady oak opening on Newcomb's Creek, about two miles from the depot of the San Luis Obispo and Santa Maria Railroad. They burst forth with a flow of not less than five inches, having a temperature of about 100°, white sulphur, iron, magnesia, soda and common salt being their most prominent qualities. Over \$10,000 have been expended in improvements, comprising a very comfortable hotel, several cosy cottages, accommodating 60 persons, excellent bathing facilities, a plunge bath, 10x6 feet and 4 feet deep, temp. 94°, for adults; one 8x4, 2 feet deep, for children, and several ordinary baths, temperature 98°. The purest, cool mountain water flows side by side with the mineral springs. The property embraces 1500 acres, and affords such unusual facilities for campers, that the Methodists have secured a lease of a portion for their annual meetings. There is a spring close at hand which possesses remarkable cleaning and cleansing qualities for washing purposes, and an abundant supply of wood at a reasonable charge. The situation is exceedingly healthy, no epidemics or malarial diseases ever having been known there. When the scarlet fever was very prevalent, the 200 children at the springs escaped without a touch. The annual visitors number about 2500. The people of the neighboring country have such faith in the powerful disinfecting, preventive and curative virtues of these waters, that many of them carry it to their homes when sickness breaks out or threatens.

They are, without doubt, among the most efficacious for rheumatism, dyspepsia, liver complaint and all cutaneous and blood diseases. The charges for board, rooms and baths

are \$10 per week; cottages, with stoves and furniture, from \$3 to \$5.

Route from San Francisco by steamers of Pacific Coast Steamship Company to Port Harford, thence 25 miles by San Luis Obispo and Santa Maria Railroad.

SAN LUIS OBISPO. I was very favorably impressed with San Luis Obispo, as a pleasant, thriving place. It is finely situated about ten miles from the sea-coast, at Port Harford, commanding the trade of the most productive portion of the county. En route from thence, I passed the Mountain House, Epifanio Borando, proprietor; The Eight Mile House, kept by the Bean Brothers; Gen. P. W. Murphy's splendid 50,000 acre rancho, the San Marguerita; the ruins of the old mission near by, and Thomas Cashan's Inn, stopping over night, thirty-two miles out, at



THE CELEBRATED EL PASO DE ROBLES SPRINGS. Unlike so many mineral springs, hid away in comparatively inaccessible cañons, these are delightfully situated in a beautiful live oak park, surrounded by landscapes of singular beauty. The principal spring is a very remarkable one, not only for its mineral properties, but great flow of water, estimated at over 500 gallons per hour, with a temperature of 110° Fahrenheit. It is conducted in air-tight pipes direct

from the spring, without losing any of its medicinal properties, into an extensive bathing establishment, containing the most complete facilities for hot and cold, steam, vapors, shower and plunge baths, under the supervision of experienced attendants.

There are numerous other springs upon the grounds, the Sand Spring having a temperature of 146° ,—Soda and White Sulphur, Iron and Chalybeate Springs, ranging in temperature from 60° to 80° Fahrenheit.

The well-known Mud Bath, for the cure of obstinate cases of rheumatism, is near the latter, over a spring having a temperature of 140° Fahrenheit; one imperial gallon showing the following analysis:

	Grains per gallon.
Sulphureted hydrogen gas.....	3.28
Carbonic acid gas	47.84
Sulphate of lime	17.90
Sulphata of Potassa.	traces
Sulphate of Soda.....	41.11
Silica.....	1.11
Carbonate of Magnesia	3.10
Carbonate of Soda.....	5.21
Chloride of Sodium	96.48
Organic Matter	3.47
	<hr/>
	168.30

The hotel accommodations are extensive and complete, comprising a large main building, a spacious and elegant dining hall, fourteen finely furnished cottages, reading and billiard rooms, store, post-office, Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express, telegraph and excellent livery.

An experienced physician resides constantly at the Springs, which are open the year round.

There are good hunting and fishing, and splendid drives in the neighborhood. The climate is one of the most equable, enjoyable and healthy in the world.

There are two routes to the Springs, by the Southern Pacific R. R., from corner Fourth and Townsend, 10:40 A.M., 143 miles, and thence 84 miles by stage; or by P. S. S. Co.'s Steamers to Port Harford, rail eleven miles to San Luis Obispo, and then stage 28 miles. Blackburn Bros. & James are the proprietors.

Analysis of one gallon, 7000 grains, of the principal Paso Robles Hot Sulphur Spring, by Professors Price and Hewston of San Francisco:

	Grains per Gallon.
Sulphureted Hydrogen Gas.....	4.45
Free Carbonic Acid Gas.....	10.50
Sulphate of Lime.....	3.21
Sulphate of Potassa.....	.88
Sulphate of Soda (Glauber's Salts).....	7.85
Peroxide of Iron.....	.36
Alumina.....	.22
Silica.....	.44
Bicarbonate of Magnesia.....	.92
Bicarbonate of Soda.....	50.74
Chloride of Sodium (Common Salt).....	27.18
Iodide and Bromides, traces only.....	
Organic Matter.....	1.64
	<hr/>
	93.44.

THE SAN MIGUEL MISSION, established 107 years ago, is situated near the village of San Miguel, about seven miles from Paso de Robles Springs. Antonio Miller, in charge, kindly showed me through it. Here a stock-raiser on the Estrella, a tributary of the Salinas, told me that he had just finished killing 1500 lambs to save their mothers from starvation.

A HOPEFUL FARMER.—On the San Antonio River, ten miles beyond, a farmer was engaged in plowing. His whole family, evidently—wife, girls and all—were in the field with him, fat and jolly. “Can you raise anything without more rain?” I asked. “Yes; a pretty fair crop. You see the ground is damp enough now to sprout the seed, and the roots will then draw sufficient moisture from below to mature the grain; besides we are almost sure to get more rain yet,” he answered, with the utmost confidence.

HIS DESPONDENT NEIGHBOR.—At the next place there was a sign out, “*honey* for sale,” which, misreading *hay*, I rode up to the fence, and tendered an old lady inside the money for a feed for my horse. “We haven’t got a spear of hay! See those starving cattle!” she said, mournfully, pointing to a hide-bound, tottering band, a little way

off, apparently about ready to surrender to the buzzards. Presently her husband, a long, lank Southerner, came up, looking as though he had lost all of this world's goods and happiness, and all hopes of the future. "I have lived in California thirty years," he said, "and this is the dryest, coldest winter I have ever known. I have got as moist land as there is on the river, but unless it rains I can't raise a thing, and will lose most of my stock." A few days later copious showers visited all this section, and everybody was happy—except those who had slaughtered the innocents.

I was soon in

MONTEREY COUNTY, comprising 36,000 square miles, or over 2,250,000 acres, of greatly diversified country, embracing extensive and excellent stock ranges, fine rolling, live-oak wooded foot-hills, and numerous fertile valleys, containing a population of about 12,000.

Monterey, Salinas City, Castroville, Santa Rita, Natividad, Chualar and Gonzales being the most important cities and towns.

Sixty miles through this exceedingly picturesque and interesting region—the villages of Pleito, Jolon and Lowes, and I descended into

THE GREAT SALINAS VALLEY, which stretches away from the sea-coast, between the Gabilan Mountains on the east, and the Santa Lucia on the west, for over a hundred miles, with an average width of about ten miles. It is traversed by the Southern Pacific Railroad as far south as Soledad, 143 miles from San Francisco.

Here they were catching the first run of salmon, while struggling up the shallow sand bars of the Salinas.

Thence across that stream, via Gonzales and Chualar, the 9th of March, I reached

PACIFIC OCEAN



County Roads shown
Macadam " "
Bridle Paths " "
Mile Posts indicate
distance from Hotel.

GUIDE TO MONTEREY AND VICINITY



R. P. HAMMOND JR. C. E.

D. VAN VLECK ENG.

F. T. NEWBERRY DEL.

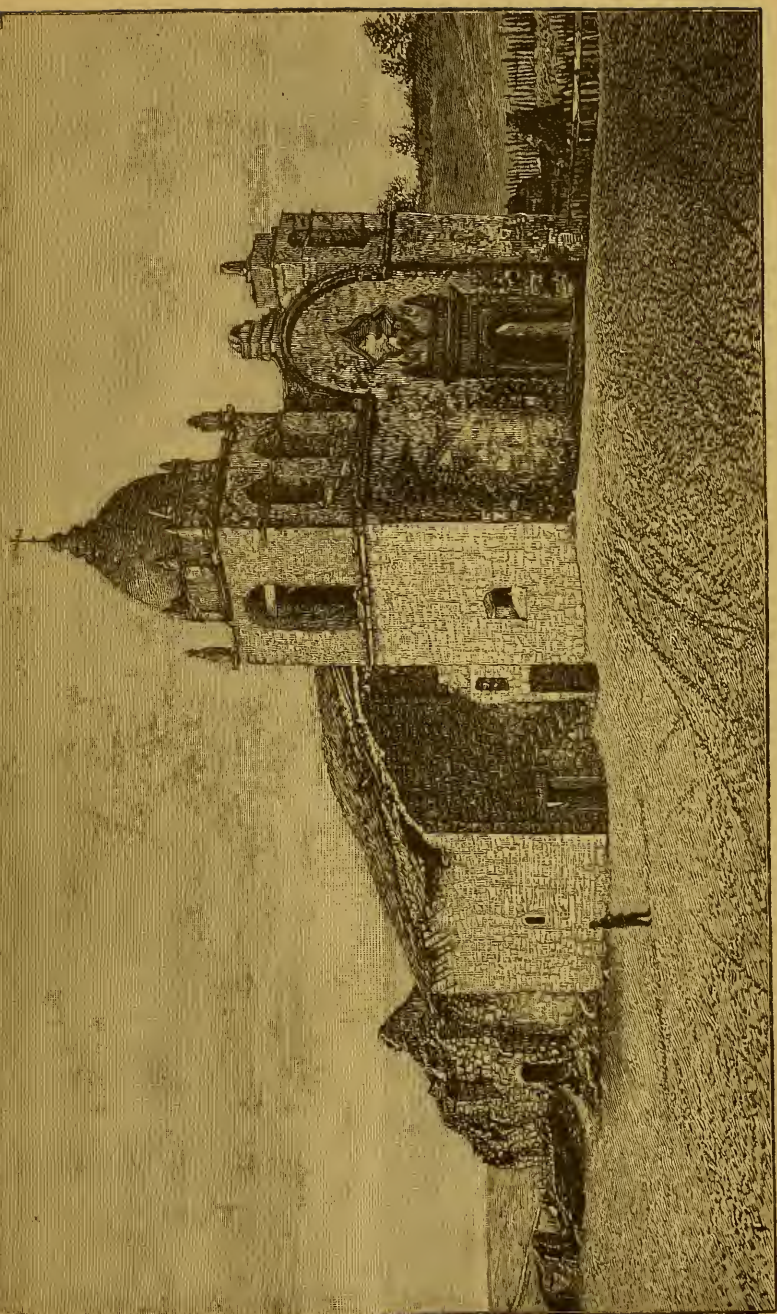
MONTEREY, THE GREAT WATERING-PLACE OF THE PACIFIC COAST.—It presents a combination of attractions and advantages unequalled by any other sea-side resort in the United States.

These are a beautiful location, a most delightful and healthful climate the year round, a history and relics of romantic interest, splendid drives, an excellent beach, and the most magnificent hotel and bathing establishment in this country.

The first capital of the Golden State is situated on the Bay of Monterey, 125 miles by rail and 85 by steamer, south of San Francisco. This is a magnificent body of water, about 25 miles in width, with beautiful shores of clean white sand, strewn with sea-mosses, shells, pebbles and agates, and abounds in fish, rock cod, barracouta, pompino, Spanish mackerel and other varieties.

It was first discovered by Don Sebastian Vizcayno, about 280 years ago, who landed with his soldiers, and called the place after Count De Monterey, Viceroy of Mexico, under Philip III of Spain.

In 1770, Father Junipero Serra and others, in the name of that king, took formal possession, by the building of an altar, the hoisting of the royal standard, firing of guns, ringing of bells and chanting of sacred hymns. Monterey then became one of the largest and most flourishing of the Franciscan Missions, and successively the gay and festive seat of Government under Spanish, Mexican and American rule, down to 1849. Here the Spanish Governors, Jose Arguello, Diego de Borca, Jose de Arrillagua, Pablo Vicente de Sola; then eleven Mexican Governors, the last being Don Pio Pico—whom I met hale and hearty, at Los Angeles, a few weeks ago—made their homes down to 1846. Then came Commodore Sloat, and Generals Fremont and Kearney, Col. Mason and Generals Riley and Smith, until the election of Governor Burnett, in 1849, and the removal of the capital to San Jose. With the decline of the Mission establishment, the loss of the capital and county seat, without railway communication or local industries, she slept, undisturbed, until awakened by the Narrow Gauge Railroad from



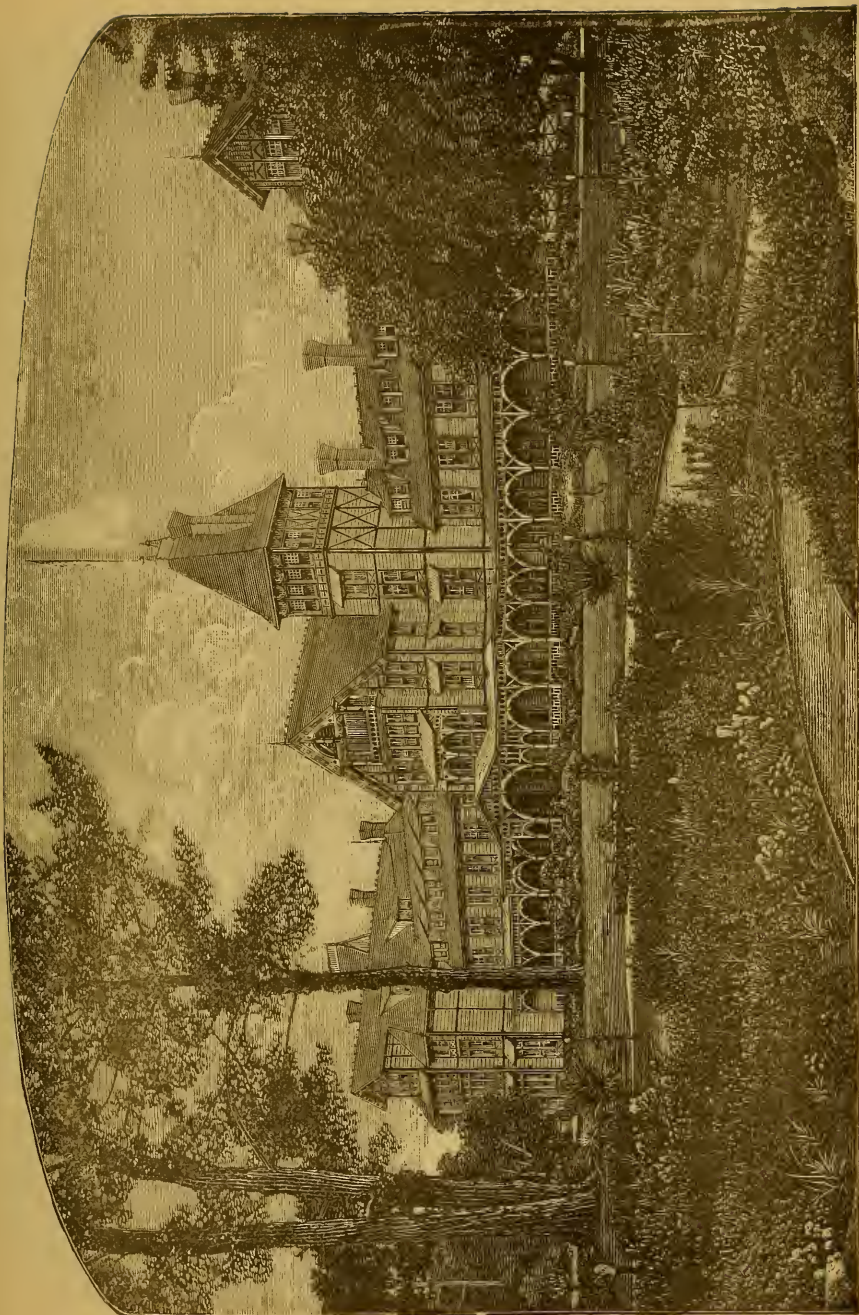
THE OLD MISSION CHURCH NEAR MONTEREY.

Salinas in 1874, and resurrected into new life and beauty, five years later, by its selection, by the Pacific Improvement Company, as the most favored place for the great summer and winter resort of the Pacific Coast, and the expenditure of half a million of dollars in the erection and sumptuous furnishing of a palatial hotel, and beautifying of extensive parks, gardens and drives, with all the art and adornment which money can command.

THE CLIMATE OF MONTEREY is one of the most equable, salubrious and enjoyable on the globe. It possesses a delightful mean the year round, extremes of heat or cold being unknown. The difference between the average summer temperature, 58° , and winter, 52° , is less than at any other point in this country, and finds no parallel, except at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. To the Eastern reader, it may be described as a perpetual Indian summer. The rainfall seldom exceeds thirteen inches, there is no sultry, enervating heat, the nights are always cool, and malarial fever unknown.

Meteorological observations taken at the Hotel del Monte, from July, 1880, to December 31, 1882:

MONTHS.	Mean Temperature.			Temperature for Month			Rainfall Inches.	Prevailing Wind.
	8 A.M.	1 P.M.	6 P.M.	Max.	Min.	Mean.		
1880.								
July	62.01	69.03	64.59	67.50	61.13	65.20	Northwest.
August	59.51	69.58	61.32	67.00	61.33	64.85	Southwest.
September	57.80	68.73	58.33	68.66	58.33	61.69	West.
October	54.67	67.64	56.35	67.66	55.00	59.55	Northwest.
November	45.53	61.80	48.33	62.33	40.33	51.13	.40	Northwest.
December	50.41	57.93	53.29	58.33	49.33	53.87	5.47	South.
1881.								
January	46.48	59.96	50.35	62.33	45.00	53.67	2.85	South.
February	52.82	61.50	54.53	62.66	52.00	56.28	2.07	West.
March	52.83	63.80	53.77	66.66	48.00	56.82	1.55	Northwest.
April	60.60	67.10	59.10	68.00	58.00	62.26	1.55	West.
May	59.74	69.03	59.38	68.00	58.00	62.74	Calm.
June	62.10	71.50	61.83	68.33	62.66	64.92	.20	Calm.
July	62.64	74.20	62.51	72.66	63.33	66.42	Calm.
August	60.12	70.29	60.29	66.66	61.00	63.59	Calm.
September	57.86	69.30	58.73	66.66	58.33	61.96	Calm.
October	53.96	64.67	54.19	60.66	52.33	57.29	.60	Calm.
November	46.83	57.76	48.20	58.66	45.33	51.64	1.20	West.
December	46.81	58.25	49.03	63.66	45.00	51.00	2.13	Southwest.
1882.								
January	40.32	54.58	45.64	57.00	38.66	46.75	1.50	West.
February	44.10	54.25	46.71	58.66	41.66	51.52	2.52	Northwest.
March	51.29	60.48	51.35	60.66	49.66	54.29	5.64	West.
April	53.66	61.33	52.66	63.33	52.66	57.78	1.57	West.
May	57.58	65.74	57.58	66.00	55.33	60.51	West.
June	59.97	68.63	60.73	67.00	60.00	63.24	West.
July	61.96	69.16	63.00	68.00	62.66	65.38	South.
August	60.41	73.41	61.16	69.33	60.66	63.82	South.
September	59.60	66.96	59.33	73.00	60.00	63.26	.22	Southwest.
October	55.41	65.22	55.29	64.33	52.66	58.64	1.67	Southwest.
November	48.90	59.38	49.03	61.00	46.00	52.58	1.02	South.
December	46.74	61.74	50.92	58.33	46.66	53.13	.86	South.



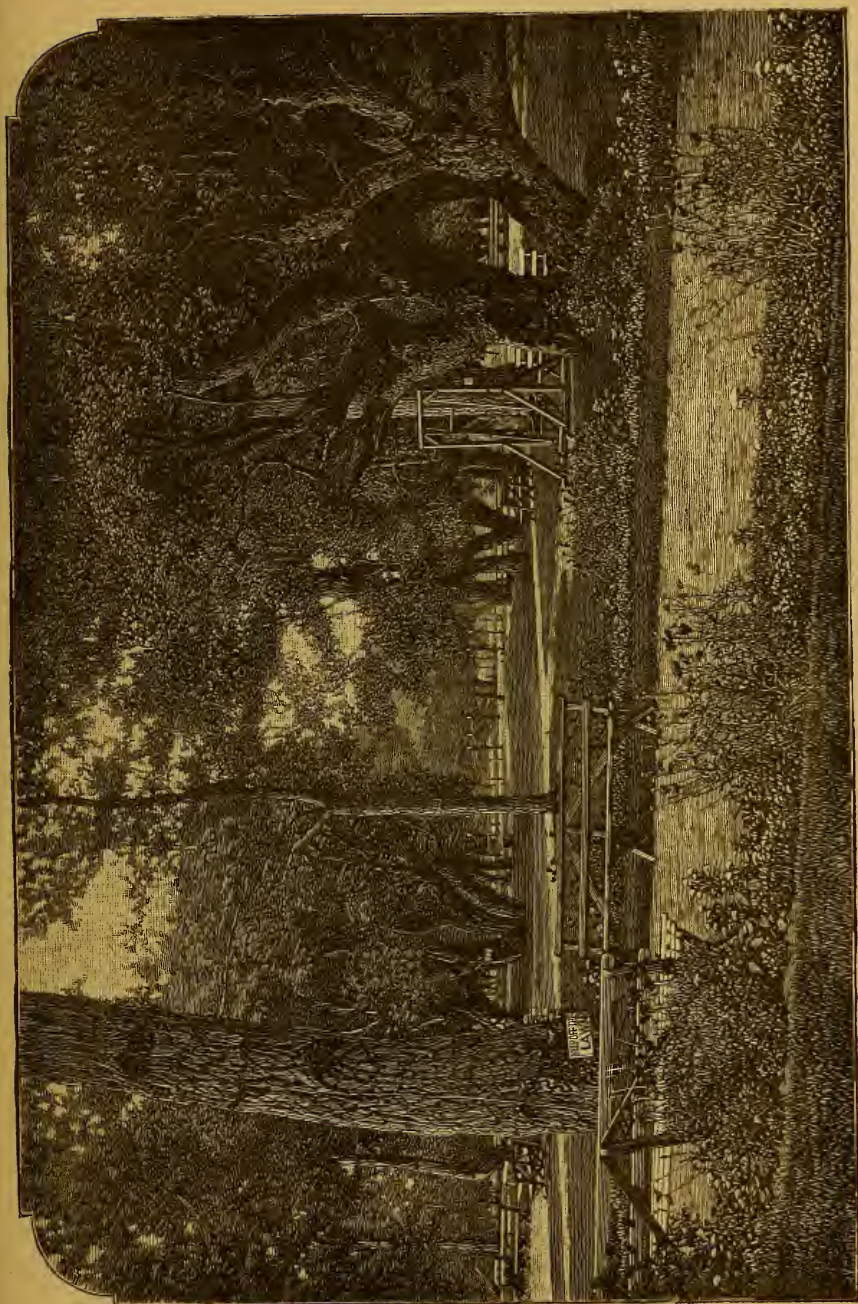
THE HOTEL DEL MONTE.

THE LANDSCAPE OF THE SURROUNDING COUNTRY is charmingly picturesque, presenting, in great diversity of scene, handsome pine and oak-clad mountain slopes, shady glens, and beautiful streams and lakes. Excellent roads and the matchless climate invite its fullest enjoyment.

THE HOTEL DEL MONTE.—I have visited nearly all of the most extensive, costly and elegant caravansaries in this country, including those of the great Atlantic watering-places, and none have filled my mind with such impressions of perfect architectural beauty of design and finish throughout as the Hotel del Monte. It is built in the modern gothic style, 385 feet in length, 115 feet in width, three stories high, with lofty towers, broad halls, corridors and verandas; an office 42x48 feet, reading room 24x26 feet, ladies' billiard room 25x62 feet, ladies' parlor 34x42 feet, ball-room 36x72 feet, dining-room 45x70 feet, kitchen 33x40 feet, and 89 suites, in all 300 rooms, all large, light and airy, and richly furnished throughout; lighted with gas, and supplied with excellent artesian water, hot and cold baths, and all the modern conveniences.

A bowling alley, smoking room, and a livery of handsome equipages, occupy separate and perfectly appointed buildings. The hotel grounds, comprising 126 acres, naturally very beautiful, have been made a Garden of Paradise by the skillful landscape gardener, Mr. Ulrich. Winding avenues, shaded by the native forest oaks and pines, and transplanted evergreen in great variety, and white gravelly walks lead to the hotel, surrounded by the greenest and cleanest of lawns, perpetually blooming flower gardens, fountains and arbors, delightful croquet, lawn tennis and archery grounds, and plats spread with the clean white sand for the frolics of the children. Excellent macadamized roads extend for miles over the hotel company's property, which embraces a tract of seven thousand acres.

The bathing establishment is by far, the most extensive and complete on the Pacific Coast, containing 210 dressing and shower bath rooms, affording not only unsurpassed advantages for open sea and surf bathing on the splendid



GROUNDS OF THE HOTEL DEL MONTE.

beach, but comprising also four great swimming tanks, erected in a spacious pavilion, filled with 275,000 gallons of salt water, and heated by steam to any desired temperature.

OBJECTS AND PLACES OF INTEREST.

THE RUINS OF THE SAN CARLOS MISSION, founded by Father Junipero Serra in 1770, lie about four miles from Monterey. It is a massive, imposing structure, surmounted by two great towers, and occupying a magnificent site. Its churchyard contains the remains of Father Serra and many of the Governors of the Province.

This was one of the most prosperous of the Mission establishments, its possessions, at one time, comprising 90,000 cattle, 50,000 sheep, 2000 horses, 370 yoke of oxen, and a large amount of specie.

The old mission and government buildings, the Cuartel, Fort, Custom house, Block house, Colton Hall, Commissariat and Catholic Church, the landing place of Father Serra, and whaling stations, all in town, and Point Pinos Moss Beach, Seal Rocks, Pebble Beach, Point Lobos, Pacific Grove Retreat, and Cypress Point, from one to ten miles therefrom, are other objects and places of interest.

THE PACIFIC GROVE RETREAT. This most delightful summer and winter resort is beautifully situated on the magnificent bay of Monterey, about two and a half miles from the Hotel del Monte.

The grounds, comprising several hundred acres, are finely wooded with handsome pine, tastefully laid out into avenues, blocks and lots, and very extensively improved with hotels, cottages, tents, bathing and boating houses, chapel, livery, store, drives, walks, croquet grounds, swings, and all the other appurtenances of a great watering place.

In addition to an abundant supply of excellent fresh water, there is a mineral spring of valuable medicinal properties.

It is the design of the managers to establish here a sea-side resort where, added to all the charms and pleasures of life on the sea-shore, in this matchless climate, are the com-

forts and security of Christian homes. The sale of intoxicating liquors is strictly prohibited, and such excellent order and quiet prevails, that hundreds live in open tents in perfect safety.



THE PACIFIC GROVE RETREAT.

The Grove is open the year round, and is one of the most popular health and pleasure resorts on the Pacific Coast.

Elegant four-horse coaches run, at short intervals, between the Grove and Monterey and the Hotel del Monte.

I improved a rainy day, by visiting

THE MONTEREY WHALING STATION, situated within a mile of the Hotel del Monte, the principal one on the California Coast. The Hump-back, California Gray, and Right Whales are captured in considerable numbers, as many as seventy-six in a single year, by the Monterey Company, yielding from 25 to 100 barrels of oil each. They run from October to April, and when sighted by the watchman—always on the lookout in clear weather—the whalers, all hardy Portuguese, man their boats, six in each, and give chase. They are usually overtaken about six miles from the shore, and harpooned in the heart by a swivel gun or bomb lance, at a distance of ten fathoms, hauled on the beach, and the blubber cut out.

It is always an intensely exciting and not infrequently an extremely perilous occupation. Sometimes a wounded whale will dash off, or dive with great velocity to a greater distance than the length of the harpoon rope, dragging the boat and crew after him, unless it is cut with unerring promptness. In their dying struggles, they also sometimes lash the ocean with terrific force, tossing high in the air the boats which have ventured within range.

SANTA CRUZ COUNTY, extending from the bay of Monterey northward about forty miles, with an extreme width of fifteen miles, is next entered. It contains about 320,000 acres of diversified country, embracing the fertile valleys of Francas, Waddles, San Lorenzo, Soquel, Aptos, Valencia and Pajaro, its principal streams, the rich terraced slopes and foot-hills of the Santa Cruz Mountains, and the extensive and valuable forests covering their summits. The population is about 16,000; Santa Cruz, Watsonville, Soquel, Aptos, Felton and Lorenzo being the most important places.

Fording the Salinas River near Blanco, I proceeded about 48 miles *via* Castroville, Moss Landing and Aptos, to

SANTA CRUZ, the second most popular watering place on the Pacific Coast. Though temporarily partially eclipsed by the palatial splendor of the hotel accommodations of its

beautiful neighbor, it has lost none of the unsurpassed climate, scenic and ocean attractions and advantages which, until the erection of the magnificent Hotel del Monte, made it the great sea-side resort of California. It is finely situated, with a Southern exposure, on the north shore of Monterey Bay, about 80 miles south of San Francisco. Surrounded on the north, northwest and east by picturesque rolling and mountainous country, covered with handsome forests of pine and redwood, the latter embracing the famous "Big Tree Groves," it is well protected from the harsh north winds which sweep down the coast, especially during the winter months.

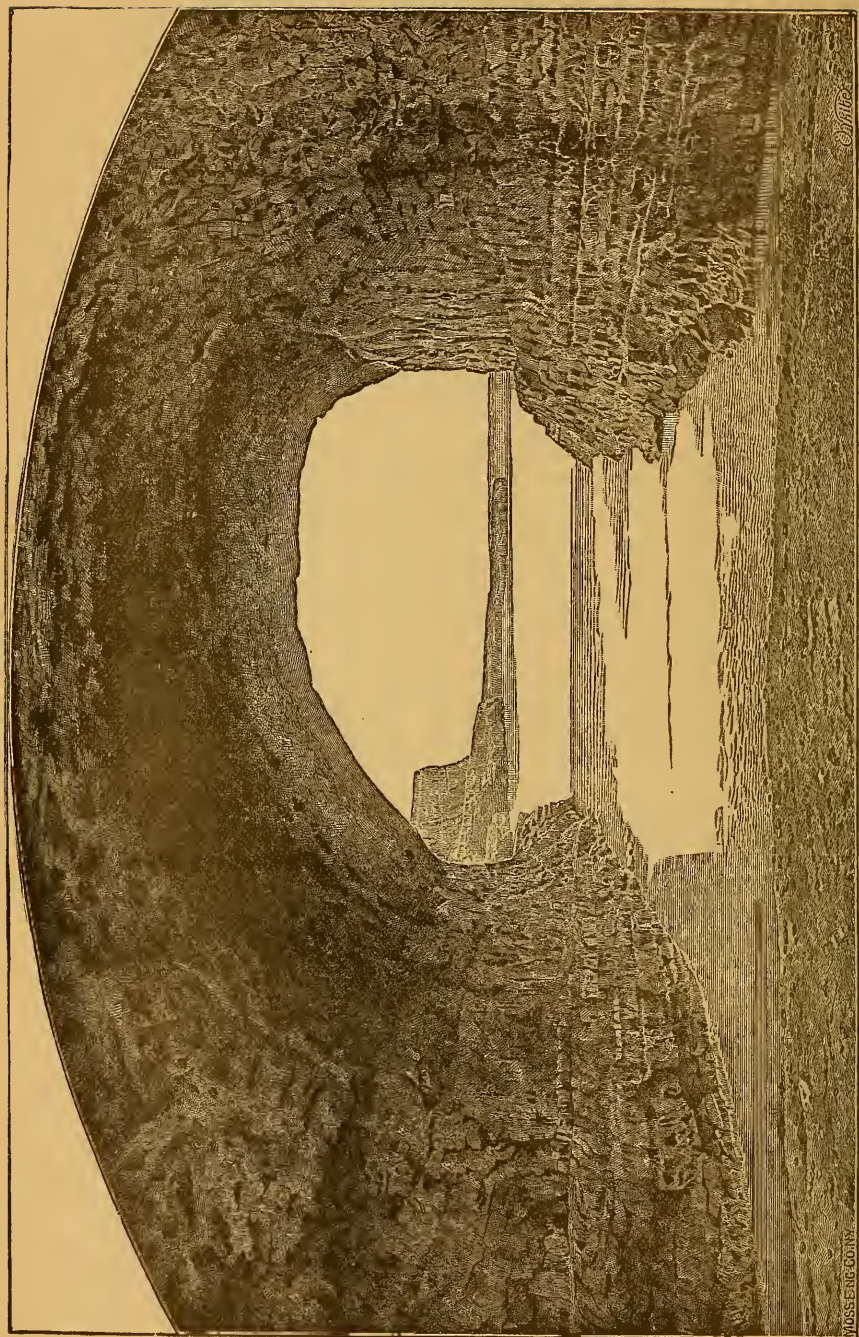
The climate, for equability and salubrity, is unsurpassed; the mean temperature, during the winter months being 52° , and summer 60° ; 88° and 31° above, indicating the extremes for a term of years. Though so mild that flowers bloom throughout the year, and snows are unknown, except in the distant mountain tops, the atmosphere is stimulating and free from all malaria.

The mean annual rainfall between October and May is about 23 inches, which, with the precipitation of moisture from the ocean, clothes the forests, fields and gardens of this coast county with green verdure, when all is parched and dried up with heat in the interior valleys.

There are fine bathing beaches, excellent bath-houses, and first-class hotel accommodations.

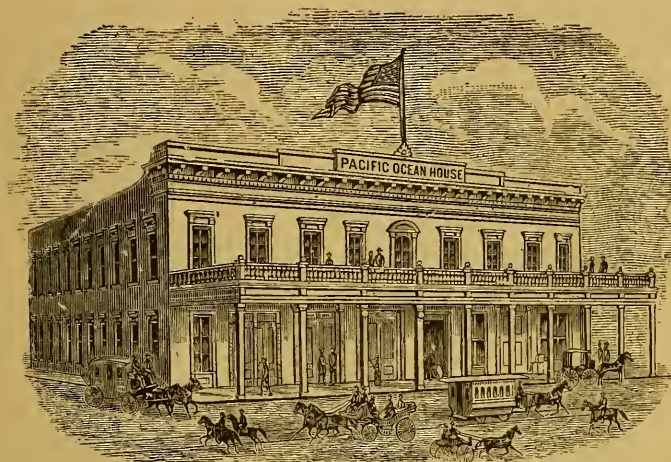
The surrounding country, within a radius of twenty miles, abounds in places of great natural beauty and interest, and affords good deer, rabbit and quail hunting, and trout fishing.

After visiting the splendid beaches of Santa Cruz, San Lorenzo, Moore's, the race track, the light-house and its museum, all near town, then there is the Natural Bridge, Happy Valley, Soquel Beach, Camp Capitola, and the Big Tree Grove, within five miles; Aptos Hotel and Sea-side Cottages, seven miles; The Magnetic Spring, nine miles; Pebbly Beach, ten miles; Castle Rock, twelve miles; Scott Creek Falls, nineteen miles; and many other pleasant places of resort less than a day's drive distant.



THE NATURAL BRIDGE NEAR SANTA CRUZ.

THE PACIFIC OCEAN HOUSE, E. J. Swift, proprietor, is one of the largest, best appointed and managed hotels on the Southern coast, first class in all respects. It is centrally and pleasantly situated on the main thoroughfare of the city, within two blocks of the railway station, with street cars passing every few minutes for the splendid beach. There are one hundred rooms, large, light and airy.



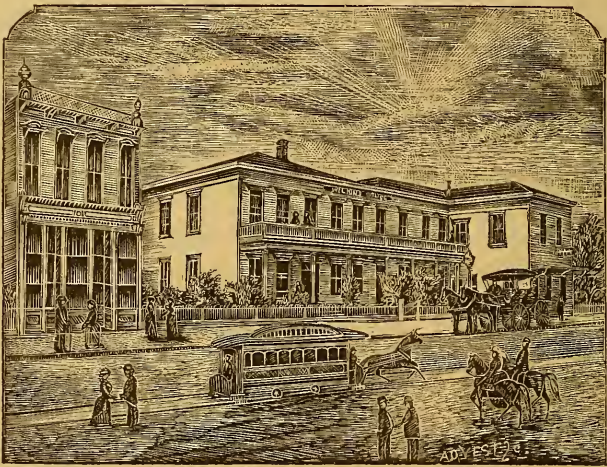
THE PACIFIC OCEAN HOUSE.

E. J. SWIFT, - - PROPRIETOR

The grounds are extensive and well improved, with croquet games, swings, etc., etc. A free coach carries passengers to and from all trains and steamers. The Bonner Livery Stable, A. P. Swanton, proprietor, is on Pacific avenue, nearly opposite, and Daniel's Transfer Express office close at hand on Pacific avenue, opposite Locust street.

THE DOUGLAS HOUSE, A. H. Douglas, proprietor, —the only hotel on the beach—is a large three-story house, beautifully situated immediately on the sea-shore, commanding a splendid view of the Bay of Monterey and close to steamer landings, railway and street car stations, and excellent bathing facilities. There is a billiard and reading room, the apartments are spacious and sunny, and accommodations throughout first class. A free coach runs to and from the hotel.

WILKINS HOUSE, P. V. Wilkins, proprietor. This first class hotel, especially commended as a quiet family resort, is located on Pacific avenue, one block from the business center, convenient to railway depots and steamer landings. Street cars run to the magnificent ocean beach every ten minutes. The house is surrounded by handsome flower gardens, croquet grounds, swings, etc., and contains a large assembly hall, billiard table, piano, etc., free to all guests. The rooms are in both suits and single, large and sunny, and the table supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A free carriage from all trains to the house.



THE WILKINS HOUSE.

P. V. WILKINS. - - - PROPRIETOR.

THE SEA-SIDE HOME is a delightful summer and winter resort, finely situated immediately on the shore of Monterey Bay, close to steamer landing, and all railway depots and street car lines. The main building, with several cosy cottage additions, under the excellent management of Mrs. Frank Lewis, a survivor of the ill-fated Donner party, affords first-class accommodations for seventy guests the year round. The "Home" has a Southern sunny exposure, facing the splendid beach, where there are excellent facilities for bathing, boating and fishing.

TAKEN FOR A HIGHWAYMAN.—It is about 38 miles over the mountains from Santa Cruz to San Jose, and was quite dark when I began to descend into the beautiful Santa Clara Valley toward the Garden City. Its enterprising citizens, unbeknown to me, were experimenting with an electric light, which, from its lofty tower, I mistook for a light-house, and changed my course. Soon after I came to cross roads, and not knowing which to take, reined up my horse to inquire of the driver of a covered wagon approaching. Almost instantaneous with the sound of my voice, crack! crack! went the whip, and away flew the team for dear life.

At midnight I reached the pretty village of Santa Clara, and sought lodging for the night. A policeman volunteered to show me a good place, which, finding to be a private residence, I asked:

“Is there no hotel in San Jose?”

“This is not San Jose, but Santa Clara,” he replied.

Again mounting my horse and following down the railway three miles, I reached the new light-house of

SAN JOSE, just after the lights had been turned out. This beautiful city is situated 49 miles south of San Francisco, in the heart of the rich Santa Clara Valley, surrounded by orchards, vineyards, and the delightful homes of a happy people. It contains at present a population of about 20,000, many handsome blocks and residences, and splendid parks and avenues. Its principal hotels are the Auzerais House, E. Dellwig, proprietor; Pacific Hotel, 373 and 375 Market street, Chas. M. Schiele, proprietor; Russ House, 444 First street, John Barry, proprietor; Lick House, corner First and San Fernando streets (terms, \$1.50 to \$2 per day), C. H. Corey and L. K. Roberts, proprietors.

From San Jose I rode through Menlo Park, Redwood, San Mateo and Millbrae to San Francisco, passing the elegant country seats of Leland Stanford, James C. Flood, Moses Hopkins, William Sharon, D. O. Mills, and many other magnificent estates.

EXCURSIONS FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

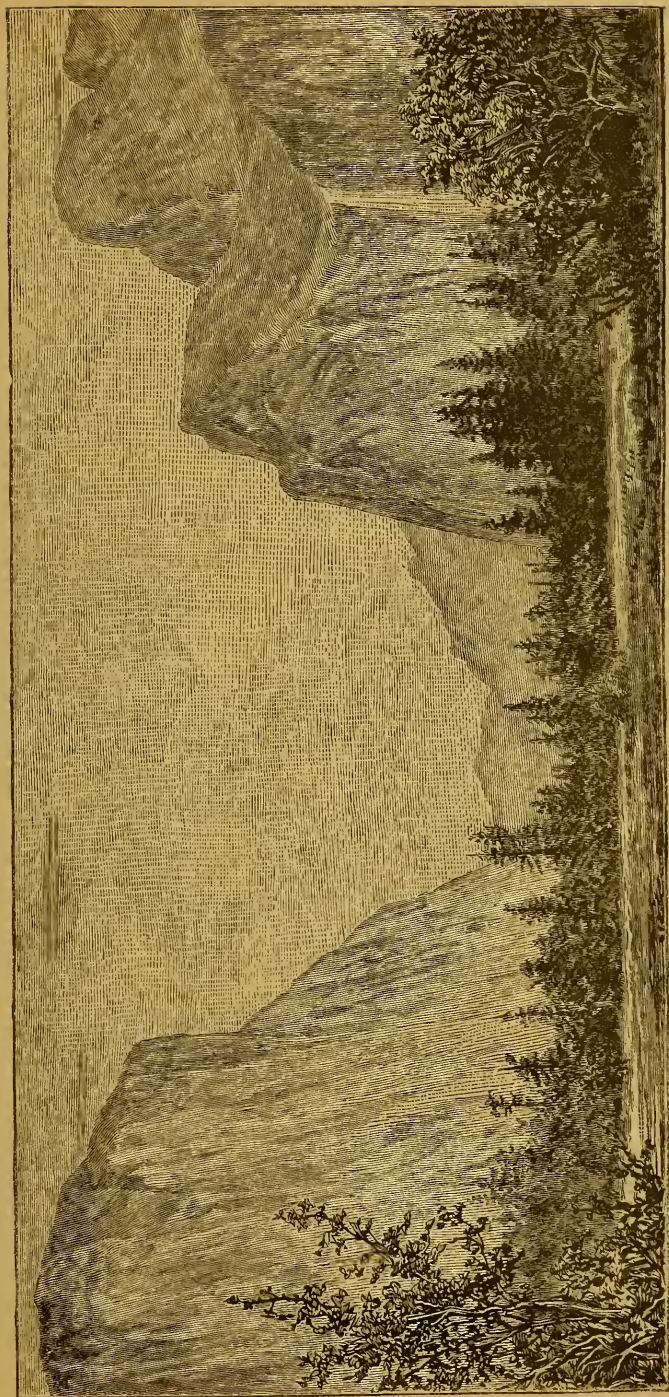
TRIP No. 1.—*From San Francisco to the Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa Big Trees, via Madera, Fresno Flats and Clark's. Round trip, 650 miles.*

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY deservedly occupies the first place in the mind of the tourist in the New World. It lies in the heart of the Sierra Nevada mountains, about 155 miles southeast of San Francisco, and was first discovered by white men in 1850, while pursuing the hostile Indians who lived in this mountain stronghold.

In 1851-2 they were again followed into the valley and severely punished by volunteers, under command of Captain Boling, and others.

During the next few years it was visited by a few adventurous, prospectors and hunters, when, in 1855, Mr. Hutchings, now the Guardian of the Valley, hearing of its wonders, against the advice of his friends, guided by two trusty Indians, made the journey through the then trackless forest, became the pioneer tourist to the Yosemite, and gave to the world its first published description.

Its fame soon spread abroad, a trail was made into the valley the following year, temporary hotels opened, and though the trip involved a severe and hazardous horseback ride of over one hundred miles, attracted from year to year such an increasing number of visitors from all parts of the world, that in 1864 Congress granted the valley, including a tract fifteen miles in length and extending back one mile from the brink of the mountain wall immediately surrounding it, to the State of California, conditioned that it be forever held for public use, resort and recreation, ten-year leases therein given, and the proceeds thereof expended in its improvement. The State accepted the trust, placed it in charge of Commissioners, who, by purchasing private toll trails and making them free, building new and excellent carriage roads and fine substantial bridges, encouraging the erection of comfortable hotels, have greatly facilitated travel thereto and therein, and by the extinguishment of private claims, preserved this unique creation intact for the wonder and admiration of future generations.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE YOSEMITE.

The valley is about eight miles in length, from one-half to a mile in width, 3950 feet above the sea, containing about 1141 acres, 745 of which are meadow. It is enclosed by a wall of granite, from 2500 to 3300 feet in height, in many places perpendicular and surrounded by mountains rising from 2000 to 4000 feet higher, or 10,000 feet above the sea level.

Down these mountain walls plunge half a score of cataracts in early spring-time, leaping from 400 to 2600 feet at a bound, into the beautiful valley beneath, their united waters forming the main Merced, which courses gracefully among the handsome forest trees at their base.

The following comprise the most important mountain peaks and waterfalls of the Yosemite:

MOUNTAINS.

<i>Indian Name.</i>	<i>Signification.</i>	<i>American Name.</i>	<i>Height.</i> <i>Feet.</i>
Tu-tock-a-nula	Great Chief of the Valley.	El Capitan.	3300
Po-see-nah-chuck-ka	Large Acorn Cache.	Cathedral Rocks.	2660
Pom-pom-pasus	Mountains playing leap frog.	Three Brothers.	3830
Wah-wah-lena		Three Graces.	3400
Loya.	The Watch Tower	Sentinel Rock.	3043
Loya.	The Signal Station.	Sentinel Dome.	4500
Hunto		Washington Column.	1875
To-koy-æ.	Shade to Indian baby basket.	North Dome.	3568
Tis-sa-ack	Goddess of the Valley.	South Dome.	4737
		Glacier Point.	3257
Mah-tu.	Martyr Mountain	Cap of Liberty.	3100
	Clouds Rest.		6000
	Mount Starr King		5600

WATER-FALLS.

Po-ho-no.	Spirit of the evil wind.	Bridal Veil	900
Yosemite	Large Grizzly Bear.	Yosemite.	2526
(Upper fall 1500, middle fall 600, lower 400 feet.)			
Loya		Sentinel Falls.	3270
To-koy-æ	Shade to Indian baby basket.	Royal Arch Falls.	1000
Lung-oo-too-koo-ya.	Long and Slender	Virgin tears.	3306
To-lool-we-ack	Rushing Water.	South Fork Falls.	500
Pi-wa-ack	Cataract of Diamonds	Vernal.	400
Yo-wi-ye.	Meandering	Nevada.	600

The paintings of the great masters and the most eloquent descriptions, had given me but a faint conception of the unspeakable grandeur and glory of the scene which met my

gaze from Glacier Point, Sentinel Dome, South Dome, Clouds Rest and Inspiration Point, of this greatest of God's wonder lands. Here lie, within range of the unaided vision, more stupendous, sublime and beautiful forms of nature than can be found elsewhere upon the globe. Mountains in all their towering majesty, water-falls of wondrous beauty, charming valleys, crystal streams and gleaming lakelets, and the giant monarchs of the forest, unite in presenting a spectacle as far surpassing the most brilliant imaginings, as God is above his creatures.

The mind can compass the greatest works of human hands, but pile the Egyptian Pyramids, St. Peters of Rome, the Cathedral of Strasburg and the Capitol at Washington, one upon another at the foot of El Capitan, and then standing upon the top, look up two thousand feet into the face of this mountain-god, cast the eyes for miles along the dizzy summits, follow the plunging cataracts into the beautiful valley beneath, trace the winding river, and then spanning the awful chasm, survey the grand old peaks which live among the clouds beyond, and who can imagine or measure the grandeur and beauty of this most sublime architecture of the Master Builder !

There are at present three routes to the valley, *via* Stockton, Milton, Calaveras Grove and Murphy's, Merced, Mariposa and Clark's, and *via* Madera and Clark's; respectively 300, 243, and 275 miles from San Francisco.

The latter, a splendid mountain road, amidst the most magnificent scenery, is the favorite route. The last 70 miles was built by Mr. A. H. Washburn, in 1874-5, for the Yosemite Turnpike Company, of which he is the able superintendent.

Prior to its opening, tourists *via* Clark's rode into the valley horseback from Mariposa, a distance of 53 miles. The old timers relate how that poor Horace Greeley, with the delicate skin of a woman, after making this trip had to be lifted from the saddle, and oiled and bandaged like a helpless infant.

Mr. Washburn has also just completed a branch road from Chincopin Junction, 14 miles to Glacier Point, for the

convenience of those tourists who desire to see the most in the least possible time. The Company run daily lines of excellently equipped six-horse Kimball coaches from Madera, employing none but the most experienced, skillful and temperate drivers. Such great care is exercised in this respect, that accidents seldom occur, the present regular drivers having the remarkable record of never harming a passenger, though the veteran driver Dowst has held the reins continuously for 30 years on the Pacific coast, and George Monroe, a colored man, 14 years for the Company. Mr. Dowst, an intelligent, sociable man, who takes great pleasure in giving all possible information concerning the points and objects of interest en route, told me that he had taken two stage loads of people into the valley who never asked him a *single question*, though he was almost aching to have them; but that a strange horse never failed to manifest its sensibility to the striking grandeur of the scenery by a prouder carriage, higher step and head, and wondering eyes.

Taking the 4 P. M. train of the C. P. R. R. at Oakland, and supper at the Lathrop Hotel, Stackpole & Lincoln, proprietors, we arrived at Madera, 185 miles from San Francisco, about 11:50 P. M., where good accommodations are found at Mace's Hotel for those who prefer not to remain in the sleeping car until morning. Captain Mace, the jovial host, of 330 pounds weight, is a fitting introduction to the big sights coming. The stage leaves at 7 A. M. and rolls away rapidly 14 miles across the level plains before beginning the gradual ascent of the western slope of the Sierras. The great lumber flume of the Madera Flume and Trading Company, which extends for $56\frac{1}{4}$ miles up into the mountain forests, carrying 150 miner's inches, and 154,000 feet of lumber its entire length in twelve hours, keeps us company. Over the handsome rolling foothills, sparsely wooded with live oak and pine trees, through Rallsville, changing horses at Dustin's, we stopped for a good dinner at the

COARSE GOLD GULCH HOTEL, kept by Mr. John Krohn, 36 miles from Madera, and 30 miles from Clark's. The elevation is 2250 feet, climate most healthful and enjoyable,

and water excellent. Proceeding with fresh horses through the mining town of

DUTCH FLAT, the woods gradually thicken with yellow pine and cedar, until reaching the divide, at an elevation of 4500 feet we enter the borders of the magnificent forest of sugar pine which covers the summits of these mountains. One which I measured was 30 feet in circumference, straight as an arrow, and over 200 feet in height.

Here we halted a few moments for a refreshing drink from a spring of excellent water near the Surveyor's camp of

THE UNITED STATES CENTRAL RAILWAY, of which Colonel Lyman Bridges, a member of our party, is Chief Engineer. This railway is projected and located from San Francisco to Denver *via* the Big Trees, and proposes to complete its line to near this point the coming year, thus enabling tourists to go within twenty miles of the Yosemite Valley by rail, at a saving of the 150 miles of staging, as by the present route.

The company claim that their line will be 200 miles shorter, between Denver and San Francisco, than any other, and pass through a region of unparalleled scenery, containing very extensive and rich deposits of gold, silver, lead, iron, coal and salt, and the greatest body of valuable timber in the interior of the continent.

About 6 o'clock, we reached

CLARK'S OR THE WAWONA HOTEL, Washburn & Co., proprietors, beautifully situated on the banks of the South Merced, one of the most delightful mountain resorts I have ever seen. It is named from Galen Clark, who formerly kept the station, a pioneer of the Yosemite and its first guardian.

The property embraces a magnificent tract of nine hundred acres, with extensive hotel and cottage buildings, occupying a pleasant, sunny slope, surrounded by the grandest forest and mountain scenery in the world.

The great Mariposa Grove of Big Trees is only six miles distant, the beautiful falls of Chindualdo about three, and Signal Peak, commanding one of the most extensive and sublime views, within an hour's ride.

The forests abound with game, the streams with trout, and the mountain air and water is delicious.

At an early hour the following morning, we were off for the Valley, a glorious ride of twenty-six miles.

Following the south fork of the Merced eight miles to Lookout Point, we obtain a fine view of Signal Peak, the cañon of the Merced, and the distant valley of the San Joaquin, then crossing Deer Creek and over the summit at an elevation of 6700 feet, descend a short distance to Chin-copin Junction, where taking the new Glacier Point road, by Badger Pass, Paragon Meadows, crossing the old Mono trail, near Point Washburn, we reach the summit of Sentinel Dome in time to see the sun set upon the sublimest spectacle which ever met the gaze of man.

THE GLACIER POINT HOTEL, by James McCauley, perched only a few rods from the brink of this awful precipice, affords a good clean bed, excellent table fare, and commands all the grandest views of the Valley, and the best of Nevada and Vernal Falls. A good trail leads to Sentinel Dome, one and a quarter miles distant, 950 feet higher, and another, built by Mr. McCauley, four miles into the Valley, 3200 feet below. Descending the latter, a most excellent work, stopping by the way to survey the enchanting views from Union and other points, in about two hours I was eating delicious mountain trout at

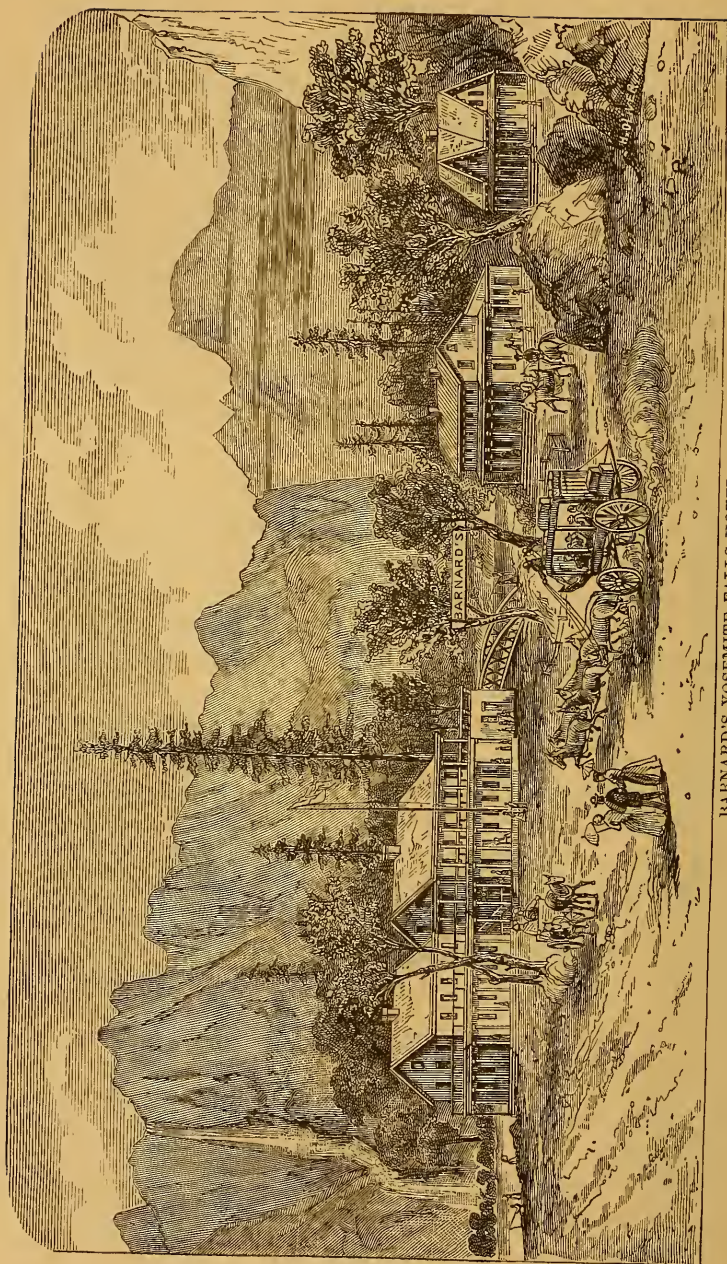
LEIDIG'S HOTEL, the first reached in the Valley, entering by Inspiration Point, the customary route. It is a commodious two-story building, admirably situated, fronting the wonderful Yosemite Falls, under the shadow of Sentinel Rock, 3270 feet above. It occupies historic ground, the site of the first house erected in the Valley, by G. A. Hite, in 1856. There are good accommodations for thirty guests, at the usual rates, \$4 per day. Yosemite Falls are three and a half miles, Sentinel Dome five and a half, Vernal Falls five, Nevada Falls six, South Dome eight, and Clouds' Rest, thirteen miles distant.

Proceeding up the valley past the pleasant studio of Fisk, the pioneer photographic artist of the Yosemite,

THE YOSEMITE VALLEY HOUSE, J. J. Cook, proprietor, is soon reached. It is centrally and admirably situated, commanding the grandest views, the Yosemite Falls and Eagle Peak in front, Sentinel Peak and Dome, Union and Glacier Points in the rear. The buildings are quite commodious and comfortable, embracing separate cottages, a hot and cold bath-house, post-office, Wells Fargo Express and a well-furnished livery of carriage and saddle horses. This is one of the most popular houses in the Yosemite, convenient to all its points of greatest interest and the objective and starting place of all the stages of the Yosemite Turnpike Company, of which Mr. Cook is agent. Visitors will find here the best of fare and the most courteous attention. A half mile further brings us to

BARNARD'S YOSEMITE FALLS HOTEL, John K. Barnard, proprietor, which with its large main building and elegant cottages, fine bathing establishment, billiard and reading rooms, post and stage offices, artists' studios and fine livery, forms quite a village, the principal business center of the valley. It is situated immediately on the banks of the beautiful Merced, here spanned by a handsome iron bridge, affords excellent accommodations for 150 guests, and commands the grandest views of the valley. The original Hutchings House has been converted into a beautiful parlor and sitting room. The latter is built around the base of a splendid specimen of yellow pine, $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter and 175 in height, and with its old fashioned fire-place and furnishings has all the charms of a bivouac in the wild woods, with the added comforts and pleasures of home. Adjoining Barnard's is

THE COSMOPOLITAN, E. S. Utter, proprietor, an elegant bathing establishment, reading and billiard parlors and hair dressing rooms for both ladies and gentlemen, the most complete found outside of the great cities. There are fine hot and cold bath rooms, finely carpeted and appointed throughout. Many of the furnishings are really extravagant. The



BARNARD'S YOSEMITE FALLS HOTEL.

J. K. EARNARD, PROPRIETOR.

office safe is magnificent, an album holds a thousand pictures, and

THE GREAT YOSEMITE REGISTER is a wonder, 2 feet long and 8 inches thick, weighing 118 pounds, containing 15,500 autographs, beginning with E. J. or "Lucky" Baldwin's, and



MIRROR LAKE.

including those of the most distinguished visitors from our own and foreign countries, together with their remarks upon the Yosemite. President Garfield, under date of May 15, 1875, says:

"No one can thoughtfully study this valley and its surroundings, without being broader minded hereafter."

J. A. G.

JOSEPH COOK, June 7th, 1879:

“The hills of God support the skies,
To God let adoration rise;
Let hills and skies and heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.”

“Best outlook, Glacier Point and Sentinel Dome.”

COUNT DE ALEXIS, July 20th, 1874:

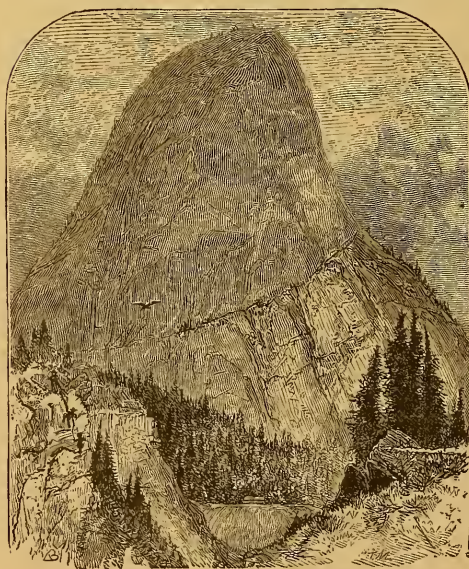
“I can dare say that, during the time of my young life, I never had any better baths than at this place. Our Russian friends will find that it *beats* every one of our bathing accommodations.”

There is no end of poetic efforts, most of which are literary curiosities, worthy of inspection. Mr. Utter has refused a thousand dollars for the volume.

Three miles beyond Barnard's, by an excellent carriage road, one up the wild cañon of Tenaya, lies the charming Mirror Lake which, early in the day, before the breezes ripple its handsome face, reflects the grandest scenery of the globe, South Dome and the neighboring peaks. Its greatest depth I found, by several soundings, to be about twenty feet.

Then following up the Merced by a good trail three miles, I reached

SNOW'S, the most picturesque in situation of all these



mountain resorts, built upon a bench of granite, at the base of the Cap of Liberty, under the spray of the magnificent Nevada Falls, overlooking the beautiful Vernal, and across the awful chasm of Yosemite, up to the towering heights of Glacier Point and Sentinel Dome.

All of the lumber for a very comfortable hotel, 100 feet

LIBERTY CAP (MT. BRODERICK.)

in length, and a sixteen room cottage with bed-rooms handsomely paneled with sugar pine by Mr. Snow, were packed over the mountains upon the backs of mules.

When Mrs. Snow, the excellent hostess and housekeeper, came to take possession of her mountain home, thirteen years ago, no bridges had been built, and she was carried over the foaming Merced in the arms of her husband, and her young daughter, in like manner, by a stalwart young man, her betrothed lover.

Six miles more, and then a climb by rope hand over hand, of 900 feet, at an angle of 45° , and I stood upon the summit of South Dome, one of the grandest pinnacles on earth. Its first ascent was made by Geo. Anderson, Oct. 12th, 1875. It should only be undertaken by those strong of limb and nerve, until rests have been provided for protection, in case of accident.

Following the divide eastward about three miles, scaling the intervening peaks, at 4 o'clock I surveyed from the top of Clouds Rest all that is grandest of the Sierras—Mounts Starr

King, Hayes and Clark, Red Mountain and Pyramid Peaks of the Obelisk Group, and sweeping southward and then westward, all of the sublime peaks surrounding the wonderful Yosemite.

Having left Cook's on foot in the morning, I was well satisfied to descend the mountains to Snow's for the night.

I returned down the Vernal Falls ladders, built by Mr. Snow, for the pedestrian trail which unites with the horseback trail at Register Rock.

The pleasure tourist should take two or three days to make the ascent, horseback from the valley, of either South Dome or Clouds Rest.



DOWN VERNAL FALLS.

THE YOSEMITE WOODS.—The forest trees of the valley are chiefly pine, cedar, tamarack, spruce, black and live oak, the largest being a sugar pine eight feet in diameter, growing on the bank of the Merced River. Silver fir, mountain mahogany, laurel, spicewood, juniper, manzanita and arrow wood are also distributed through it. Mr. Adolph Sinning, a very skillful resident workman, manufactures exceedingly fine Yosemite curiosities, cabinet and fancy articles from all these different varieties. His Yosemite Chess Table is a masterpiece, representing upwards of 100 kinds of woods growing within a radius of 50 miles.

THE CLIMATE AND PRODUCTIONS OF THE YOSEMITE.—Interviews with the pioneers of the valley, Hutchings, Leidig, McCauley, Cunningham, Snow, Sinning and Harris, residents of from ten to twenty years, show that the extremes of temperature are about 2° below and 94° above zero; snow-fall, two to seven feet, about four feet being the average, commencing from the 1st to the 10th of November, and lasting until April and sometimes to the latter part of May. The streams are fullest in May and June, which is the best time to see the water-falls of the Yosemite.

Vegetables and apples, plums, raspberries, blackberries and strawberries are grown in abundance. Mr. Harris raised about twenty tons of apples last year. The first orchard was set out by J. G. Lemon, deceased, who made the first permanent settlement in the valley, in 1860.

THE HUNTERS OF THE YOSEMITE.—The forests of the Sierras abound in bear, deer, wolf, coyote, fox, coon, grouse and other small game. At Barnard's I found John Johnson, who has killed sixty bear, skinning a 700-pound grizzly, 6½ feet in length, and a cinnamon bear, just brought in. Soon after I met another great hunter, Jim Duncan, who has slain over eighty bear, and deer without number.

THE ARTISTS OF THE VALLEY.—I pity the artist of genius who attempts to represent upon canvass the glorious scenery of the Yosemite, and can fully appreciate the feelings of those eloquent writers who have candidly confessed their utter inability to fitly portray its matchless wonders. Every-

body is familiar with the master-pieces of Bierstadt. Mrs. Snow related to me that, when he was painting the magnificent Nevada Falls from their place, when there were a large number of visitors, no one responded to the ring of the dinner bell. Going into the parlor, she found the whole party surrounding the great artist and his work. She stood admiring with the rest for a moment, and then said good naturedly to Mr. Bierstadt: "If you don't put away your painting, we'll never get through with our dinner in the world." Of course he yielded to such a complimentary appeal.

Mr. Thomas Hill, whose \$25,000 painting, "Driving the Last Spike," \$6000 "Donner Lake" and \$5000 "Yosemite," won him the Centennial first medal and a national reputation, has made the Yosemite his great study for the last twenty years. From his pretty studio are seen its sublimest views.

Fisk, the well known photographer, has a very extensive collection of Yosemite views, comprising 250 Summer and 75 Winter scenes. Watkins, Taber, and Houseworth, of San Francisco, also have large collections of Yosemite views.

THE HETCH-HETCHY VALLEY.—Another wonderful valley, known as the Hetch-Hetchy, is situated on the Tuolumne River, about sixteen miles north of the Yosemite, at an elevation of 3650 feet above the sea. It is about three miles in length, and from one-eighth to five-eighths of a mile in width, with perpendicular granite walls in places upwards of 2000 feet in height. There are numerous remarkable waterfalls, the Tu-e-eu-la-lah leaping nearly a thousand feet, and a cascade of exceeding grandeur descending 1700 feet almost perpendicular. The route thereto is via the C. P. R. R., Lathrop, Stockton, Milton and Big Oak Flat, Colfax Springs and Hog Ranch, the last ten miles by a good horseback trail.

THE MARIPOSA BIG TREES.—These great natural wonders of the Sierras, also a Government reservation of four sections, granted to the State of California upon the same conditions as the Yosemite, are about sixteen miles

southeast of the valley and six miles from Clark's, or the Wawona Hotel.

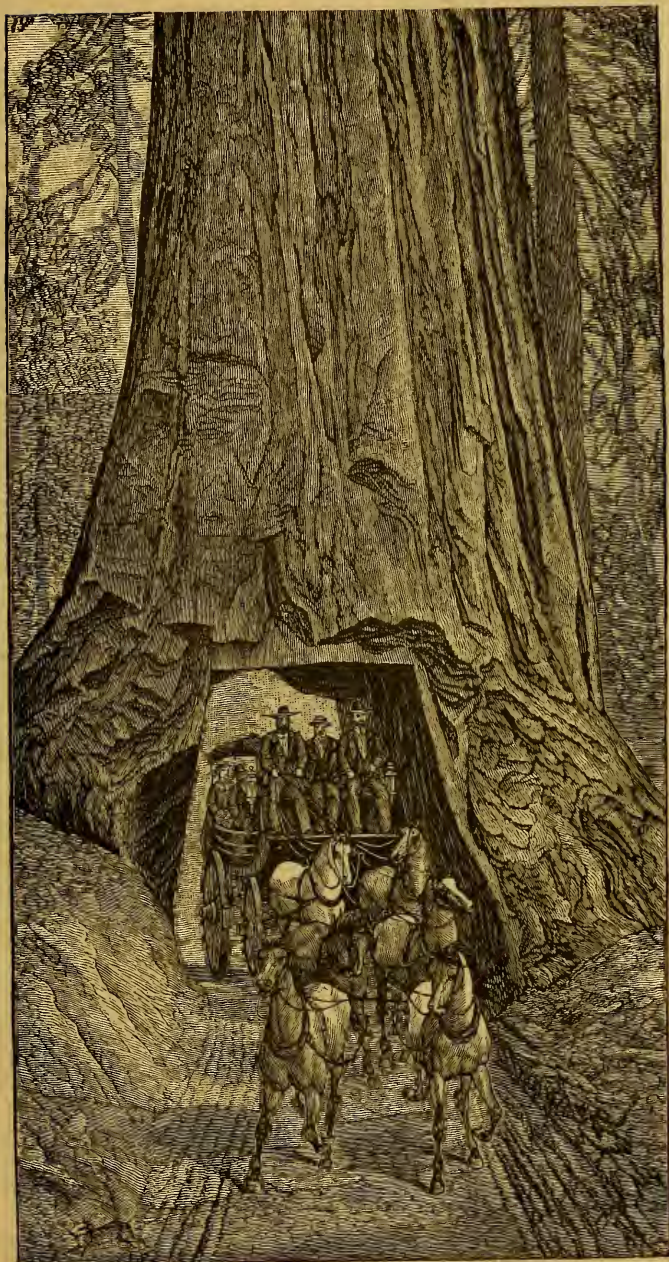
There are two groves, the upper containing 365 of the sequoia gigantæ, from one foot to thirty-three feet in diameter, and the lower comprising the Grizzly Giant and other magnificent specimens of these forest kings. There are also a large number of young trees in both. The largest are supposed to be from one to four thousand years old. I measured several six or eight feet from the base, and found the Grizzly Giant to be 72 feet in circumference; Faithful Couple 67 feet; Mariposa, 66 feet, and Lafayette, 80 feet. Most of the trees have been greatly injured by forest fires, losing from five to fifteen feet of their base measurement.

Escorted by the veteran mountaineer, Stephen Cunningham, Guardian of the Grove, mounted on tall, gaunt horses, whose ancient appearance suggested that they had grown up with the trees from striplings, we rode among them and *through* one fallen monster, by stooping just a little.

CUNNINGHAM'S KNOT-HOLE.—“This tree,” said Cunningham, “has lost about 80 feet of its base by a forest fire. Before it burned, I was riding through it with a friend, mounted on a mule. When about half way, we saw two horsemen enter at the other end. ‘How shall we pass?’ anxiously inquired my companion. ‘I will show you,’ I said, and, urging my animal ahead a few steps and dismounting, *climbed out through a knot-hole, leading my mule after me.*”

We next rode into the hollow “Keystone,” which holds 19 full-grown horses at once. Just then Washburn's Yosemite Stage, which makes daily trips to the grove from Clark's, drove up with a full load, and I rode with them through the “Wanona.” When the rear of the long six-seated stage was inside the tree, the leaders were just beginning their exit.

THE MARIPOSA SPRING. A spring of excellent water bursts forth near the base of one of these wonderful trees, a little way from Cunningham's cabin. Some San Francisco ladies engaged in temperance work, recently visited the grove, and

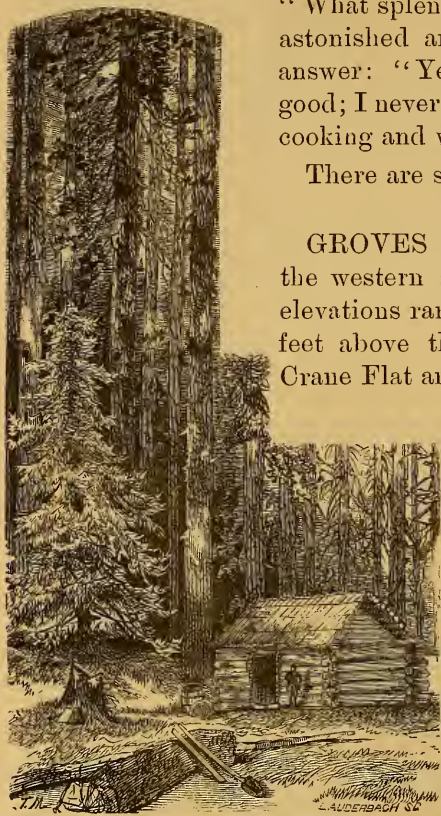


THE GREAT WAWONA.

after drinking at the spring and remarking to Cunningham

“What splendid water,” were greatly astonished and grieved to hear him answer: “Yes, it is *said* to be very good; I never use it myself, except for cooking and washing purposes.”

There are several other

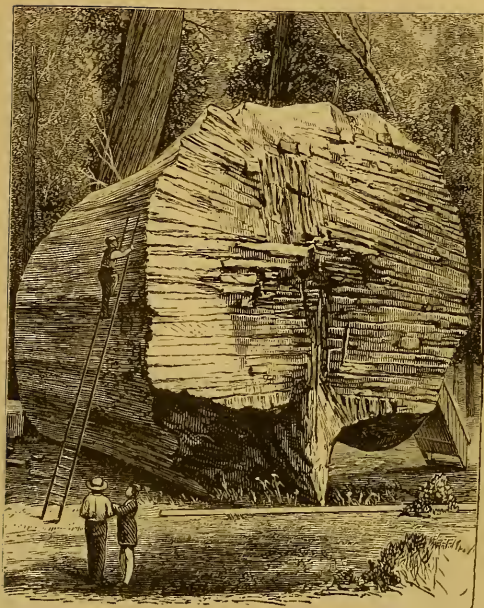


GROVES OF BIG TREES on the western slope of the Sierras, at elevations ranging from 4000 to 7000 feet above the sea, the Calaveras, Crane Flat and Fresno groves, those between King and Kaweah rivers and the north and south forks of the Tule River being the most important.

THE CALAVERAS GROVE, the most northern, is situated in Calaveras county, about 44 miles from Milton, the terminus of the Stockton branch of the C. P. R.

R. It was first discovered by white men in 1856 and has since been visited by tens of thousands of tourists from all parts of the world. There are 90 trees, from 15 to 50 feet in diameter, and six miles south another grove containing over 1300 of these monster forest kings. Both tracts, comprising over 1000 acres, and also the fine hotel at the Calaveras Grove, are owned by Mr. James L. Sperry. Tourists will find good teams at the St. Julian Livery Stable, Madera, Dennis Conroy, proprietor.

THE BIG TREES.



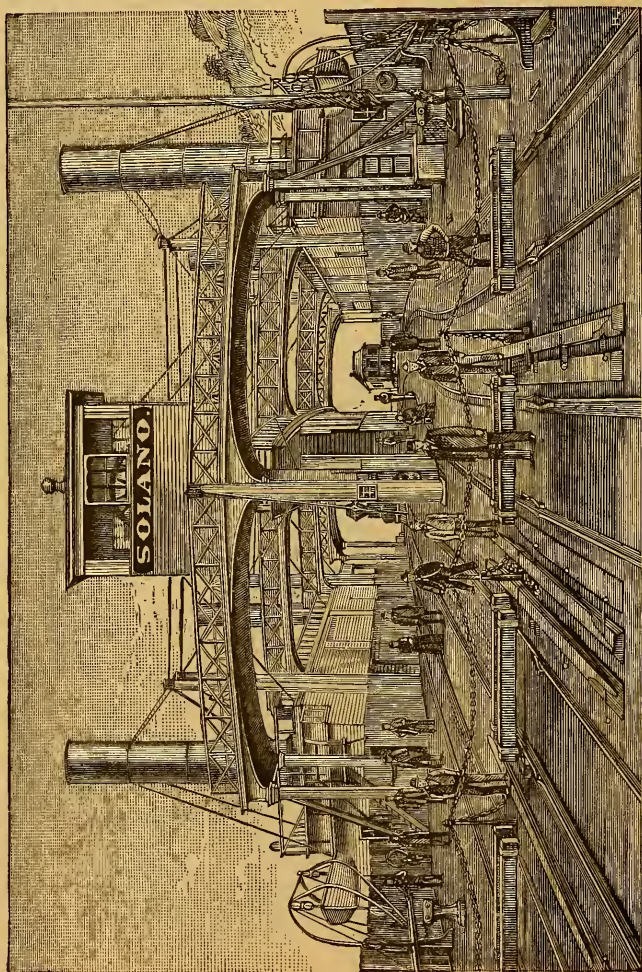
BASE OF ORIGINAL BIG TREE, CALAVERAS GROVE.



PIONEER CABIN (Room for 12 Men Inside.)

TRIP No. 2.—*From San Francisco to Lake Tahoe, California, Carson and Virginia City, Nevada, Lone Pine, Independence and Hawley, California; returning via Reno and Truckee. Round trip, 1350 miles.*

LAKE TAHOE, one of the most magnificent waters in the world, lies in the lap of the Sierras, 6216 feet above the sea, surrounded by a grand amphitheater of snow-capped peaks, rising from 2000 to 4000 feet higher, and fine forests of pine, fir and cedar.



CROSSING CARQUINEZ STRAITS ON THE MONSTER TRANSFER BOAT "SOLANO."

It is 22 miles in length, about 10 miles wide, and from 100 to 1600 feet in depth, its emerald green waters of such crystal purity and transparency that the fish with which it abounds may be distinctly seen eighty feet below the surface. On its beautiful shores are situated some of the most delightful summer resorts of the Pacific slope. The midsummer air is cool and exhilarating, the fishing and hunting excellent, the landscape enchanting and the sunsets glorious.

THE TRIP TO THE LAKE.—The ride from San Francisco through the Sierra Nevada mountains is one of great interest. First across the bay on the splendid ferry boat, "Oakland," affording fine views of the harbor, islands and shipping; then taking the train from one of the largest and most magnificent depots and ferry buildings on the continent, we catch glimpses of the beauty of Oakland, and 32 miles out, at Port Costa, ride on to the monster transfer boat, "Solano," the wonder of all travelers, 420 feet in length, 116 feet wide, carrying 48 loaded cars at once. Thence 60 miles over a level, beautiful country of extensive farms, vineyards and orchards, past Army Point, Goodyear's, Suisun, Cannon, Elmira, Batavia, Dixon and Davis to Sacramento, at 7:30 P. M., for an excellent supper at the Silver Palace Dining Parlor, by Bernard Steinman, where all trains stop twenty minutes. Then across the plains of Sacramento, through the pleasant villages of Rocklin, Pino, Newcastle, Auburn, Clipper Gap and Colfax, in full view of the famous Gold Run and Dutch Flat mining camps, the grandest mountain scenery, Cape Horn and Donner Lake, and over the Summit to

TRUCKEE. This, the first objective point of the tourist bound for Lakes Tahoe, Donner, Webber, and Independence, is situated on the Truckee River, at an elevation of 5500 feet above the sea, surrounded by very extensive and valuable forests of pine and fir, its principal resource. Founded in 1864, named after an Indian who safely guided a pioneer party of 1844, repeatedly swept by fires, destroying the principal portion, at an aggregate loss of nearly a million dollars, it has steadily increased in business, until a single firm, the Truckee Lumber Company, (Brickell & Kruger)



A SUMMER SCENE IN THE SIERRAS.

manufacture upwards of 25,000,000 feet annually, embracing besides building material of all kinds, doors, sash, blinds and furniture, in great quantities.

A shingle mill cuts 35,000 every twenty-hours or 500 a minute.

Over 50,000 cords of wood are exported annually, mainly for railway use.

It is estimated, by competent judges, that the available timber of the Truckee basin exceeds 4,000,000,000 feet, or sufficient to last for upwards of a hundred years, at the present rate of consumption, about 50,000,000 feet annually.

Great quantities of the purest ice is harvested on the neighboring lakes and streams, nearly half a million dollars being invested in this important industry.

THE TRUCKEE HOTEL, Stewart McKay, proprietor, (also C. P. R. R. depot and general stage office) affords excellent accommodations. There is a good restaurant attached, for the convenience of overland passengers.

The train arrived at 4:55 A.M., and at 7 o'clock, we were off, by Moody's stage, for Lake Tahoe, fourteen miles distant. This is no ordinary affair, but a splendid six-seated easy coach, carrying eighteen passengers, drawn by six powerful well-trained horses, skillfully handled by a veteran driver. It runs twice daily, connecting with the C. P. R. R. train at Truckee, and the steamer Gov. Stanford at the lake.

It was a glorious morning, bright and cool—a rain having fallen the previous evening, tempering the dry mountain air, fragrant with the sweet odor of the pines, to a delicious exhilarating freshness—and also effectually laying the dust for several miles.

It is a magnificent drive, following up the dashing Truckee, a fitting outlet for the world's crowning gem of mountain lakes. From thirty to fifty feet in width, clear as crystal, pure and cold, it courses swiftly down the mountains, frequently a foaming rapid, but interrupted in its headlong descent by several dams, beginning with Von Schmidt's, near the lake. The valley is from three-quarters to a mile across, the mountains generally not precipitous or very

high, though presenting several bold, towering granite cliffs and peaks from 500 to 1800 feet above the river. The most



TRUCKEE HOTEL.
STEWART MC KAY, PROPRIETOR.

prominent of these, from their resemblance to the human

face, are known as the "old woman" and "old man" of the mountains, and the "Duke of Wellington." Thick forests of red, yellow and sugar pine, fir and cedar, extend the whole way, except where cleared by the wood and lumbermen.

The great saw-mill companies are annually cutting millions of feet of the choicest trees, having already advanced about eight miles up the river and back three or four miles therefrom.

The lumber flumes extend from the great mills at Truckee to the farthest camps, and the sides of the mountains are grooved with log chutes. Down the former are run vast quantities of wood and timber, while down the latter immense logs are shot, with the velocity of thunderbolts, into the river. At the eight-mile crossing, a five-foot monster plunged in as we passed, striking a forerunner fairly endwise, with terrific force, and the noise of distant thunder. Horse railways, and long ox-teams, are also employed in hauling out the logs from over the summit of the mountains.

AROUND LAKE TAHOE WITH CAPT. TODMAN.

Capt. J. A. Todman, of Carson City, owns the excursion line of steamers of Lake Tahoe. It comprises at present the "Niagara" and "Governor Stanford," which will be superseded another season by a much larger and finer boat, to accommodate the increasing travel. The "Niagara" makes daily trips around the lake about 50 miles, visiting all the points of interest and making connections with stages at Tahoe City for Truckee, and at Glenbrook for Carson City. Reaching

TAHOE CITY, a pretty village on the west shore of the lake, containing a fine commodious hotel, the Grand Central, by A. J. Bayley, several stores, bathing and boating houses, we find the little steamer waiting for us. The wonderful clearness of the lake, its clean cut, picturesque shores and the grandeur of the surrounding mountains at once absorb the attention.

Beginning on the right with the Rubicon mountains, 9287 feet above the sea, and sweeping the horizon, Mount

Tallac, 9715 feet in height, Mount Ralston, 9140 feet, Pyramid Peak, 10,052 feet, Job's Peak, 10,637 feet, Genoa



TAHOE CITY.

Peak, 9135 feet, and the Summits of the Tahoe Range



LAKE TAHOE, VIA TRAIL ROUTE.

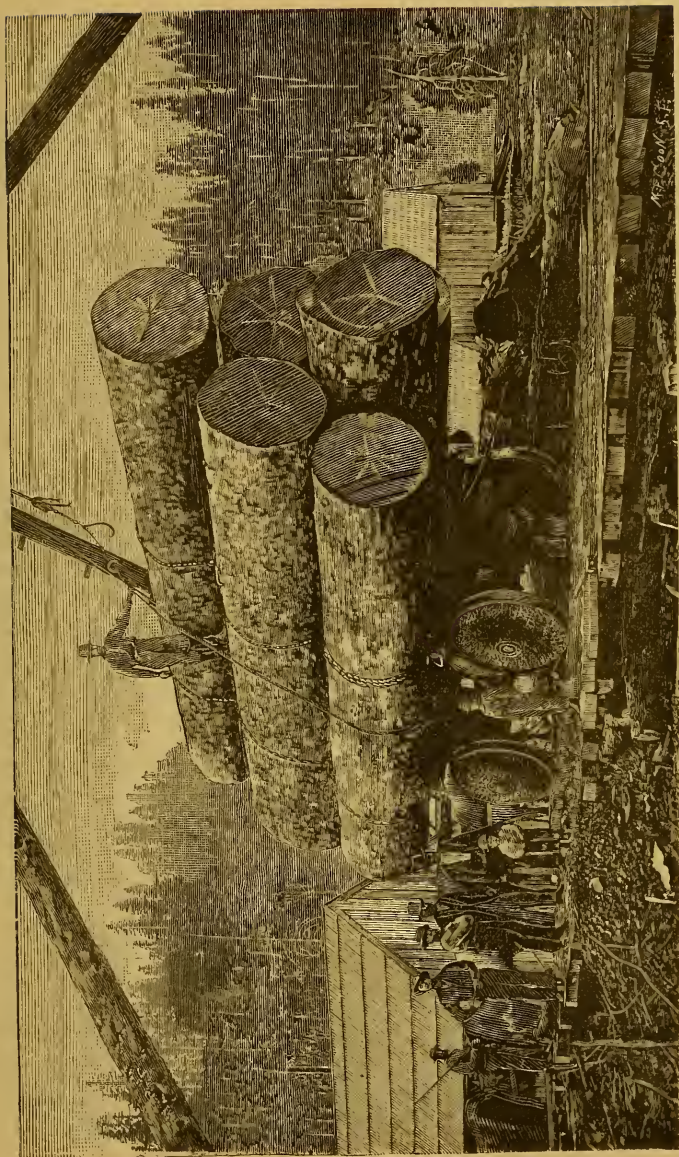
come successively in view. Down their steep, forest-covered sides swiftly descend numerous beautiful streams, Ward's Creek, Blackwood's, McKinney's Phipp's, Meek's Bay, Lonely Gulch, Cascade Falls, Cascade Lake, Taylor, Little Truckee River, Big Truckee River, Jim Small's Creek, Severy Cove Creek, Glenbrook, Secret Harbor, Big, Griffin's, Cornelian Bay and Gordon's Creek comprising the most important.

SUNNYSIDE. Running within sight of the extensive logging camp of the Central Pacific Railroad during the period of its construction, about four miles out we pass Sunnyside, the charming summer retreat of Mrs. Hays, of San Francisco, and other wealthy California families.

IDLEWILD, occupying a delightful spot on the shore under the shadow of Eagle Bluff, lies about two miles beyond. This is the summer resort of Mrs. E. B. Crocker, of Sacramento. The highest mountain peak in the distant background is known as Tinker's Knob. Then we land at

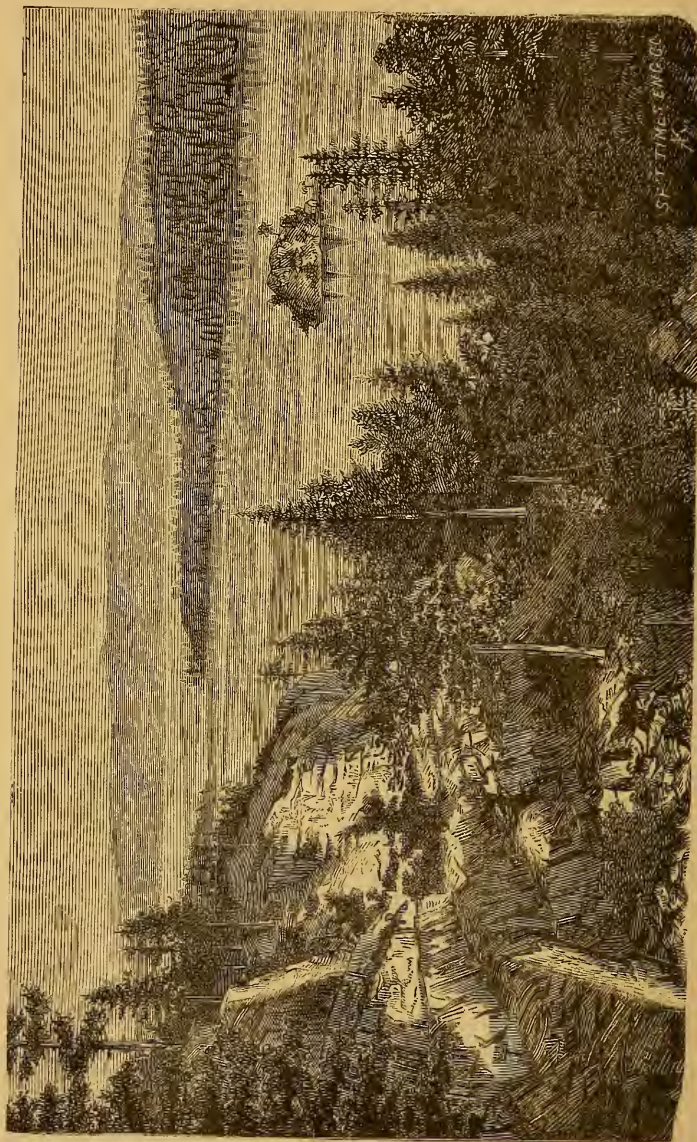
McKINNEY'S, "The Hunters' Home," nine miles from Tahoe City, a handsome village of eighteen pretty brown cottages, situated in a beautiful pine grove immediately on the shore of the lake. This is one of the most popular mountain summer resorts of the whole Sierra region, affording excellent accommodations for sixty guests. Game abounds, the trout fishing is excellent, the boating splendid and everybody made to feel quite at home by the genial host, John McKinney. A stage runs from thence ten miles to the Rubicon Mineral Springs. The old Georgetown trail also reaches the lake here.

PHIPPS', for many years the home and hunting-ground of the veteran William Phipps, lies just beyond Sugar Pine Point, about two miles from McKinney's. At Saxton's logging camp near by, a wagon loaded with five great logs, drawn by seven yoke of oxen, was standing on the shore of the lake.



LOAD OF SAW LOGS.

EMERALD BAY. The shores of Lake Tahoe are indented with beautiful bays, Crystal, Cornelian, Meeks and



EMERALD LAKE.

Emerald, the latter being the largest and most frequented. It is about 18 miles from Tahoe City, three miles long, and

about half a mile in width. Ben Holladay built a summer residence here, which his family occupied until it was burned in 1879.

Capt. Dick, an eccentric old English sailor, chose this wild mountain retreat for his home, built a cabin, and chiseled out a tomb in the solid rock, on the lonely rock-bound island near the entrance. Falling overboard, while intoxicated, Lake Tahoe, which it is said, never gives up its dead, became his last resting-place, instead of the grave he had prepared.

TALLAC. Soon we sight the handsome white hotel building and cottages of Tallac, occupying a charming situation, in a splendid grove of pine, tamrack and poplar, on the shore of the lake, at the base of Mount Tallac. E. J. Baldwin, owner of the magnificent Baldwin of San Francisco, has made very extensive and complete improvements here, his fine Hotel Tallac and cottages affording first-class accommodations for 150 guests. Capt. Gordon, the popular manager, and a throng of happy people, met us at the landing. Tallac lies central amidst the grandest scenery and the best sporting grounds of Lake Tahoe. From the summit of the back lying mountains, a dozen lakes are visible, Fallen Leaf Lake, Echo, Wright's, Potter's, Grass, Cascade, Gilmore Lake, and others, from 6500 to 8400 feet above the sea.

The Glen Alpine Mineral Springs—soda, iron and sulphur, are situated seven miles from Tallac.

Five miles further brings us to

ROWLAND'S, a pleasant village of hotels, stores and farm-houses, situated in a fine grove of pines near the east end of the lake, surrounded by an extensive body of grazing and meadow lands, occupied by dairymen. Lake Valley, about six miles wide, extending back into the mountains ten or twelve miles, affords summer pasturage for 1800 cows.

The meadows are full of geese and ducks during the fall and winter months.

A stage runs twice a week from Rowland's to Placerville.

Proceeding, we no longer skirt the shore of the lake, but pursue a direct course to

GLENBROOK, about thirteen miles from Rowland's,



TAEOE HOT SPRINGS.

and the same distance from Tahoe City. En route, we look into the mouth of the cave at Cave Rock, and trace out the Shaksperian features of Shakspeare Rock—from the summit of which a young girl, Carrie Rice, fell a few years ago.

Glenbrook is a very pretty village, and the principal business center of Lake Tahoe. It lies in Nevada, we having crossed the line from California about four miles out from Rowland's. Here is a good hotel, the Lake Shore House, W. A. B. Cobb, proprietor, where all stage and steamer excursionists stop for meals; a store, by J. M. Short, billiard hall, by F. S. Jellerson, and three large saw-mills, owned by Bliss & Yerrington, the wealthiest and most enterprising business firm of the interior. Their narrow gauge railway carries the lumber to the summit, a thousand feet above the lake, whence it and immense quantities of wood, are run in a great water-flume, upwards of thirty miles in length with its feeders, to their extensive yards at Carson City, fourteen miles distant.

BY STAGE TO CARSON.

There are two daily lines of good stages, J. M. Benton's and Keyser & Elrod's, which run to Carson City upon the arrival of the steamer at Glenbrook. It is a splendid ride for several miles up the picturesque Glenbrook, over the Summit to Spooner's old stage station, down past the little inn known as Saints Rest, by the oldest mill in Nevada, across Clear Creek, through the Devil's Gate into Carson Valley.

Here Jerry Bruso, the excellent driver of Benton's stage, points out a cluster of poplars where Lucky Bill was hung a few years ago by the Vigilantes for murdering and robbing a Frenchman from whom he had purchased a band of cattle.

CARSON CITY, the Capital of Nevada, the location of the U. S. Mint, State Penitentiary and also of the wonderful Carson Foot Prints, will be of great interest to the tourist. It is situated 31 miles from Reno, on the Central Pacific Railroad, and 21 miles from

VIRGINIA CITY. Taking the train at Carson, I proceed to this remarkable City of the Desert, past a succession of the greatest mines, quartz mills and mining towns in the New World. I was fortunate in riding with an intelligent practical miner of 14 years' experience at Virginia City, who knew every mine, mill and shaft thoroughly. First came Empire City, then the Brunswick 56-stamp silver quartz mill, next the Eureka 60-stamp, the Vivian 16-stamp, San Diego 30-stamp, all run by water from the Carson River. Here we leave the river, and ascending a grade of from 116 to 122 feet to the mile, look down on the right upon Silver City, American Flat and the wonderful city of Gold Hill. The bald mountains are now honey-combed in all directions with the mines and shafts which have poured out their millions to enrich the few and rob tens of thousands of unfortunate speculators. As rapidly as I can write we pass the Delaware, Baltimore, Knickerbocker, New York, Caledonia, Alta, Justice, Overman, Belcher, Crown Point, Yellow Jacket group, Imperial, Ward, Savage, Chollar, Potosi, Hale & Norcross, Gould & Curry, Consolidated Virginia, California, Ophir, Mexican, Union, Sierra Nevada and Utah Mines, and others too numerous to mention. Of these the Consolidated Virginia, California, Crown Point, Gould & Curry, Hale & Norcross and Belcher have been wonderfully rich, others have paid well, but none are now returning dividends.

Virginia City is not therefore in a very flourishing condition at present, but hopeful that future developments will bring back her former prosperity. The city is said to be slowly sliding down the mountains, being undermined by the numerous mining shafts and tunnels. The great Comstock mines, now worked to a depth of 3100 feet, will richly repay a visit. Virginia City has a magnificent six-story hotel, complete in all its appointments, A. Hanak, proprietor.

TRIP No. 2, CONTINUED.—*From the Mound House, Nevada, to Owens Lake, California, via Carson and Colorado Railroad; H. M. Yerrington, President and Superintendent; D. A. Bender, General Freight and Passenger Agent.*

THE MOUND HOUSE, 11 miles from Virginia City, is the junction of the Carson and Colorado, with the Virginia and Truckee Railroad. The Mound House is so called from having been built near a great earth mound. After passing through several hands and being removed from its original site, it is now owned by Mrs. Maggie Coburn and converted into a comfortable lodging house. From this point the Carson and Colorado Railroad Company have built and equipped an excellent narrow-gauge railway, 296 miles south to Owens Lake, Inyo county, about 100 miles north of Mojave, on the Southern Pacific. It traverses lengthwise that great stretch of country lying along the eastern base of the Sierras, embracing Esmeralda County, Nevada, and Inyo County, California. It is rich in silver, gold and copper, contains numerous deposits of salt, borax and sulphur, and a much greater extent of lands capable of cultivation than is generally supposed. Although the average rainfall is the minimum found in any portion of the United States, and the general aspect of the country barren and forbidding, destitute of timber and foliage, except a scattering growth of stunted pinion pine on the mountains, and cottonwood and willow along the water-courses, a fine sedimentary soil prevails in the valleys, which wherever irrigated, produces abundant crops of grain and fruit of all kinds.

Following down the Carson River for about 25 miles, through the old mining town of Dayton, in sight of the great Sutro Tunnel and old Fort Churchill, the train stops for a good dinner at

THE WABUSKA HOUSE, by E. P. Lovejoy, Wabuska. From thence the road runs along the eastern shore of Walkers Lake, through the Schurz Piute Indian Reservation to Hawthorne, 100 miles from the Mound House and seven miles from the rich Mount Corey mines. A daily stage runs from thence to Bodie, 37 miles, and to the other principal min-

ing towns of Mono county. Luning, 25 miles further, is the center of the Santa Fe mining district, rich in silver and copper. Near the Soda Springs Station, 12 miles beyond, there are hot soda springs and bathing facilities. The Soda Springs House, by J. Prescott Davis, affords good hotel accommodations. Dunlap's Copper Mine, reported very rich, is 15 miles distant.

From Bellville a branch runs eight miles to Candelaria, in the Garfield mining district, where the most productive mines in this section are located, the Indian Queen, North Belt, Lottie, Lancashire and others. U. S. Mail stages run from Candelaria to Columbus, Silver Peak, Montezuma, Alida Valley, Gold Mountain and other points.

Now we ascend the White Mountains by an admirable grade, from 120 to 134 feet to the mile, and then descend into the great Owens River Valley of Inyo County.

INYO COUNTY comprises an area of 12,000 square miles of the most diversified surface in America, ranging from the summit of Mount Whitney, 1500 feet above the sea, to Death Valley, 400 feet below. It is traversed by the Sierra Nevada, Alabama, Inyo, White, Ubehaba, Argus, Calico and Telescope mountains, and embraces besides the great Owens River Valley, Eureka, Deep, Spring, Round, Saline Panamint, Death and other valleys. Its principal settlements are Round Valley, Bishop Creek, Big Pine, Independence, Olancho, Swansea, Cerro Gordo, Darwin, Camp Reilly and Panamint. Bishop Creek, Union, Russ, Big Pine, Fish Springs, Kearsage, Alabama, Old Coso, Slate Range, Lee, Argus Range, Granite, Deep Spring, Sylvania, Waucoba, Ubeheba, Beveridge, Swansea, Cerro Gordo, Snow's Cañon, Lone Pine, Look Out, Wild Rose and Saratoga are the most important mining districts. They contain gold, silver, lead, antimony, zinc, bismuth, iron, sulphur, soda, borax, salt, potash, marble, gypsum, asbestos, mica, burr-stone, Sierra Nevada granite, gneiss and limestone. It is estimated that there are 12,000 acres of borax, soda and saline lands. The county has yielded about \$14,000,000 worth of precious minerals, chiefly silver, since 1862. The total population is only 3000.

OWENS VALLEY, which embraces the largest portion of this interior country adapted to agriculture, is about 90 miles in length and from 5 to 8 miles in width, bounded by the Sierras on the west and the White mountains on the east. The Owens River, a considerable stream rising in the Sierra Nevada mountains, flows through it into Owens Lake. Bishop, Big, Pine and Oak Creeks, all having sources in the Sierras, are its principal tributaries.

The valley is about 4598 feet above the sea, its soil a fine alluvial, wonderfully productive of all kinds of grains, fruits and roots. The water is good, and obtained at a depth of from 12 to 15 feet from the surface. Average temperature, about 59°; coldest, 11° below; hottest, 112° above zero. There is a light fall of snow in winter, generally not exceeding six inches, and remaining but a short time.

BISHOP CREEK is the largest settlement, containing about 1000 people and farming by irrigation about 8000 acres. Most of the heads of families came here in 1861-2. They had several severe battles with the Piutes, at considerable loss of life and property, and were badly shaken up by the earthquake of 1872, but with true American grit held on to their homes through these troublesome times, to the advent of the railway, and the beginning of a new era of development. By the economical utilization of the waters of Owens River and tributary streams now running to waste or lost by evaporation and absorption, at least 150,000 acres of the valley could be brought under profitable cultivation, supporting a large population.

Remaining over night at Bishop Creek, where there are good accommodations, at the Railroad House, by Mrs. D. B. Russell, and the Owens' Valley House, by Mr. Burton McGee, the following morning I rode to the end of the track, at Hawley, Owens Lake, about seventy-two miles distant.

En route, we passed through Miller, Tibbetts, Independence, Lone Pine and Swansea. The violent earthquake of 1872 spent its greatest force at Lone Pine, killing twenty-five people. The valley for a long distance dropped down

about twenty feet, the perpendicular wall then formed being plainly seen from the train.

THE GRANDEST MOUNTAIN VIEWS afforded by the entire Sierra Nevada Range are obtained from near Independence. Mount Whitney and the neighboring chain of peaks, from 12,000 to 15,000 feet above the sea, rise precipitous, bare and sharply outlined, from 6000 to 10,000 feet above the valley. There is a good horseback trail from Lone Pine to the summit of Mount Whitney, about fifty miles—the ascent requiring four days for the round trip.

A BATH IN OWENS LAKE.—Owens Lake is the most remarkable body of mineral water on the continent. It is about seventeen miles long, nine miles wide and fifty feet deep, and though the reservoir of Owens River, George, Lone Pine, Cottonwood and Ash Creeks, carrying great bodies of fresh mountain water, shows the following analysis:

Specific gravity.....	1.25
100 liters=26.42 gals. contains:	
Potassium sulphate	644.87
Sodium sulphate.....	929.07
" carbonate.....	2440.80
" chloride....	2328.30
Silica acid.....	17.21
	<hr/>
	636.025

I found the borders for several rods from the water thickly crusted with these sodas and salts, which cut the feet like sharp stones. Reaching the shore, I waded through a yellow, sickly scum of the consistency of soft soap, for several yards. Then came a winrow of millions of dead flies, nearly a rod in width. I looked up and down the lake, and seeing that they evidently extended all the way round, mustered courage to plunge through. It certainly possesses very remarkable cleansing properties, whatever may be its other virtues. There are convenient fresh water springs on the shore, in which the natives generally wash after bathing in the lake.

I returned via Reno, where there are excellent hotel accommodations—at the Depot Hotel, by W. R. Chamber-

lain, also at the Palace Hotel, by Perkins & White, opposite, and livery at the Reno Livery, by Dean & Wilson, owners of the Nevada Theatre Building. All trains stop here thirty minutes.

TRIP No. 3—*From San Francisco to Lakes Tahoe, Donner, Independence and Webber, California. Round trip, 650 miles.*

DONNER LAKE, that charming body of water of which you get glimpses through those provoking snow-sheds, while riding over the summit—is situated about three miles from Truckee, on the Central Pacific Railway, and 274 miles from San Francisco. It is about three miles long, one and a half miles in width, and 250 feet in depth, with handsome gravelly shores, surrounded by a fine forest of pine, fir and tamrack. Its remarkable beauty alone would have given it a first place among the lake gems of the Sierras, but it has been immortalized by the terrible fate of the Donner* party, thirty-four of whom died from starvation near its shores, in 1846, and also by the paintings of Bierstadt.

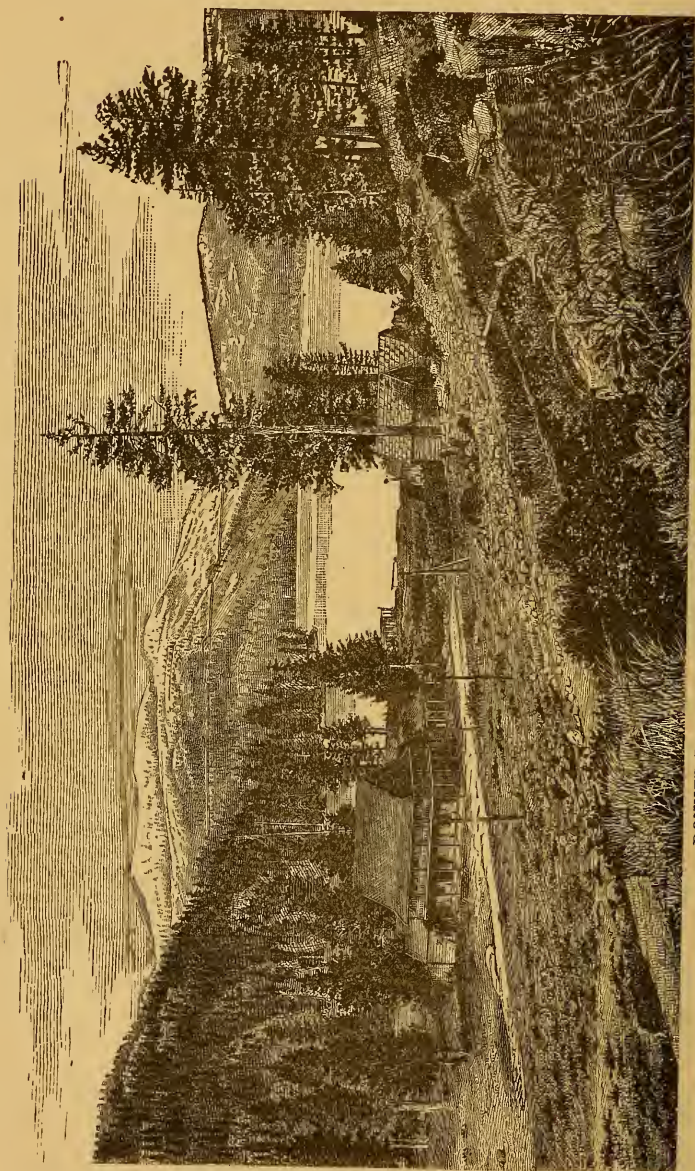
Reaching Truckee en route, though at the early hour of 4:50 A. M., the irrepressible small boy, of an enquiring mind, was at the station. Pointing to Major Ben Truman's excellent Tourists' Guide, he exclaimed, "Got Peck's Bad Boy?" When I told him that, though I hadn't that wonderful book, I knew very well the man who wrote it, he became much interested, and kindly showed me the way to the lake.

The road is a good one, bearing westward from the town, skirting the green meadows, where the snow-bound Donner party, wrapped in the cold white shrouds of the merciless storm-king, lay down for their final rest. Their last camping place, the stumps of the trees they had cut for fuel, and their cabins, were pointed out to me. One of the survivors, Mrs. Lewis, daughter of Mr. Reed, told me recently that the snow was over 50 feet in depth, and that they did not know of the existence of Donner Lake.

Soon after reaching the fine grove on the eastern shore, the rising sun, first gilding the summits of the mountains,

* See the intensely thrilling "History of the Donner Party," by C. F. McGlashen, Esq., the well-known brilliant author and lawyer of Truckee, Cal.

then shed the full glory of his golden rays over the clear, still waters smiling beneath.



DONNER LAKE—BY PERMISSION OF C. F. McGLASHEN.

Riding out about a mile, we reached “Echo Rock,” and

shouting a loud good morning, three responses were distinctly heard.

The lake freezes from one to three feet thick in winter, and then eclipses all of the artificial skating rinks in the world.

Returning to Truckee, I was presented by the author, Mr. W. H. Edwards, editor of the *Truckee Republican*, with Edwards' Tourists' Guide of the Truckee Basin, a complete and excellent description of this interesting region, finely illustrated by excellent views taken by Mr. H. K. Gage, of Truckee, several of which, by kind permission, appear in this work.

From Truckee I proceeded to Independence Lake, 16 miles distant, by the Sierraville Stage Line, G. Q. Buxton, proprietor, which makes tri-weekly trips to Eureka Mills, 50 miles, *via* Webber Lake, Sierra Valley and Jameson's City, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, returning alternate days. The previous evening the stage was stopped by two masked men, twelve miles from Truckee, and robbed of about a thousand dollars. The driver told me that one of the passengers was a Methodist minister, who for a wonder had some \$30 in his pocket. When the robbers came to him he remarked, as though of course the announcement would secure him a pass-by:

"I am a Methodist minister."

"Ha! ha! Just the man we are after; fork over," replied the robber.

But they were not entirely heartless. One passenger, who had some money but no courage, was so overcome with fear that he lay back on his seat, pale as a ghost. Looking at him, the leader of the gang said: "That fellow's sick; let him go." An old lady was also permitted to go unsearched.

INDEPENDENCE LAKE is situated about 16 miles northeast of Truckee, 6700 feet above the sea, in the midst of a fine forest of tamarack, fir and pine.

Mount Lola rises to the height of 1100 feet, four miles to the northward. Both the lake and this mountain were named on the 4th of July, 1853, the former in honor of our National birthday, and the latter from Lola Montez, or the

"Countess of Landsfeldt," who was present at the launching of a vessel on the lake at that date.

It is a most beautiful body of water, clear as crystal, about three miles in length, three-quarters of a mile wide and 700 feet in depth. Like all these mountain lakes, it is full of splendid trout, and the neighboring woods abound with game, great and small—bear, deer, grouse, etc. From June until October it is one of the favorite resorts of the coast. A comfortable hotel is kept open during the season. A. W. Sisson, of San Francisco, is the owner of the property.

WEBBER LAKE. A two hours' walk brought me to the shore of Webber Lake. It lies 26 miles northwest of Truckee, 6925 feet above the sea, and is about one mile in length, three-quarters of a mile wide, and 85 feet deep. Its shores are gravelly and clean, bordered by pleasant groves of tamarack and pine, with a fine green meadow opening on the south side. It is not only one of the most beautiful of all these mountain lakes, but situated in the midst of the grandest scenery. White Rock Peak on the southeast, Webber Peak on the west and Observation Point on the north, rear their heads from 2500 to 3000 feet above the surface.

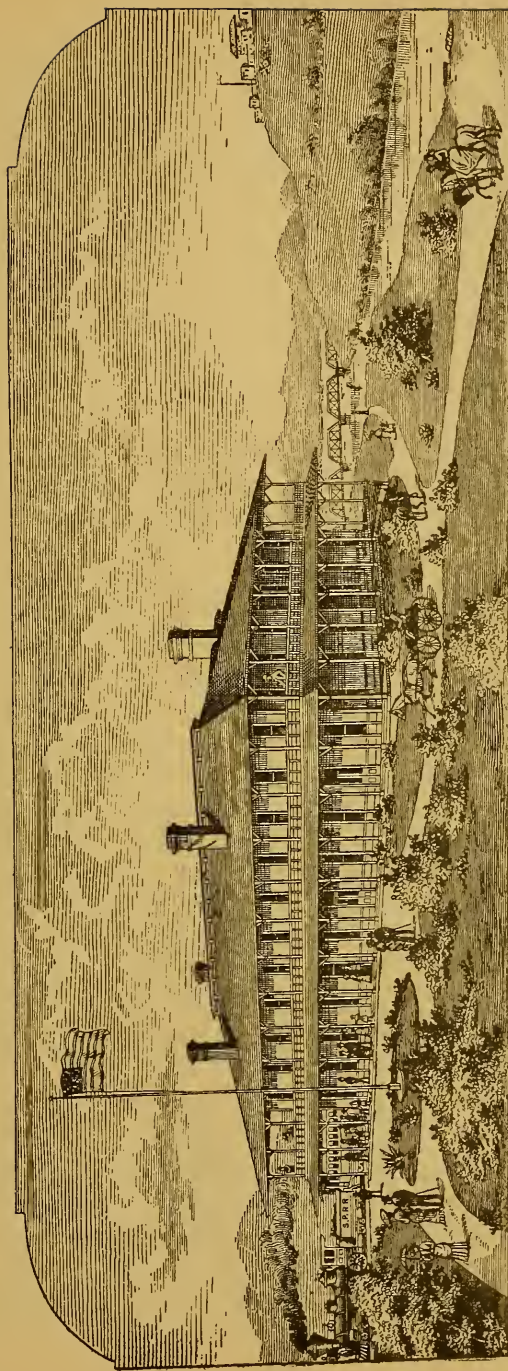
Three-quarters of a mile below, the Little Truckee River, its outlet, dashes down a precipice over a hundred feet, and thence flows through a wild, rock-bound gorge.

The charming Lake of the Woods is only a mile distant, 570 feet above. The trout fishing and hunting are unsurpassed anywhere in this region.

There is a good hotel situated in a fine grove of tamarack on the north shore, on the old Hennessey Pass Road, open from May until winter.

TRIP No. 4. —*From San Francisco to Yuma, Arizona, via Central and Southern Pacific Railway, Oakland, Lathrop, Mojave, Los Angeles and Colton. Round trip, 1462 miles.*

Fort Yuma is situated in San Diego County, California, on the Colorado River, about 150 miles from its mouth—730 miles, by rail, from San Francisco. The town of Yuma lies



WEAVER'S SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY HOTEL, YUMA, A. T.

on the opposite, or east bank of the river, in Arizona. Before the construction of the Southern Pacific Railway it was the chief point of distribution of supplies for the military posts of this region, and commanded its principal trade. The climate, though extremely hot during the mid-summer months, is very healthy, free from all malaria, and one of the most enjoyable in the Union from September until May. The sun shines almost perpetually, the entire annual rainfall rarely exceeding four inches. It is without doubt one of the best climates in the world for consumptives and asthmatics.

THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC HOTEL, under the excellent management of Mr. H. W. Weaver, offers first-class accommodations. Mr. Weaver is also the proprietor of the fine hotel at India, 120 miles west of Yuma, in the Coquilla Valley, 100 feet below the sea. The Colorado River is a considerable stream, carrying a large volume of the purest water, and navigable, ten months in the year, to the mouth of Virgin River, 440 miles from Yuma. Castle Dome, Picacho, Norton's Landing, Ehrenberg, Aubrey, Needles, Fort Mojave and El Dorado Cañon are the principal landings. The river is highest in December and January and June and July. The Cocopah, Yumas, Chemehuevis, Mojave, Pahutes and Coweas Indians live upon it. Those seen at Yuma were tall, well formed and nearly naked. Captain Polhamus, who has run steamers on the Colorado since 1856, informed me that the tide ebbs and flows thirty-two feet at its mouth, coming in with a loud roar, backing up its waters for sixty miles, overflowing an extensive delta, which, by dyking, might be utilized for the cultivation of rice.

THE ROUTE TO YUMA

Is one of great interest, affording in succession glimpses of the most beautiful and desolate portions of the Golden State. It traverses the whole length of the San Joaquin Valley, the most extensive on the Pacific slope, crosses the Tehachapi Mountains, through the remarkable

railway loop, runs along the borders of the Mojave Desert, then through the wild pass of Soledad and the great San Fernando Tunnel to Los Angeles and the beautiful valley of orange groves and vineyards, thence through the famous San Gabriel Valley, near Riverside and San Bernardino, across 200 miles of the Colorado Desert, *via* the Pass of San Gorgonio.

THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD HOTEL, Los Angeles, H. A. Clawson, proprietor, is a large, first-class establishment, affording excellent accommodations for those who desire to stop over to see Los Angeles and the neighboring places and points of interest. Street cars run every $7\frac{1}{2}$ minutes to all parts of the city, and railway trains leave daily for Santa Monica, Willmore City, Fulton, Wells, Anaheim, San Gabriel, Riverside, etc., etc.

THE SOUTHERN HOTEL, W. B. Salmon, proprietor, is situated at 648, 650 and 652 San Fernando street, opposite the new C. P. R. R. depot.

TRIP No. 5.—*From San Francisco to Santa Ana, Los Angeles County, California, by the Southern Pacific Railroad, returning via Mojave and the Needles, on the Colorado River. Round trip, 1512 miles.*

Having already described the general features of the country from San Francisco to Santa Ana, in Los Angeles County, by the overland route, it remains to briefly notice that stretch of 240 miles of barren waste extending from Mojave to the Needles. The great Colorado Desert lies mainly in Eastern San Diego, San Bernardino and Kern Counties, California, and considered as a whole is a worthless region, except for its mineral resources. These are great, and the discoveries and developments of the last few months along the line of the Southern Pacific from Mojave eastward are of the most promising character. At

WATERMAN'S, Waterman & Porter own a rich silver mine and operate a ten-stamp quartz mill.

DAGGETT, ten miles beyond, is seven miles south of the rich

Calico silver mines, and near the very promising Ord Mountain and Lava Bed silver, copper and gold discoveries.

THE RAILROAD HOTEL, of Daggett, by V. Van Breisen, affords good accommodations.

EXTENSIVE LAVA BEDS are now seen on the right for a long distance.

About two miles from Amboy a magnificent volcanic crater, about three-quarters of a mile in diameter, rises like a vast amphitheater, 500 or 600 feet above the general level of the desert.

NEEDLES is situated near the west bank of the Colorado River, in San Bernardino Co., Cal., 622 miles southeast of San Francisco. It derives its name from three sharp peaks of the Wallupa range of mountains, about 20 miles distant, in Arizona.

Here the Southern Pacific meets the Atlantic and Pacific Railway, opening another trans-continental line. Needles is about 277 miles above Yuma, and 163 miles below Virgin River. At the latter point there are very extensive deposits of rock salt of the finest quality.

There are large bodies of land along the Colorado which only need water to become very productive. An extensive canal scheme is projected for the irrigation of about 25,000 acres by the Colorado River. Gen. Fremont and others have advocated that the General Government should undertake the reclamation of the Colorado Desert at large by the same means. Judging from what I have seen, the area susceptible of cultivation, as compared with the whole, is too limited to warrant the expenditure for hundreds of years to come.

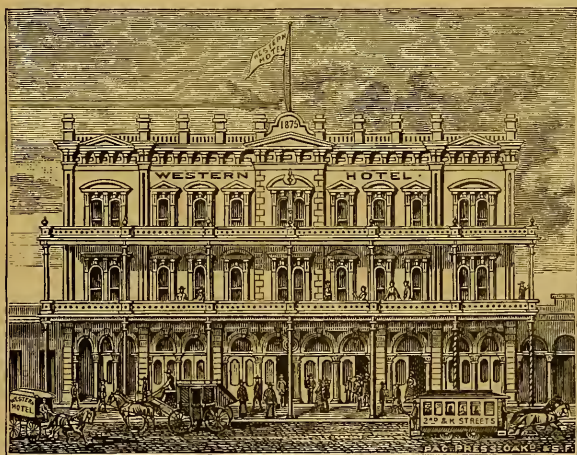
THE JUNCTION HOUSE AND DEPOT of the S. P. R. R., at the Needles, Hodges, Little & Co., proprietors, affords first class accommodations.

A RICH FIND.—Three miners, recently prospecting in the mountains near the Needles, discovered an abandoned shaft with a piece of rope still attached to the windlass.

After testing and finding it strong enough to hold, one of them began the descent. When down about 25 feet he suddenly cried out in great alarm for his companions to haul him up. He reached the surface pale and trembling, with just sufficient strength to articulate between his gasps for breath, "Snakes! snakes!!" Lowering a light, sure enough, about twenty-five full-grown rattlesnakes raised their heads ready for action, at the bottom of the hole. One of the party related to me this snake story.

TRIP No. 6.--*From San Francisco to Redding, California, via Davis and Tehama, returning via Marysville, Sacramento, Stockton, Lathrop, Livermore and Niles. Round trip, 569 miles.*

Returning from Yuma, I proceeded by rail to Redding, Shasta County, Cal., the present northern terminus of the Oregon Division of the Central Pacific Railway. This route extends the whole length of the great Sacramento Valley, passing through its famous wheat, wool and fruit growing districts, and its most important cities and towns. The landscape is exceedingly attractive, extensive scopes of country, especially in the northern portion, being handsomely wooded with live



THE NEW WESTERN HOTEL,

209 to 219 K Street, Sacramento. Two blocks from C. P. R. R. Depot.

WILLIAM LAND, PROPRIETOR

A. W. MORRISON, CHIEF CLERK.

The leading business and family hotel of Sacramento. Splendid light rooms, with or without board. Meals, 25 cents. Free 'Bus meets all trains.

oak. The most picturesque scenery lies between Lathrop and San Francisco, through the Diablo range of mountains.

Travelers stopping over at Redding will be well provided for at the Redding Hotel, B. Conroy, proprietor.

At Sacramento the

NEW WESTERN HOTEL, Wm. Land, proprietor, justly claims to be one of the best houses in that city, and unsurpassed on the coast for affording good accommodations at reasonable prices. Their omnibus meets all trains at the great depot of the C. P. R. R.

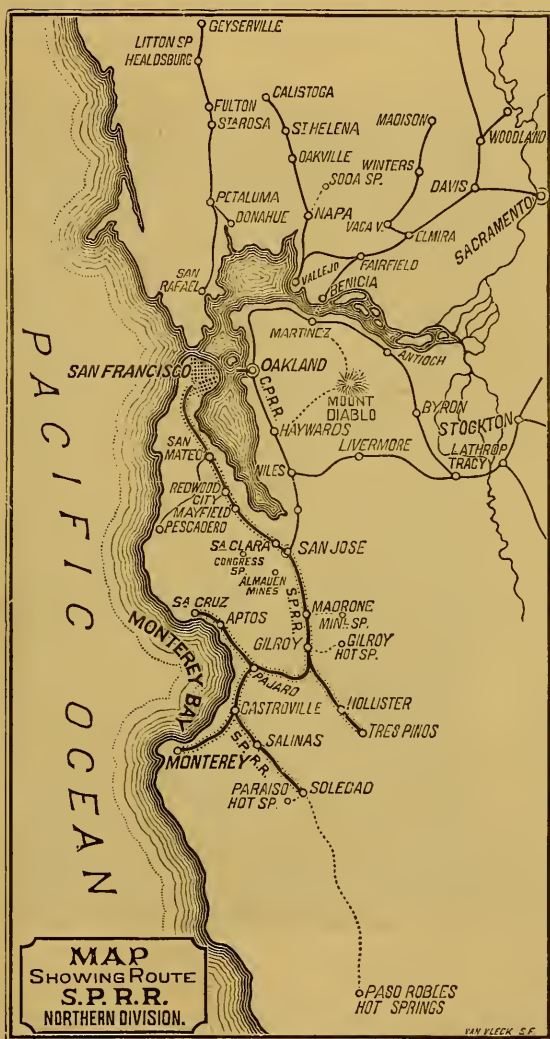
THE SHANNON HOUSE, R. T. Shannon, proprietor, situated at Lathrop, the junction of the C. P. R. R. and S. P. R. R., where all trains stop twenty minutes, is a good second class hotel; meals, 25 cents.

TRIP No. 7.—*From San Francisco to the Paraiso Hot Mineral Springs, returning via Monterey and Gilroy Hot Mineral Springs. Round trip, 355 miles.*

Leaving San Francisco by the Southern Pacific Railway from Fourth and Townsend streets, the route traverses the Santa Clara Valley, famous for its beauty and fertility, orchards and vineyards, delightful towns and magnificent country seats, *via* Milbrae, San Mateo, Belmont, Menlo Park, Santa Clara, San Jose and Gilroy, then follows down the picturesque Pajaro River to the great Salinas Valley, through Salinas, Chualar and Gonzales, reaching Soledad, the terminus, 143 miles from San Francisco, at 5:13 P. M., and the Springs about 6:30 P. M.

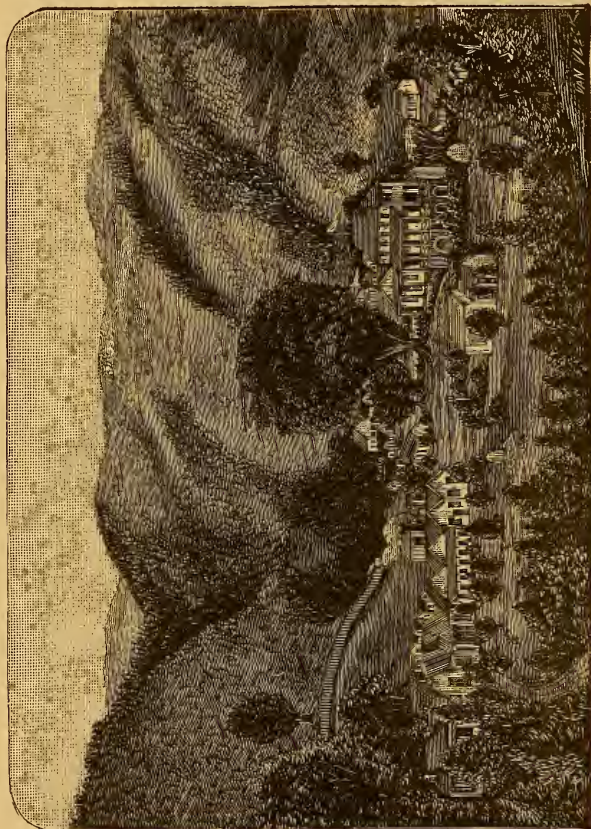
THE CELEBRATED PARAISO HOT MINERAL SPRINGS are situated at an elevation of 1400 feet above the sea, on the eastern foot-hills of the Coast Range of Mountains, in Monterey County, 150 miles from San Francisco, and seven miles from Soledad, the present terminus of the Northern Division of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

The principal springs are hot and cold, soda, sulphur and iron, and remarkably efficacious for the cure of rheumatism, dyspepsia, neuralgia, kidney and liver complaints.



The situation is one of the most delightful I have ever seen, the grounds embracing a tract of 300 acres, with a sunny Eastern exposure, amply shaded by handsome live oak, and other native forest trees, perfectly protected from all harsh winds by the surrounding hills, and commanding an extensive and magnificent valley and mountain view.

There are excellent accommodations for 150 guests, com-



THE PARAISO HOT AND COLD MINERAL SPRINGS.

J. P. REEVE, - - - OWNER AND PROPRIETOR.

prising besides a commodious hotel building, 21 neat handsomely furnished cottages, music, billiard and dining-halls, shooting gallery, croquet grounds, swings, drives and walks, and a fine livery of carriage and saddle-horses.

There are excellent bathing facilities for hot and cold, soda, sulphur, iron and mud baths, the latter highly recommended for the cure of obstinate cases of rheumatism.

The Hot Soda Springs, having a temperature of from 102° to 121° , have also made remarkable cures of paralytics, who sought relief in vain elsewhere.

The climate is unsurpassed for equability and salubrity, absolutely free from all malaria, possessing a delightful mean the year round.

There is good deer, rabbit and quail hunting in the neighboring hills, and trout fishing within five miles.

It is open the year round, and is one of the most enjoyable and deservedly popular summer and winter resorts on the coast. Its patronage is increasing so rapidly, that extensive improvements are now in progress, comprising the building of several new cottages, a large dining-hall, etc.

A skillful physician, Dr. W. L. Newlands, late of San Francisco, is in constant attendance.

An easy four-horse coach meets all trains at Soledad, and conveys guests, over a gradual and smooth grade, to the Springs, where their popular owner, Mr. J. P. Reeve and his excellent wife, devote personal attention to their comfort.

Excursion tickets for the round trip to and from San Francisco are \$11.50, good for six months.

There is telephonic and telegraphic communication to all points, and Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express and post-office at the Springs.

Analysis of Paraiso Hot Mineral Springs by Professor Cichi. One gallon of water from Soda Springs contains:

	GRAINS.
Matter volatile on ignition, so called organic matter.....	5.25
Silica..	2.62
Alumina and iron.....	1.60
Magnesia, trace.	
Chloride of potassium.....	.35
Chloride of sodium.....	3.50
Sulphate of soda.....	35.50
Carbonate of soda.....	4.23
Sulphate of lime.....	4.32
Carbonate of lime.	1.43

Total.....58.80

Temperature..... 118° F.

The Sulphur Springs contain a large per centage of sulphate of soda, sulphate of lime, peroxide of iron, bicarbonate of magnesia, organic matter, sulphate of potassia. Temperature, 114° F.

The Mud Bath combine the properties of both soda and sulphur springs.

THE GILROY HOT MINERAL SPRINGS.—The famous Gilroy Hot Mineral Springs are charmingly situated on Coyote Creek, in the Pacheco Mountains, an extension of the Diablo Range, about 1500 feet above the sea, 92 miles from San Francisco, and 12 miles from Gilroy, on the Southern Pacific Railway.

They were first discovered and taken up in 1853, by two Spaniards, Jose and Ignacia Ortega, who were attracted by the vapors rising from the springs, while herding sheep in the neighboring hills.

The following year they were purchased by Messrs. Roop and Oldham—Roop & Tennant being the present proprietors. The springs property embraces a very picturesque 400 acre tract of handsome, rolling foot-hills, finely wooded with live oak, pine, laurel and sycamore, supplying the table with an abundance of fresh milk and vegetables.

There are numerous springs, cold and hot—the most important having a temperature ranging from 109° to 115°—sulphur, iron, magnesia and iodine being its most prominent ingredients. They are unrivaled for the cure of rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, liver, kidney and kindred diseases.

The climate is dry and exhilarating, exempt from the coast fogs and winds, one of the most healthy and enjoyable in the world.

The improvements are among the most extensive and complete of any sanitarium on the Pacific coast, comprising a main building, with thirty-two handsomely furnished apartments, large fine parlors and dining-room, a seventeen-room lodging hall, nineteen cosy cottages, billiard-room, fountains, flower garden, livery, post and telegraph offices, etc., and everything necessary for the perfect accommodation of 250 guests.

The bathing facilities are excellent—sixteen large bathrooms, a plunge-bath for ladies and one for gentlemen; also a mud bath for severe cases of rheumatism.

The large and increasing patronage of these popular springs is sufficient evidence of their virtues and the excellence of their management.

John Paine's daily coach meets the two o'clock train at Gilroy; the fare for the round trip, from San Francisco, being eight dollars, with a deduction of two dollars for the Saturday excursion train, returning Monday.

TRIP No. 8. — *Through the Napa Valley to the Napa and Calistoga Springs. Round trip, 160 miles.*

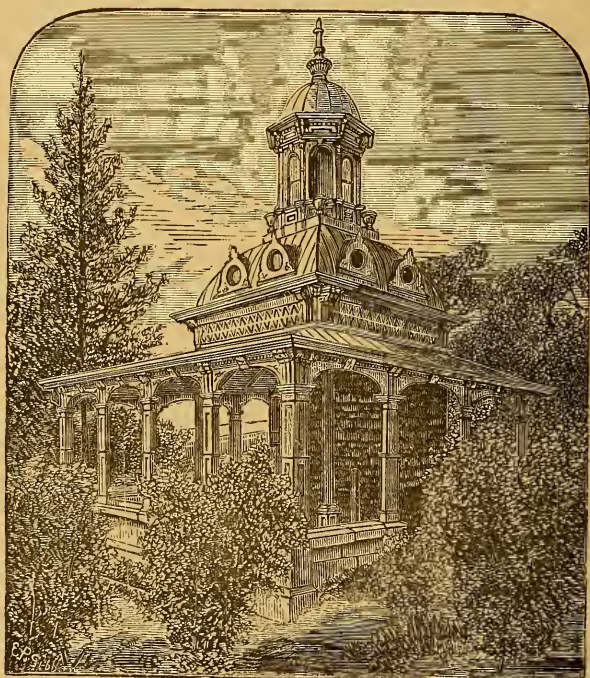
Leaving the Market street ferry at 8 A. M., 32 miles out crossing the Carquinas Straits two miles by steamer to South Vallejo, and thence by rail 42 miles through the Napa Valley, famous for its beauty and fertility, extensive orchards and vineyards, affords one of the most enjoyable day's excursions on the coast.

THE NAPA SODA SPRINGS. The celebrated Napa Soda Springs are situated on the western foothills of the mountain range lying between the Sacramento and Napa Valleys, about 1000 feet above the level of the sea, six miles northeast of Napa City and 45 miles from San Francisco. The Springs property embraces a magnificent tract of 1020 acres, finely wooded with live oak, laurel and madrona, abundantly supplied with excellent water from living streams and springs, and commanding one of the most delightful views upon the continent.

Extensive improvements have been made, comprising an imposing and handsome circular structure called the Rotunda, 120 feet in diameter and 75 feet in height, an elegant club-house, the tower, ivy, garden and bottling houses, music and dining halls, hot and cold baths, a swimming pool cut out of the solid rock 200 feet in length; orchards, vineyards and gardens, arbors, walks and drives, water and gas works, a telephone to Napa, etc., etc., affording the

most perfect accommodations for 250 guests. There were 125 there a few days before my visit.

From the mineral springs, some 20 in number, flows an inexhaustible supply of the popular Napa Soda, the most extensively consumed mineral water on the Pacific coast. From 250 to 300 dozen bottles are put up daily, the June shipment, I am informed, amounting to 8054 dozen, or 96,540 bottles, orders coming from British Columbia, Mexico and China.



NAPA PAGODA SPRING.

Col. J. P. Jackson, of the *Evening Post*, is the owner of this valuable property. A four-horse coach meets all trains at Napa. Request the driver to take the upper road, which affords the most extensive and beautiful views, and also to pass through the handsome grounds of Gen. Miller's country residence.

Analysis of water from Napa Soda Springs, made by
Prof. Louis Lanzsweert:

Temperature Fahrenheit	68°
	Grains.
Residue from the evaporation of a gallon	68.76
Bicarbonate of Soda.....	13.12
Carbonate of Magnesia.....	26.12
Carbonate of Lime.....	10.83
Chloride of Sodium.....	5.20
Subcarbonate of Iron.....	7.84
Sulphate of Soda.....	1.84
Silicious Acid.....	0.62
Alumina.....	0.60

THE WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, nine in number, are about two and a half miles from St. Helena. They were formerly much resorted to, but are not at present entertaining visitors.

The following is the analysis of one gallon of these waters, made by Prof. LeConte:

	No. 2.	No. 6.	No. 7.
Temperature of Spring.....	89.6 F.	86.0 F.	69.8 F.
Specific gravity	1005.26	1000.40	1000.38
Solids.		Grains.	
Carbonate of Lime.....	1.25	2.45	5.56
Carbonate of Magnesia	0.62	0.56	4.36
Sulphate of Soda.....	8.26	11.33	12.84
Chloride of Sodium.....	21.72	23.41	14.23
Chloride of Calcium.....	1.32	0.86	0.78
Chloride of Magnesium.....	0.87	2.22	0.65
Sulphides of Sodium and Calcium. 2.65		1.85	1.62
Total	36.69	42.67	40.04
Gases.		Cubic Inches.	
Sulphureted Hydrogen.....	6.15	4.25	Trace.

ÆTNA SPRINGS. The Ætna Springs, picturesquely situated about 16 miles from St. Helena, at the head of Pope Valley, are a popular health and pleasure resort, open the year round. Excellent accommodations are provided for a large number of guests at \$10 per week. There are also fine grounds for campers, with good hunting and fishing.

Stages meet the 11:30 A.M. train at St. Helena.

Analysis by Prof. J. A. Bauer. Contents of one gallon.

Temperature Fahrenheit.....	98°	
		Grains.
Carbonate of Soda.....		.75
Carbonate of Magnesia....		.14
Carbonate of Lime.....		.10
Carbonate of Iron.....		Trace
Sulphate of Soda.....		Trace
Sulphate of Potash.....		8
Chloride of Sodium.....		.29
Silica.....		Trace
Total Solids.....		1.37
Carbonic Acid, cubic inches.....		.58

THE CALISTOGA SPRINGS, at the town of Calistoga, very extensively improved by Mr. Samuel Brannan, were for many years the most frequented health resort on the coast.

Owing to the destruction of the main hotel building by fire, financial embarrassments, and frequent change of management, the place has lost most of its patronage.

There are still several comfortable cottages remaining, and good hot and cold water bathing facilities.

The situation is naturally very attractive, and the springs, some twenty in number, are well recommended for those diseases, for which iron, sulphur and magnesia are a specific.

Analysis of one gallon by Prof. J. F. Rudolph:

Temperature.....	97°	
Chloride of Sodium.....		22.250
Chloride of Calcium.....		3.263
Carbonate of Soda.....		3.406
Sulphate of Soda.....		1.616
Sulphate of Magnesia.....		0.466
Silica.....		6.500
Alumina.....		Trace
Total.....		37.500

TRIP No. 9. — *From San Francisco to Santa Cruz, via South Pacific Coast Narrow Gauge Railway. Round trip, 160 miles.*

No tourist should leave the Pacific coast without visiting Santa Cruz, via the S. P. C. R. R. It traverses one of the

most picturesque and interesting routes in America. First across the harbor of San Francisco, from the foot of Market Street, to Alameda, on the Company's splendid steamer,



thence by rail for several miles, skirting the eastern shore of the bay, then down the beautiful Santa Clara Valley, through Santa Clara and San Jose, over the wild and pictur-

esque Santa Cruz Mountains, within sight of the wonderful Big Trees, to the north shore of the magnificent Bay of Monterey.

Six miles from the road, at Los Gatos, are situated

THE FAMOUS CONGRESS MINERAL SPRINGS—the Saratoga of the Pacific, and Mecca of thousands of health and pleasure-seekers from all parts of the country.

THE BIG TREES, five miles from Santa Cruz, containing the grandest monarchs of the forest, outside of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, is a great summer resort for tourists and pleasure-seekers.

CAMP CAPITOLA, a charming spot on the shores of Monterey Bay, is one of the most popular sea-side resorts. Here there is a splendid beach, excellent hotel and cottage accommodations and fine camping grounds.

PESCADERO, one of the most noted pleasure resorts on the entire coast, is situated near the mouth of the Pescadero River, in San Mateo County, 33 miles from San Mateo.

The famous Pescadero pebble beach is about two miles from the village.

For excellence of climate, bathing, hunting, fishing and field sports generally, Pescadero is unsurpassed.

TRIP No. 10.—*From San Francisco to the Cliff House and Seal Rocks, via Golden Gate Park, returning via Point Lobos Road, the Presidio and Harbor View Park and Sea-side Gardens. Round trip, 14 miles.*

THE CLIFF HOUSE, situated on a commanding bluff on the sea-shore, opposite the entrance to the Golden Gate, about six miles from San Francisco, is the only place on the American Continent accessible to the ordinary tourist, which affords so near a view of sea-lions disporting themselves with perfect freedom in their native element, the vast aquarium of the Pacific Ocean. Under the protection of the laws of the State, they have become so tame that

scores of them may be seen at any time crawling and lying upon, or diving from the Great Seal Rocks, within a few hundred yards of the veranda of the Cliff House, and their barking and howling heard half a mile away. The drive thence is over a splendid macadamized road, affording magnificent ocean and harbor views. It passes through the

GOLDEN GATE PARK, comprising 1042 acres, portions of which have been converted from a treeless, sandy waste to pleasant groves of eucalyptus and other evergreens, with excellent drives, shady walks and cool, cosy retreats.

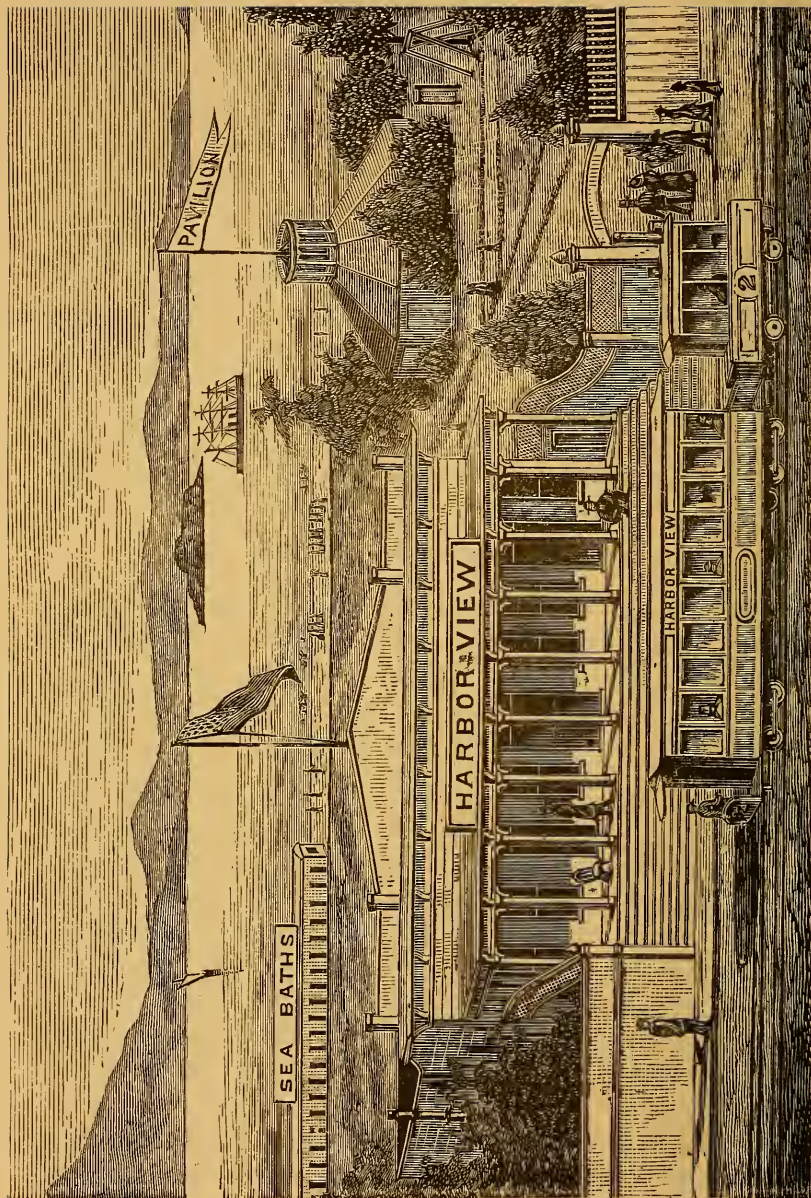
Returning by the Point Lobos Road, and through the Presidio, the U. S. Military Reservation, the visitor will see the model military station of the coast—handsome barracks, elegant officers' residences, surrounded by beautiful green lawns and flower gardens, and the arms and munitions of war.

Proceeding toward the city, we soon reach

HARBOR VIEW PARK, founded by R. Herman, Esq., twenty years ago, one of the most popular suburban health and pleasure resorts of San Francisco. The grounds, comprising three blocks, situated about two miles from the heart of the city, immediately on the shore of the beautiful harbor of San Francisco, commanding its finest views, have, by the expenditure of tens of thousands of dollars, and the skill of the artisan and landscape gardener, been converted into a perfect fairy land of green lawns, pleasant walks, arbors and drives, shaded by handsome growths of Monterey cypress, pine, acacia, blue gum, pepper and other evergreens.

Here excellent garden concerts, splendid orchestral and band music, social hops, boat racing, prize swimming and shooting, fine surf bathing, etc., provide a round of rare pleasure and entertainment, for the small admission fee of ten cents.

THE PAVILION is a magnificent structure, 130 feet square, with a roof supported by a single central pillar, a dancing floor unsurpassed on the coast, and ceilings artistically



decorated in excellent imitation of living trailing vines, plants and flowers.

THE BATHING FACILITIES are among the most complete which I have examined.

The beach is splendid, smooth, free from stones, and perfectly safe at all times.

There are thirty-three fine, separate bathing apartments, with suits, towels, etc., under the careful supervision of a constant attendant.

The sanitary regulations are excellent, and the whole place is kept in the most perfect order.

The Union Street Cable Road conveys passengers direct from foot of Montgomery Avenue to Harbor View Park and the Presidio, for five cents.

Refreshments may be obtained at all the places mentioned, and also at the Cliff House, Point Lobos Road, F. Elverson, proprietor.

THROUGH THE CHINESE QUARTERS.—No country affords greater opportunities for observing the peculiar habits, customs and characteristics of different nationalities than the United States. We are the most cosmopolitan of all nations. Nearly all of our great cities contain colonies of peoples from all civilized lands, but none except San Francisco has had transplanted into its midst a body of pagans, numbering many thousands, taking entire possession of several blocks in the center of trade, bringing with them all of the peculiar modes of living, dress, customs and observances practiced in their native country.

The Chinese Quarter of San Francisco is therefore regarded as one of the great sights of the Pacific coast, of which, however, its residents are not accustomed to boast. Although quite unnecessary so far as safety is concerned, police guidance and protection is furnished upon application, for parties of two or more, who desire to explore it thoroughly. I have seen much of the Chinese on the Pacific coast during the past ten years—in all of its principal cities and towns, San Diego, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, San Francisco, Portland and Victoria, in the construction camps

of the Northern Pacific and Canadian Pacific Railways, and on the great ranches all over the coast.

They are certainly a most wonderful people, marvels of industry, perfect machines in the copying and execution of any kind of handiwork; aggressive in many departments of labor, by virtue of unremitting, patient toil and frugal living; grotesque in dress, cleanly in some personal habits, very filthy in others; temperate in drinking, but very intemperate in smoking; quiet and polite in manner, peaceable and less given to the commission of crime in general than any equal number of our own population; Pagans in religion, but honest and prompt in all of their business relations.

That portion of San Francisco bounded by California, Broadway, Stockton and Kearny streets, is packed with about twenty-five thousand of these strange people, dressing, living and carrying on trade as in their own country.

I have frequently visited them, but never made so thorough an examination of their quarters as recently with officer Sergeant Geo. Birdsall, in charge of the city police force of the Chinese Quarter. To elaborate upon what I saw, would fill a volume.

There were Chinamen of all ages, and both sexes, round, bronzed-faced, almond-eyed, and pig-tailed; dressed in their blue, square cut, broad sleeved, short tailed blouses; eating rice with chop sticks, drinking tea from their diminutive china cups; smoking opium with their long pipes, reclining in dingy dismal dens in all stages of somnolence; living in small, dark filthy cellars and narrow alleys, alive with cats and dogs; sleeping packed like herring; gambling behind great double iron-bound eight inch thick doors, with watchmen outside and in; playing disgusting acts on the stage to 3000 gaping spectators; burning incense before graven images in their Joss houses; Chinamen engaged in many avocations; Chinese merchants, money brokers, doctors, fruit dealers, washermen, tailors, barbers, boot and shoe makers, restaurateurs, butchers, cigar manufacturers, watchmakers, goldsmiths, pawnbrokers, prostitutes, etc., etc., everything almost except saloon-keepers.

In some branches of trade they are quite aggressive, controlling at present the San Francisco fresh pork market.

Many have evidently come to America "to stay."

Sergeant Birdsall, who knows the history and ownership of all of the principal buildings of Chinatown, pointed out block after block, formerly prominent houses in the heart of the business portion of the city, which have been purchased by Chinamen at prices ranging from \$10,000 to \$60,000, and showed me several for which they pay a monthly rental of from \$700 to \$800.

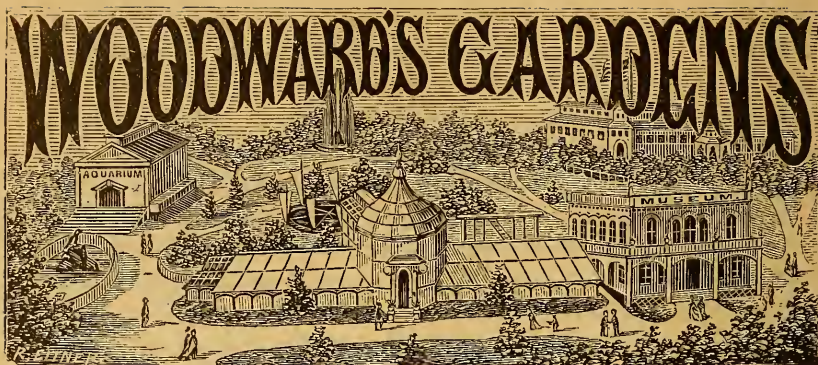
The old Globe, Portsmouth House, St. Francis and California Hotel, Boomerang Saloon and Bee Hive Building are all occupied by Chinamen. The notorious Belle Corey House, of Waverly Place, is now also the abode of the Heathen Chinese.

Their presence in such large numbers on this coast is mainly due to the great demand for laborers, occasioned by railway construction and the wonderful development of the manifold industries of a new country, and the unreliable character of white field labor.

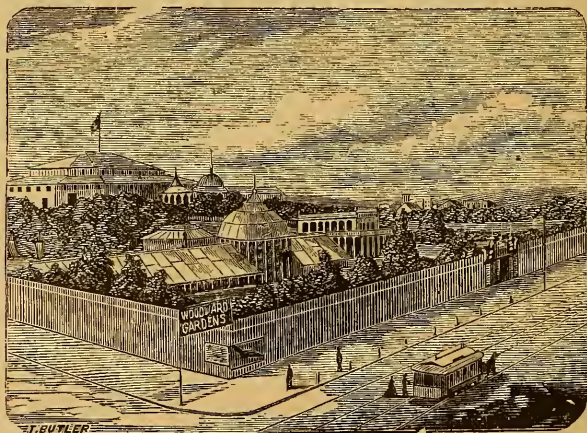
Large numbers of land-owners have told me that they would gladly employ white men, were it not for their intemperate and shiftless habits.

The right of the Chinese to compete in the labor market of the world is, I think, indisputable, and we Americans, with all our boasted enlightenment and advancement, should be ashamed to fear such competition.

I regard all laws restricting the free movement of any people, to and from any part of the globe, either for residence or service, as unconstitutional and oppressive, and a disgrace to the country enacting them.



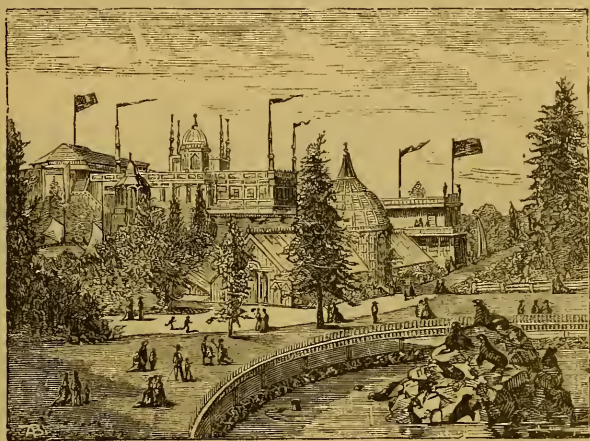
WOODWARD'S GARDENS, established by R. B. Woodward in 1860, is the best and greatest resort for instruction and amusement on the Pacific coast. They comprise over two blocks, bounded by Mission, 13th and 15th streets, and embrace besides the great Pavilion, Music Hall and Amphitheater, where excellent performances are held every Saturday and Sunday, the most complete collections of animals, birds, fishes, flowers and plants, geological specimens and curiosities from all parts of the world, to be found in the United States.



The grounds are delightfully laid out, a perfect fairy land of green lawns, bright flowers, fountains and miniature lakes, with picturesque rocky grottoes, shady bowers and fine statuary, and with its museums, aquariums, menagerie,

art gallery, conservatory, skating rink, swings, rotary boats, "happy families," cunning monkeys, trick donkeys, live seal, bear, bison, wolves, lions, foxes, panther, camels, deer, kangaroo, sea lions, ostrich, swans, etc., etc., affords an unparalleled source of education and entertainment for both old and young.

The Zoographicon, invented by Prof. F. Gruber, excites the wonder and admiration of all visitors, and affords a better knowledge of the physical geography of the earth and the animals and productions of the several zones, than a whole term of ordinary school instruction.

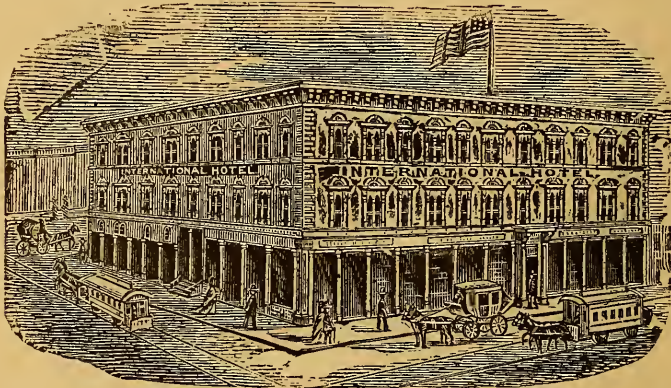


They have been deemed worthy of visits from the most distinguished people of the world, including Gen. U. S. Grant, Dom Pedro II, Emperor of Brazil, King and Queen of Sandwich Islands, Louis Agassiz, Professors Henry, Marsh and Gray, and other scientists and directors of European museums, too numerous to mention.

The gardens are open the year round, from about 7 A. M. to 6 P. M., and the price of admission only 25 cents for adults and 10 cents for children. Excellent restaurants provide all necessaries and luxuries, if desired. The Mission street cars, also the Larkin, Valencia, Howard and Folsom lines convey visitors to the entrance every two or three minutes, from all parts of the city, for five cents. This great resort is under the able management of Mr. Isaac Hyde.

THE HOTEL ACCOMMODATIONS OF SAN FRANCISCO are superior to those of any other city in the Union. There are houses adapted to the wants, tastes and means of all classes, at the most reasonable rates.

THE INTERNATIONAL, Mr. John Thomas, owner and proprietor, is one of the most popular hotels on the coast with the traveling public; its register showing over 12,000 arrivals within the past twelve months. It is a fine, large house, containing 140 light, airy rooms, accommodating 300 guests, situated convenient to all the car lines, steamer landings and places of amusements, and under the able personal management of the proprietor and Mr. T. J. Brannan, his Chief Clerk.



THE INTERNATIONAL HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO,

824 and 826 Kearny Street, between Washington and Jackson Streets.

JOHN THOMAS, PROPRIETOR.

T. J. BRANNAN, CHIEF CLERK.

Board and room per day, \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00, according to room. Free Coach.

TRIP No. 11.—*Overland from San Francisco to Portland, Oregon, via the great mineral spring and mountain resorts of Lake and Sonoma Counties, The Big Geysers, Petrified Forest, Sisson's, Mount Shasta and Yreka, California, Roseburg, Eugene City, Salem, Albany, Payton's, and Wilhoit Mineral Springs, Oregon, 1000 miles; including a pedestrian tour of 250 miles, through Sonoma and Lake Counties, California, the Switzerland of the Pacific Coast.*

It is about 600 miles by the regular overland route from San Francisco to Portland via Oregon Division C. P. R. R.,

260 miles to Redding, thence by stage to the Southern terminus of the Oregon and California R. R., now about 275 miles south of Portland.

For the purpose of visiting the numerous mountain resorts, mineral springs and points of interest of this upper coast region, I traveled about 400 miles further.

Pedestrianism is not popular in California; indeed, is hardly considered respectable. The poorest native rides, and those found afoot, are either regarded as common tramps, or in desperate circumstances.

Notwithstanding, upon reaching the town of Williams, on the C. P. R. R., 125 miles from San Francisco, and finding that my routes of travel among the mineral springs and mountain resorts of this region were mainly off from all regular lines of stage service at this season, I determined to undertake the journey on foot. I had expressed my rifle, rubber coat, etc., from Eugene City, lost my cloak and glass crossing the mountains, and was therefore reduced to light marching order, unencumbered except by the indispensable umbrella and a light hand satchel.

Every mode of travel has its special advantages and disadvantages, and though plodding along, at the rate of three or four miles an hour, would appear an intolerable hardship to many, it is really the most enjoyable and best way in the world to see a country and its people thoroughly.

Eight miles across the western borders of the great valley of Sacramento brought me to the eastern foot-hills of the Coast Range in Colusa County.

For the last hundreds of miles, even to Southern Oregon, the unprecedented dry weather of March threatened the most general and disastrous crop failures ever known on this coast.

The farmers and merchants generally, all along the line, through the rich Rogue River and upper Sacramento valleys, were filled with the gloomiest forebodings in consequence. Many had already given up all hopes of a crop, and were turning their stock into the withering wheat-fields. Some were leaving the country, and hundreds preparing to do so. Nothing but immediate and abundant rains could save thousands from absolute ruin.

It is impossible for those who have not been on this coast at times of threatened drouth, to realize the intense anxiety which prevails, while the period is passing during which the saving rains must come, if at all, and the great rejoicing which their timely and abundant downfall causes.

At the foot-hills I met a discouraged farmer driving his stock into a field of stunted grain. I called his attention to the moist wind blowing from the south and the gathering clouds, but he had given up all hopes of rain, even sufficient for a hay crop.

Climbing a considerable mountain, I descended into Bear Valley. It is about nine miles long and two miles wide, rich and pleasant, and occupied by forty or fifty families, engaged in farming, dairying and stock-raising. Here the rains had been sufficient to keep the grass green and promising.

Proceeding down the valley, I encountered a desperate tax collector who, though assured that I was a stranger simply passing through the county, pressed his demand for a \$2 poll-tax, until I was compelled to intimate my disposition and readiness to chastise the impudent fellow, before he drove on.

Reaching Sulphur Creek, I followed it into the foot-hills to

WILBUR HOT SPRINGS. They are pleasantly situated in the southwestern part of Colusa County, about 26 miles from the line of the Central Pacific Railway, at Williams, at an elevation of 950 feet above the sea.

They were first discovered by N. C. Simmons, in 1863, to whom the State Agricultural Society granted a diploma for the superior excellence of their waters. In 1871 they were purchased by Dr. Wilbur, upon whose decease they came into possession of Mr. J. S. Brame, their present owner. The springs are eleven in number, several hot sulphur, and cold iron and sulphur, and are among the most favorably known on the coast for the cure of rheumatism, dropsy, salt rheum, tetter and all cutaneous, blood and skin diseases, the poison of poison-oak, dyspepsia, catarrh and like afflictions. The principal hot sulphur spring is remarkable for

its strength and flow, and having a temperature of 145° , is considered one of the best for bathing on the coast.

The grounds comprise 120 acres, improved by a comfortable home-like hotel, under the excellent personal management of Mrs. Brame and daughter, who provide an abundant table of all the good things in their season, including fresh butter, milk and eggs from the home farm. There are several furnished cottages for renters, ten baths, hot and cold, one mud bath, a pleasant reading-room, croquet grounds and good fresh water. Deer, quail and rabbit are found in the neighboring hills. Board, from \$8 to \$12 per week. Route, C. P. R. R. to Williams, 125 miles; fare, \$6.75; thence by stage 26 miles, Monday, Wednesday and Friday; fare, \$2.50.

ANALYSIS OF SULPHUR SPRING.

Sulphuric Acid.....	29.05
Muriatic Acid.....	19.30
Hydroidic Acid	7.10
Sulphuret Potash.....	34.50
Soda	21.10
Iron	20.19
Alumina.....	0.48
Free Sulphur....	30.07

Returning through Bear Valley past Gilmore Post-office, the pleasant home of G. M. Gilmore, I again turned into the mountains at B. C. Epperson's, one of the leading farmers and citizens of this section. Shipwrecked on the ship "North America," on the coast of South America, in 1854, when he reached San Francisco his entire estate, personal and real, consisted of pants, shirt, hat and shoes, and three ten-cent pieces. He is now the happy possessor of a fine family, of wife, boys and girls, a 2000 acre ranch well stocked with cattle and horses, and thoroughly equipped with improved farm machinery; a handsome residence, good barns, a valuable toll-road—altogether enough to satisfy any reasonable man.

It was a pretty hard climb for a warm day, over the mountain divide from Bear to Indian Valley. The latter is about eight miles long, with an average width of less than a mile, occupied by a few settlers for grazing and farming purposes. I have now entered

LAKE COUNTY, which contains the most numerous and remarkable mineral springs to be found upon any equal area of the American Continent, and probably in the world. Its surface is chiefly mountainous, interspersed with beautiful valleys and lakes, a wildly picturesque and charming landscape. Fir, pine, spruce and cedar cover the summits of the mountains and their higher slopes, meeting the oak at the foothills, which often grow in park-like groups over the handsome green valley lands. Laurel, madrone, ash, alder and other woods are found in the wild cañons along the rapid mountain streams and bordering the lakes.

It is one of the great natural sanitariums of the world, and its numerous mineral springs and mountain health and pleasure resorts are thronged with visitors from early summer until late in October. Of these, I first visited

THE HOUGH MINERAL SPRINGS, very pleasantly situated upon Cache Creek, at an elevation of 2000 feet above the sea, surrounded by charming scenery.

They were first discovered about eight years ago, soon after opened to the public, and recently purchased by Mr. J. H. Stratford, who has made extensive improvements for the excellent accommodation of 150 guests. These comprise a fine commodious hotel, newly furnished throughout, eight handsome cottages, a dance and music hall, arbors, walks, croquet grounds, swings, etc., etc.

The grounds contain 240 acres, covered with splendid live oak, surrounded and sheltered from all harsh winds by the pine-clad mountains.

There are five springs at present developed, iron, magnesia and soda being their most prominent ingredients, highly recommended for the cure of rheumatism, dyspepsia and malarial disorders.

There is also an abundant supply of the purest mountain water, and good hunting and trout fishing in the neighborhood.

Dr. Linderberger, an experienced physician, resides at the springs.

Board and room from \$9 to \$10 per week, and furnished cottages, except bedding, at \$3.

Route from San Francisco to Williams, and thence, 32 miles, by daily stage.

THE CELEBRATED ALLEN MINERAL SPRINGS, James D. Bailey, owner and proprietor, are next reached.

This is one of the most picturesque and inviting of all these mountain resorts, situated in a delightful glen, on a dashing mountain stream of the purest water, bordered by a fine growth of spruce, pine, cedar, laurel and other forest trees, and spanned by rustic walks and bridges.

The elevation is about 1700 feet above the sea, the atmosphere as pure, invigorating and healing as can be found in the world, absolutely free from all malaria.

Here, in this delightful spot, in close proximity to each other, nature has provided soda, chalybeate, iron, sulphur, and other medicinal springs, unsurpassed for the cure of dyspepsia, rheumatism, paralysis, erysipelas, chills and fever, kidney and skin diseases.

An analysis of these waters by Professor Wenzell of San Francisco, shows chlorides of sodium, magnesium, potassium, bicarbonate of magnesium, sodium, calcium, iron, silica and carbonic acid, to be their principal ingredients.

There are excellent facilities for hot and cold, mineral and fresh water baths.

In addition to a good hotel accommodating eighty-five guests at from \$9.50 to \$15 per week, there is quite a village of pretty cottages, some twenty in number, provided with stoves and furniture for housekeeping for renters; and also fine camping grounds.

There is good deer hunting and trout fishing in the neighborhood.

A daily stage runs to and from the springs, which are open the year round, to Williams, 36 miles distant, on the C. P. R. R., 125 miles from San Francisco.

BARTLETT SPRINGS, Lake County, California, Bartlett, McMahon & Clarke, proprietors. The Bartlett Mineral Springs are delightfully situated upon Bartlett Creek, in Lake County, California, at an elevation of 3025 feet above

the sea. They are not only among the most popular and frequented on the Pacific coast, but with but little effort to advertise them on the part of their proprietors, have already acquired a national reputation. Though first taken up for their medicinal properties by Green Bartlett, a pioneer hunter and one of their present owners, in the year 1870, they have been known to the early settlers of this region for over thirty years.

The principal spring, the Bartlett, is one of the most remarkable I have visited, not only for the volume of water flowing from it, but especially for comprising in an unusual degree healing properties with agreeableness as a beverage. Though never analyzed, its effects have been carefully watched by skillful physicians, and attested by its hundreds of permanent cures. The water is cold, pleasant to the taste, gently cathartic, decidedly diuretic, also alternative, and especially efficacious in the cure of rheumatism, dropsy, all kidney and skin diseases, female complaints, malarial disorders, etc. There are several other springs in the near vicinity, accessible to visitors, including two soda, one iron and magnesia, and a sulphur spring.

A finely moulded fountain of composite stone encloses the Bartlett Spring, surrounded by a broad, handsome pavement of the same material. Encircling it completely, sheltered by the picturesque mountains, is quite a village of hotels, lodging and bathing houses, cottages, cabins, billiard, reading and music halls, stores, post, telegraph and express offices, stables, etc., etc., over a hundred buildings in all—affording excellent accommodations for 175 guests, with unlimited room for campers. During the summer months this great health and pleasure resort is full to overflowing, the white tents covering the splendid grounds like the bivouac of a small army.

There is a daily stage to and from the springs, both from Williams, on the C. P. R. R., and Cloverdale, on the N. P. C. R. R.; fare, about \$10 from San Francisco.

THE SUMMIT HOUSE AND HAPPY CAMP is the mountain home of the brothers William and Albert Foutch, who have taken up homesteads here, built a saw-mill, etc. Happy

Camp, a favorite resort of the valley people during the heated term, is close at hand. Excellent springs of water, including one of cold sulphur, are conveniently near. Magnificent views of the surrounding country may be obtained from the neighboring peaks.

Now down the seven-mile grade of their western slope at a rapid pace, out of the pines into Clover Valley, a pleasant green stretch of farming and grazing lands about two miles long and one and a half miles in width. Thence through Bachelor Valley, more extensive, watered by Elk and Sucker Creeks, when turning into the foothills near the village of Upper Lake, the hotel of

THE WITTER MINERAL SPRINGS is seen in the distance. They are very picturesquely situated upon a clear mountain stream, 1500 feet above the sea, 16 miles from Lakeport, and 44 miles from Clover Valley.

The springs, eight in number, were first discovered by Mr. Burke, in 1870, developed and improved by Dr. S. Witter, and recently purchased by Mr. R. S. Emerson, the present owner.

The principal and most popular spring is known as the "Dead Shot," on account of its efficiency in the cure of rheumatism, skin and scrofula diseases. It is agreeable to the taste, soda, chlorides of sodium and potassium, sulphates, lime, magnesia and borax being its chief constituents.

There are good hotel accommodations for 40 guests, with charges from \$6 to \$10 per week, and 13 cottages, provided with stoves and furniture, for renters. The grounds comprise 130 acres, with pleasant shady groves of native trees, and afford a delightful view of Clear Lake and the charming surrounding scenery.

Analysis of Witter Springs, by John Hewston, chemist, San Francisco:

One gallon contains 733½ grains solid constituents, composed of Carbonates of Soda, Chlorides of Sodium and Potassium, small quantities of Sulphates, traces of Lime and Magnesia, and a considerable quantity of Borax.

PEARSON'S MINERAL SPRINGS.—Two miles along the picturesque, wooded foot-hills, and I descended into one of the most charming spots of this entire mountain region. Nature has been very partial in locating these celebrated springs. They are situated in Lake County, at an elevation 1600 feet above the sea, in a sunny, sheltered glen, about three miles from Blue Lakes and thirteen miles from Lakeport. They burst forth within a few rods of each other, and close to the main hotel, in the midst of a singularly inviting landscape.

There are five springs developed—No. 1 iron, No. 2 soda, No. 3 magnesia, No. 4 sulphur, and No. 5 whisky, and have been found especially efficacious for the cure of catarrh, paralysis, rheumatism, neuralgia, liver and kidney complaints, sick headache, scrofula and blood diseases.

They not only possess these great healing virtues, but the Soda Spring, in particular, affords a cool, sparkling, delicious beverage.

These springs were first discovered by Pearson, in 1870, and are now owned by Mr. Winfield Scott Wright, of Santa Rosa. He first visited them as an invalid, having been nearly blind for several years. He derived so marked a benefit from the use of their waters that he determined to purchase the property, and possessing ample means, by extensive and excellent improvements, has made it what Nature designed, one of the greatest health and pleasure resorts of the coast.

There are excellent hotel accommodations for forty guests, at ten dollars per week, and twenty, three and four room cottages, furnished with stove, cooking utensils, bedsteads, chairs and tables, at four dollars per week, including use of water.

The bathing facilities are very complete—hot, cold, steam and plunge baths—the water being heated to any desired temperature. .

It is a popular resort for campers—game and fish being abundant.

There is an unlimited supply of excellent fresh water on the grounds.

The climate is one of the most perfect; the extreme heat of mid-summer never oppressive and the nights always cool.

The springs are very accessible by an excellent carriage road, over which the most sensitive invalid may ride without injury.

The surrounding country is full of interest for the tourist as well as the health-seeker.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, the resident managers, spare no pains to promote the health and comfort of their guests.

In addition to all the good things found in this wonderful county, the table is supplied with the best of butter, fresh milk, eggs and chickens from the place.

The route to the springs, from San Francisco, is via C. P. R. R. to Calistoga, and thence by stage. Fare, \$9 75.

BLUE LAKES HOTEL.—This delightful summer resort is beautifully situated in Lake County, thirteen miles from Lakeport, near the shore of one of the most beautiful lakes in the world.

Blue Lakes are famous, even among the many other charming lake gems of this region, for the combined attractions which they afford for the health-seeker, tourist and sportsman.

They lie in Blue Lake Cañon, near its junction with Scott Valley, at an elevation of 2500 feet above the sea; three in all—from one mile to two and a half miles long, clear as crystal, and 20 to 150 feet in depth, full of trout, and their picturesque shores bordered with a handsome growth of live oak, spruce, white oak and madrone.

The neighboring forests abound with game—deer, rabbits, quail and pigeons.

The property, comprising 320 acres, is improved with a fine hotel and handsome cottages, accommodating from forty to fifty guests.

The water is excellent, and a white sulphur spring bursts forth on the grounds.

The climate is unsurpassed—healthful and invigorating;

and, altogether, this is one of the most inviting summer resorts on the coast.

Mr. Theodore Deming, the owner, spares no pains to make his guests at home, meeting them at Lakeport with his own excellent team, and personally attending to their wants.

The Bertha Post Office is at the hotel, with a daily mail.

Routes, via Calistoga and Lakeport, and Cloverdale and Lakeport. Fare, from San Francisco, \$8.00.

The following morning I visited

HIGHLAND SPRINGS SANITARIUM, one of the most celebrated watering-places, summer and winter health and pleasure resorts on the Pacific coast.

It is delightfully situated amidst landscapes of exceeding beauty, and highly improved with elegant hotels cottages and bathing facilities, for the first-class accommodation of 150 guests, under the immediate supervision of their owner, Dr. C. M. Bates, a skillful physician, assisted by Mrs. E. R. Worth, a most excellent housekeeper.

The table is supplied with all the luxuries of the season, including the choicest of fresh milk, butter and eggs from the home farm.

The extensive grounds are finely laid out with handsome lawns, shady walks and drives, croquet grounds, swings, etc.

A splendid trout stream flows through the place, and game abounds in the neighboring hills.

The climate is as near perfection, the year round, both for healthfulness and enjoyment, as can be found in the world.

There are more than twenty mineral springs, possessing various medicinal properties, and highly recommended for their healing virtues.

The following is the analysis of the most popular, known as the Seltzer, Dutch and Magic Springs, by Prof. Rising of the University of California :

Names of Springs.	SELTZER.	DUTCH.	MAGIC.
Temperature	64.8° F.	70.5° F.	82.4° F.
	gr. per gal.	gr. per gal.	gr. per gal.
Chloride of Sodium.....	0.723	1.862	1.290
Bicarbodate of Soda.....	12.796	18.348	21.763
Bicarbonate of Potash.....	0.489	0.770	0.544
Bicarbonate of Lime.....	52.015	57.302	50.411
Bicarbonate of Magnesia..	34.872	67.634	70.243
Bicarbonate of Iron.....	1.267	1.341	1.087
Bicarbonate of Manganese.	trace	trace	trace
Silica	5.245	7.126	7.398
Alumina.....	1.565	0.117	0.169
Organic Matter,.....	trace	trace	trace
Free Carbonic Acid.....	100.250	87.822	74.462
Total.....	209.252	242.321	227.367

Soon after leaving Highland Springs by a trail, I came to the forks of two mountain streams, swollen to an unusual volume from three to five feet in depth by the heavy rains of the previous night and running like mill-races. After several unsuccessful attempts to cross, I at length succeeded, barely escaping being swept down by the strong current. Safely over, I wrung out my clothing and proceeded five miles through Big Valley to Kelseyville, four miles from

SODA BAY, a favorite resort, situated on the shore of Clear Lake. The same evening I reached Glenbrook, passing through a picturesque pine-bordered valley known as Cobb's, about five miles in length and one-half a mile in width, occupied for dairying and farming.

GLENBROOK OR BASSETT'S, for seventeen years the home of W. D. Bassett, a California pioneer, and also a favorite summer resort, is beautifully situated on a dashing trout stream called Kelsey Creek, 2786 feet above the sea, twenty-eight miles from Calistoga, eleven miles from Kelseyville, three miles from Adams Springs, and six from Howard's and Seigler's.

The property, embracing a fine tract of 480 acres, is extensively improved with an exceptionally good hotel, a large airy dining-hall, several handsome cottages, bath house, etc., for the accommodation of 100 guests.

A large dairy supplies the best of butter and milk, the farm and garden fresh vegetables and fruits. The air is the purest, water excellent, and game abounds in the surrounding pine-wooded hills.

Mr. Bassett keeps a good livery of splendid horses.

About six miles from Glenbrook, through a rolling pine-wooded country, and I reached

SEIGLER SPRINGS, Mr. F. McCullough, proprietor.—None of the numerous mineral spring sanitariums of this section impressed me more favorably, both as to attractiveness of situation and excellence of waters, than Seigler's.

They are beautifully situated on the open, sunny slope of Seigler Mountains, 2800 feet above the sea, about 32 miles from Calistoga, 13 miles from Kelseyville, and six miles from Lower Lake.

A tract of twenty or thirty acres is covered with springs, of any desired temperature to 130° Fahrenheit, with a choice of iron water, soda, magnesia, sulphur, arsenic, silica, or the purest mountain water.

For the cure of rheumatism, gout, dropsy, dyspepsia, chills and fever, liver and kidney complaints, skin diseases and impurities of the blood generally they are very highly recommended.

The improvements are extensive, embracing an excellent hotel, accommodating 75 guests, several fine cottages, first-class bathing facilities, including three warm plunge baths, and a very large swimming pool.

The property embraces a splendid tract of 800 acres, finely wooded, with black and white oak, affording guests an excellent range for hunting and fishing, without trespassing on the neighboring estates.

The hotel is open the year round, its stage making connection with stages at Lower Lake Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and at Glenbrook Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

HOWARD HOT AND COLD MINERAL SPRINGS. These celebrated springs, owned by Mrs. Caroline Heisch, are very pleasantly situated in Seigler Valley, Lake County,

at an elevation of 2220 feet above the sea, six miles from Glenbrook, about the same distance from Lower Lake, and 30 miles from Calistoga.

There are fourteen springs, hot and cold, ranging in temperature from 58° to 109° Fah., very highly endorsed for the cure of dropsy, rheumatism, gout, catarrh, dyspepsia, scrofula, liver and kidney complaints, skin and blood diseases, chills and malarial fever.

The situation is very inviting, the climate excellent and accommodations first-class.

Besides a good hotel, with rooms for 140 guests, at from \$10 to \$12 per week, there are twelve cosy cabins, furnished with stoves, to rent from \$3 to \$4 per week.

There are six hot and cold baths and one plunge bath, with a choice of water from iron, magnesia or sulphur springs.

The property comprises 160 acres, supplying the hotel with milk, butter, eggs and vegetables.

There are good camping grounds, free to all, with a charge of \$1.00 per week for baths.

There is good hunting and fishing in the neighborhood.

A stage from the springs meets visitors at Lower Lake Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and at Glenbrook Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, enabling them to go through from San Francisco in one day.

THE BONANZA MINERAL SPRINGS, Mr. H. Fern, owner and proprietor, are very pleasantly situated on the sunny, sheltered side of Seigler Mountain, near Putah Creek, in Lake County, at an elevation of 3600 feet above the sea, about one mile from Howard's and Seigler's, two miles from Adams', eight miles from Lower Lake, six miles from Glenbrook and thirty miles from Calistoga.

There are ten springs, iron, soda, magnesia, sulphur and borax both cold and warm, of unsurpassed healing virtues.

The situation, amidst the open, pine-clad, rolling hills is very inviting; climate delightful, about 10° cooler in summer than in the valleys; water excellent, and game abundant.

There are very comfortable hotel accommodations, at from \$10 to \$12 per week, and several pretty furnished cottages, rented from \$3 to \$4.50 per week, including baths.

The housekeeping and cooking is under the personal management of Mrs. Fern and daughters.

There are splendid grounds for campers, who are charged fifty cents per week, and one dollar for six bath tickets.

Mr. Fern meets visitors with his own team at either Glenbrook or Lower Lake, as requested.

ADAMS' SPRINGS, among the most favorably known on the coast, their waters being exported for consumption abroad, are next visited.

They are situated on Big Cañon Creek, in Lake County, at an elevation of 3300 feet above the sea, about 31 miles from Calistoga and 10 miles from Lower Lake.

The springs, five in number, and cold, were discovered about seven years ago, and are now owned by F. A. Miller, Esq.

They are highly recommended for the cure of rheumatism, dropsy, scrofula, weak lungs, dyspepsia, costiveness, liver, kidney and all blood diseases.

There are good hotel accommodations for forty guests, at from \$10 to \$12 per week; seven furnished cottages, from \$2.50 per week, and excellent camping grounds, at \$1.00 per week, including use of water.

There is good hunting and fishing in the neighborhood. Butter, milk and eggs and chickens are furnished from the place.

Mr. Miller also pastures horses at \$1.00 per week, from the middle of April to the middle of November.

The best route to the springs, from San Francisco, is by C. P. R. R., foot of Market Street, to Lakeport, and thence by stage. Fare, \$6.50.

ANALYSIS by Prof. Thomas Price of San Francisco. One gallon contains the following:

Carbonate of lime.....	28.714	grains.
“ magnesia	99.022	“
“ soda.....	57.036	“
“ iron.....	.517	“
Chloride of sodium.....	4.112	“
Silica	7.218	“
Organic matter.....	2.811	“
Salt of potash.....	traces only.	
Nitric acid.....	“	“

Total solid contents per gallon.....199.430 grains.

From Adams Springs, I followed a blind trail until I lost it on the summit of a rugged mountain, sparsely covered with pine, overlooking a picturesque valley on the south; then taking a bee-line down its steep side for buildings seen in the distance, in about an hour, I came to a grist-mill on the bank of a beautiful stream, and soon after reached

THE CELEBRATED HARBIN HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS. They are charmingly situated on the eastern slope of the Coast Range of Mountains in Lake County, 1700 feet above the sea, two and a half miles from the village of Middletown, and twenty-one miles from Calistoga.

The springs first discovered over twenty years ago, and successively owned by Capt. Ritchie, James Harbin and Richard Williams (deceased), are now the property of Mr. William Williams, and under his excellent personal management, ably assisted by his associate, Mr. Thomas Matthews.

They are unsurpassed on the Pacific coast for the curative virtues of their waters, attractiveness of situation, enjoyableness and salubrity of climate, extent and excellence of improvements, and number of people resorting there the year round for health and pleasure.

Among these remarkable springs is one known as the Arsenic, having a temperature of 108°, a hot iron and sulphur spring, temperature 120°, and cold iron and magnesia springs, bursting forth near each other, with an inexhaustible flow of water, unexcelled for the cure of rheumatism, neuralgia, dropsy, kidney, liver and blood diseases and all skin and cutaneous affections.

The accommodations are of the most complete character throughout, and amply sufficient for two hundred and fifty guests.

Besides the large main hotel, comprising the office, reading room, dining halls, and a fine annex, called "The Capital," with twenty elegant apartments, there is quite a village of handsome white cottages, known as the "Tom Collins" cottage, the "Bartlett," "Fern," "Yuba," "What Cheer," "Fourth of July," "Pine Mills" and "Rose" cottages, containing from two to five neatly furnished rooms each, opening on to broad verandas, facing the pleasant, sunny grounds.

The bathing facilities, originally consisting of a single hollow log, are now among the most extensive and complete found on the coast, comprising about twenty separate baths, including five plunge baths, with a choice of water from the several springs, hot sulphur and iron and hot arsenic, at any temperature desired to 120°.

There is also an excellent mud bath and cold shower baths *ad libitum*.

The various apartments were found exceptionally clean and well furnished, and I was informed that separate baths were set apart for the exclusive use of a certain class of patients.

The springs property embraces a fine tract of several hundred acres, and comprises, besides the improvements mentioned, a dairy, trout fishery, fruit and vegetable garden, etc., etc., supplying the table with the choicest fresh butter, milk, eggs, fowl, fish, etc.

Game, deer, rabbit, quail, pigeons and grouse are found in the valley and neighboring hills.

A daily stage connects with trains at Calistoga. Fare, \$6.00 from San Francisco.

The springs are open the year round, with rates from \$12 to \$15 per week. From Harbin's I proceeded to

ANDERSON'S SPRINGS, owned by Anderson & Patriquin. They are very picturesquely situated on Putah Creek, Lake County, about five miles from Middletown and 19 miles from Calistoga.

There are numerous hot and cold springs, in which iron, sulphur and magnesia predominate, well recommended for the cure of rheumatism, dyspepsia, dropsy, etc., and a remarkable natural steam bath.

A fifteen-room hotel and four cottages afford good accommodations for about fifty guests, at from \$10 to \$15 per week.

The house farm supplies fresh butter, eggs, etc.

MILLS' MINERAL SPRINGS.—I next visited Mills Mineral Springs, discovered by Mr. C. H. Mills, the owner, in 1879.

They are situated in the foot-hills, about a mile above Anderson's, at an elevation of 2500 feet above the sea, and comprise one hot sulphur, soda, sulphur and magnesia springs; temperature, 170°; two hot iron, soda and magnesia, 170°, and one cold white sulphur, of highly approved medicinal virtues for the healing of rheumatism, kidney and skin diseases, dyspepsia, dropsy and kindred complaints.

The property comprising 160 acres, well watered by mountain springs, affords excellent advantages for campers.

There is good hunting and trout fishing in the neighborhood.

The hotel charges are \$10 per week.

Climbing up the steep side of Cobb Mountain, I found a large spring of sulphur and alum water on the summit, near the cabin of an old mountaineer and guide, David Harrington.

From thence I descended the eastern slope of the mountain about two miles to

THE LITTLE GEYSERS, comprising a remarkable collection of boiling hot pools, in a state of constant and violent agitation, emitting sulphuric and other vapors, accompanied in places by smothered sounds and feeble spouts.

They afford unusual facilities for hot sulphur baths of any desired temperature.

There are no hotel accommodations here at present, but excellent grounds for camping.

These Geysers are accessible by wagon roads via Calistoga or Cloverdale.

THE BIG GEYSERS.—Following down a swollen, roaring mountain stream, the Little Pluton, about six miles, late at night, the white sulphurous vapors rising from, and floating among the rugged hills on the right, announced the Big Geysers, which rank with the Yosemite and Big Trees as the greatest natural wonders of the Golden State. They are situated in Sonoma County, at an elevation of 1700 feet above the sea, and present the appearance of a mountain of slacking lime, its sides throbbing with intense heat, pouring out great volumes of hot water and steam, accompanied in many places with bubblings, sputterings, hollow mutterings and feeble spouts, suggestive of the mighty pent-up forces below.

Early next morning I was exploring this remarkable natural laboratory, and nearly scalding my hands by thrusting them into the Devil's Teakettle, Devil's Oven, Devil's Kitchen, Witches' Cauldron, and many other hot places, suggestive of the abode of his satanic majesty. By common consent, the "old fellow" reigns supreme here. His establishment comprises also the "Devil's Arm Chair," "Devil's Inkstand," "Devil's Machine Shop," "Devil's Post Office" and "Devil's Pulpit;" and as Major Ben. Truman says, "it is a devil of a place anyhow."

I concluded my investigations by following down the River Styx, through "Devil's Cañon," often enveloped in thick clouds of hot sulphurous vapors, which rose from the boiling pools around me.

Of springs, there is no end, with a volume of water sufficient, hot and strong enough with alkalis, soda, salts, sulphur, ammonia etc., to clean even the most corrupt Democratic or Republican politician.

There are extensive bathing facilities, with a choice of water from iron, soda, sulphur, ammonia, magnesia, Epsom salts, alum, saltpeter, borax and other springs, ranging in temperature from 60° to 195° Fahrenheit.

THE GREAT GEYSER HOTEL, Wm. Forsyth, Esq., proprietor, is one of the most extensive and complete on the Pacific Coast, affording first-class accommodations for 150 guests.

THERE ARE TWO ROUTES TO THE GEYSERS, one *via*. Central Pacific to Calistoga, and thence by the Foss stages, 25 miles, or by the North Pacific Railroad, 90 miles to Cloverdale, and thence 16 miles by Kennedy's stages, both through scenery of unsurpassed beauty and interest.

CROSSING THE ANGRY PLUTON.—It is about 16 miles from the Big Geysers to Cloverdale, the northern terminus of the San Francisco and North Pacific Railway, by an ordinarily splendid stage road, amidst the most picturesque and charming landscape.

The Pluton was still "booming," so deep and swift that I had searched in vain for several miles for a place where it would not be too extremely hazardous to attempt to ford it. Fortunately when near the regular stage crossing, I met a horseman, Edward Heald, a young man from Cloverdale, who very kindly offered to turn back and take me over. So mounting his horse behind him, the noble animal bore us safely over the raging flood.

SKAGGS' HOT SPRINGS, one of the most popular health and pleasure resorts of this region, are very pleasantly situated on the eastern foothills of the Coast Range, in Sonoma County, about eight miles west of Geyserville Station on the San Francisco and North Pacific Coast Railroad.

The climate is unsurpassed for equability and salubrity, and the surrounding landscape very picturesque and inviting.

Game abounds in the neighboring hills, and the mountain streams afford good trout fishing.

There are extensive and excellent hotel and cottage accommodations and bathing facilities for 200 guests, at from \$12 to \$14 per week. An abundant supply of fresh milk, butter and eggs is furnished by the home farm.

The springs were discovered in 1856, and improved by

Mr. A. Skaggs, the present owner and proprietor, in 1857. Their flow of water is estimated at fifteen gallons per minute, having a temperature of 120° Fah.

They are especially efficacious in the cure of rheumatism, rheumatic gout, lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia, bronchitis, asthma, and diseases of the bladder and kidneys.

There is telephonic and telegraphic communication to all points, and a post and express office at the hotel.

A daily stage connects with trains at Geyserville.

ANALYSIS by Prof. Eug. W. Hilgard, Professor of Agricultural Chemistry, University of California.

	In 10,000 Parts.	Grains per Gal.
Chloride of potassium.....	0.035	0.200
Sulphate of potassium.....	0.043	0.260
Chloride of sodium.....	1.012	5.900
Iodide of sodium.....	Trace.	Trace.
Bi-carbonate of sodium.....	27.672	161.270
Bi-borate of sodium borax.....	4.542	26.470
Carbonate of lithium.....	0.010	0.060
Carbonate of barium.....	0.040	0.240
Carbonate of strontium.....	0.004	0.024
Carbonate of calcium.....	0.377	2.197
Carbonate of magnesium.....	0.191	11.113
Carbonate of iron.....	0.009	0.054
Alumina.....	0.004	0.004
Silica.....	1.205	7.023
Total solid ingredients.....		205.215

LITTON SPRINGS AND COLLEGE. — Four miles further down this beautiful valley brought me to the celebrated Litton Seltzer and Soda Springs, delightfully situated at the foot-hills of the Coast Range, amidst the most charming scenery imaginable.

The springs are three in number—seltzer and soda, soda and iron, and sulphur; the water of the former having acquired such a reputation as to demand its shipment in large quantities for consumption abroad.

The property comprises 300 acres of high, gently rolling lands, lightly wooded with handsome live oak, and highly improved with ten excellent hotel and cottage buildings, orchards, vineyards and spacious lawns.

Besides abundant fruit, free to all, a home dairy furnishes the table with the choicest butter and milk.

The water supply is unlimited, drainage excellent, and location one of the most healthful in the State.

Since 1880, this highly favored spot has been the seat of the Litton Springs College, one of the best conducted institutions of learning on the Pacific coast.

There are at present about 80 young men in attendance under the able instruction of Prof. John Gamble, President, and his assistants, Profs. G. W. Kretzinger, R. T. Belcher, S. H. Shakspeare, Mrs. J. Gamble, Emil Lerch and W. M. France.

In healthfulness, beauty and convenience of situation it is most admirably adapted for a popular resort for education, health and pleasure.

The N. P. C. R. R. depot is within one-third of a mile of the grounds, 69 miles from San Francisco.

VERY DRUNK ON NOTHING BUT WINE.—En route to Calistoga, for the purpose of crossing the swollen streams, I found it desirable to keep company with a German vineyardist, homeward bound, with a wagon load of farming and household utensils. The roads were almost impassable in places, and in proportion as they grew difficult, my jolly companion drew on a great demijohn of wine, until at length he got very drunk, and soon after drove into a deep slough hole, and there stuck fast. I was then obliged, in spite of his protests, to assume command, and by tearing down the fences, unloading the wagon, and hard pulling and lifting, succeeded in getting through.

It is greatly to be deplored, that one of California's most important industries should promote and depend for its prosperity upon the increase of intemperance in this and other lands.

THE WONDERFUL PETRIFIED FOREST.—About five miles from Calistoga, toward Santa Rosa, I reached the little cottage of Mrs. Ryder, the resident owner of this great natural wonder. Upon learning the object of my visit, I was shown the gate opening into the forest. Without difficulty I fol-

lowed the well-beaten paths, leading to these remarkable specimens of petrification; enormous trunks of the redwood, one, the "Pride of the Forest," $11\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter and over 60 feet in length, changed to solid stone.

They are all lying down, many of them having been covered with several feet of earth.

The forest was first discovered by hunters in 1871, taken as a Government claim by Charles Evans in 1872, and soon after opened to the public.

Five miles further down Mark West Creek, through a picturesque, mountainous country, and late at night, I arrived at

THE MARK WEST HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS, John Simpson, proprietor, one of the most popular health resorts of Sonoma County. They are beautifully situated, 700 feet above the sea, surrounded by Mounts Washington, Lincoln and Grant, and are unexcelled in the State for the cure of rheumatism, dyspepsia, kidney, liver and kindred diseases. There are excellent hotel and cottage accommodations, and bathing facilities for 150 guests.

Splendid drives, and good hunting and fishing in the neighborhood.

Guests are received all the year round, and met with carriage or stage at Calistoga, ten miles, or at Santa Rosa, nine miles distant.

THE CELEBRATED BYRON HOT SPRINGS, Mr. L. R. Mead, of San Francisco, owner, are situated on the lower foothills of the Diablo range of Mountains, in Contra Costa County, two and a half miles from Byron Station, on the line of the C. P. R. R., 68 miles, or three hours' ride from San Francisco.

These springs have been resorted to for their healing virtues by the native tribes, from times immemorial. The ruins of an old Indian village, including their place of burial, is still visible near by. It is however, only within the last few years that their many miraculous cures have brought them into conspicuous public notice and given

them a first place among the great sanitariums of the coast, especially for the cure of rheumatism, dyspepsia, liver and kidney complaints, impurities of the blood, and all skin diseases.

They comprise, so far as known, fifteen different waters, including hot and cold salt, hot and cold sulphur, and different combinations of salt and sulphur, with magnesia and iron, both hot and cold. Of these remarkable springs, one known as the "Surprise," composed mainly of chloride of sodium and sulphate of magnesia, has acquired great notoriety on account of its cleansing, recuperative and rejuvenating influence upon the system, prostrated by the excessive use of alcoholic drinks.

Both in analysis and in their action, these waters are almost identical with the celebrated Carlsbad of Bohemia, Austria.

The bathing facilities are, with one or two exceptions, the most complete on the Pacific coast. Nearly every form of bath required can be had—the hot mud and hot salt baths being the principal ones. For the latter, the water emerging at a temperature of 120° Far., is conducted in iron pipes to the new spacious bath house, where it is tempered to any degree to suit the requirement of the patient.

The spring waters, for drinking purposes, comprising both warm and cold, are hardly less remarkable than those used more especially for bathing.

Among them is one called the L. & K. (Liver & Kidney) Spring, named by a well-known gentleman of Sacramento, whom it cured of liver complaint of long standing.

There is also one spring, which from its similarity of taste, is known as the Chicken Broth Spring. This is gently cathartic, and also an appetizer.

The springs are open both winter and summer—the bath-house being heated during the winter—a carriage from the hotel meeting every train at Byron Station. Not only the wonderful curative properties of the waters, but their accessibility, being situated so near San Francisco by an all-rail route, combine to make them the great health resort of this region.

TUSCAN SPRINGS.—Arriving at Red Bluff, 225 miles north of San Francisco, I proceeded to these remarkable springs, very pleasantly located in the foothills eight miles distant, at an elevation of 450 feet above the sea. They were first discovered by Dr. Veach in 1854, and are now owned by Mrs. J. C. Bradley, widow of the well-known Major Bradley, of the Mexican war, a California pioneer of '49, who settled in Tehama County in 1851.

The springs, over 40 in number, cover several acres, and embrace a great variety of waters—white sulphur, iron and magnesia being their most prominent ingredients. The principal springs are No. 1, bathing; No. 2, white sulphur; No. 3, black; No. 4, consumptive; No. 5, yellow; and have proved very efficient for the cure of rheumatism, dyspepsia, neuralgia, paralysis, liver and kidney complaints, salt rheum, tetter, and all skin diseases.

There are good hotel accommodations for about 30 guests, and the extensive grounds, comprising 80 acres of handsome oak-wooded rolling foothills, afford excellent and unlimited room for campers.

The bathing facilities are ample—nine hot, cold and steam baths only a few rods from the hotel.

A carriage conveys guests from Red Bluff to the Springs, over a good road for several miles, through a rich farming settlement.

A ride of about 100 miles northward through a very interesting country, and we were in the midst of

THE GREAT HEALTH AND PLEASURE RESORTS OF SHASTA AND SISKIYOU COUNTIES.

Here are numerous soda springs, and the best field for deer hunting and trout fishing in the State.

'HIBBS' SODA SPRINGS (unimproved), owned by J. A. Hibbs, are on the stage road, 62 miles north of Redding.

THE LOWER SODA SPRINGS, open as a summer resort, are very pleasantly situated a little off from the main road, about two miles above.

Next I reached

THE UPPER SODA SPRINGS, 69 miles from Redding, R. W. Mannon, proprietor, a most delightful place, with a very comfortable hotel, and a spring of cool, sparkling, delicious soda water, bursting forth close by, finely improved.

They were first discovered by the Oregon Pioneers, and taken up by Ross McLeod.

The property, comprising 160 acres, is very pleasantly situated on the dividing ridge between the head-waters of the Sacramento and Trinity Rivers, at an elevation of 2250 feet above the sea.

Deer and mountain goats are numerous, and the trout fishing excellent.

The farm supplies the table with fresh butter, eggs, etc. Round trip fare, from San Francisco, \$37.00.

SISSONS. —Sissons, for twenty-two years the home of J. H. Sisson, is a very comfortable hotel, accommodating fifty persons, delightfully situated, on a 640-acre homestead, twelve and one-fourth miles (air line) from the summit of Mount Shasta, 76 miles from Redding, 3441 feet above the sea.

From June until late in October, it is one of the most enjoyable places of resort on the coast.

It is surrounded by the grandest scenery of this region, in the midst of a veritable Paradise for the sportsman.

Besides the home tract, Mr. Sisson owns 200 acres on the banks of the McCloud River—so famous for the unsurpassed trout fishing it affords.

It has been improved with cabins, etc., for camping parties, for the exclusive use of the guests at Sisson's, and is without doubt the best private trout fishing reserve in California.

The farm supplies the table with an abundance of fresh butter, eggs, milk, chickens, vegetables, etc., and a large artificial pond, salmon trout and carp at short notice.

In addition to excellent mountain water, there is an iron spring in the garden, near the hotel.

It is 18 miles, by a good trail from Sisson's to the summit of Mount Shasta, 11,000 feet above; the ascent and return requiring two days, and costing about \$15.00—everything furnished.

I soon entered

SHASTA VALLEY, which extends northward for 40 miles, with an average width of about 14 miles.

Mount Shasta towers among the clouds on the east, and the Scotch Valley Range lies on the west.

Stock raising and dairying is the principal pursuit of the people.

Jacob Deetz, the owner of a fine ranch near the southern border, remembered but six winters in twenty-three years during which stock suffered from cold, and two summers when the feed was cut short by drouth.

Passing rapidly through Yreka, and over the mountains, I descended their northern slope into the famous Rogue River Valley of Southern Oregon.

OREGON,

The most northwesterly State in the Union, extends north and south about 300 miles, and 350 miles east and west, and contains an area of 95,274 square miles, or over 60,000,000 acres.

Its first discovery is generally attributed to Spanish navigators in the sixteenth century. Capt. Robt. Gray, of Boston, sailed up the Columbia in 1792. Upon his explorations, the United States laid claim to the region now known as Oregon and Washington, which was formally ceded to this country by Spain, in 1819.

Capt. Nathaniel Winship, of New England, made the first attempt at settlement in Oregon, locating at Oak Point, on the Columbia, in 1810. In 1811, John Jacob Astor established the trading post of Astoria, near the mouth of Columbia River. Its first occupation for agricultural purposes began in 1830, but owing to remoteness, and the unsettled question of possession, there were but few permanent settlers down to 1840. From this date population began to flow in, and in 1849 a Territorial Government was organized, with Gen. Jo. Lane as Governor. By the census of 1850, Oregon and Washington contained 13,294 inhabitants. That year Congress passed the Donation Act, granting 640 acres to any married couple, and 320 acres to each single man. This law so much encouraged immigration, that Oregon was admitted as a State in 1859, with a population of 52,465. But isolation, the perils of travel and occupation, and remoteness of markets for surplus products, have retarded her rapid development until a comparatively recent date. Since the establishment of safe and adequate means of transportation, and the projection and rapid construction of an extensive system of railways to and through every section, immigration is pouring in rapidly from every quarter. The census of 1880 shows 174,767 people, or two to the square mile.

PHYSICAL FEATURES.

Oregon is traversed from north to south by three great mountain ranges, causing the most marked difference of topography, climate, soil and productions. The Coast Range, much broken, and generally densely wooded with fir, cedar and pine, extends along the immediate coast, ranging in altitude from three to five thousand feet.

The Cascade Mountains (a continuation of the Sierra Nevada chain) traverse the State nearly parallel to, and about 100 miles distant from the Pacific. They reach an elevation in Oregon of over 11,000 feet, and are covered with thick forests of fir and spruce. About 150 miles east of the Cascade Range, commencing near the 44th degree of latitude, the Blue Mountains extend in a northeasterly direction. Much of their surface is extremely broken, of volcanic formation, less thickly wooded than the mountains to the west, the rolling foothills of the northwestern slope (especially bordering the Walla Walla Valley) being excellently adapted to grazing, wheat and fruit growing.

RIVERS.

The Columbia River, the largest of this region—which, with its main tributaries, drains an area of more than 275,000 square miles—rising in the Rocky Mountains, forms the northern boundary of the State from the eastern line of Umatilla County, to the ocean westward, a distance of nearly 400 miles. It is navigable—excluding portages at the Cascades, the Dalles, at Priest's and Ruckland's Rapids, and at the mouth of the Methow—a distance of about 700 miles.

The Columbia receives the Willamette—its chief tributary, and the most important river in Oregon—a little over 100 miles from the sea. Rising in the Cascade Mountains, it flows north through the central portion of the famous Willamette Valley. It is navigable for ocean steamers to Portland, 115 miles from the ocean; and for river steamers during high water—by means of locks at Oregon City—to Eugene City, 150 miles from its mouth; and as far as Salem, 51 miles above Portland, at low stages of water. Clackamas, Tualatin, Yamhill, Santiam, Luckiamute, Calapooia, the

Oregon Health and Pleasure Resorts.

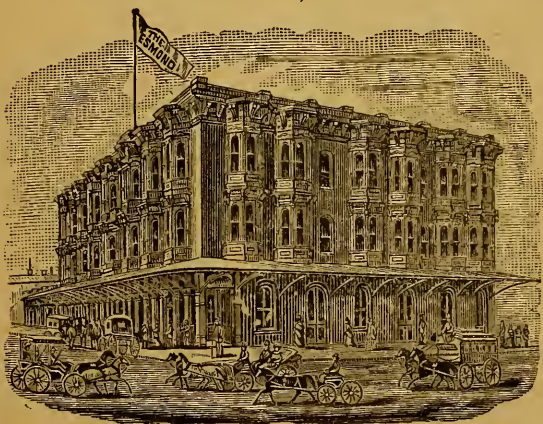
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“THE ESMOND”

J. H. BRENNER, Proprietor.



The Leading Hotel of Portland.

Modern Improvements.—The Table is the Finest in the City.

SECURE YOUR ROOMS BEFORE ARRIVING BY TELEGRAPHING “THE ESMOND.”

Oregon Health and Pleasure Resorts.

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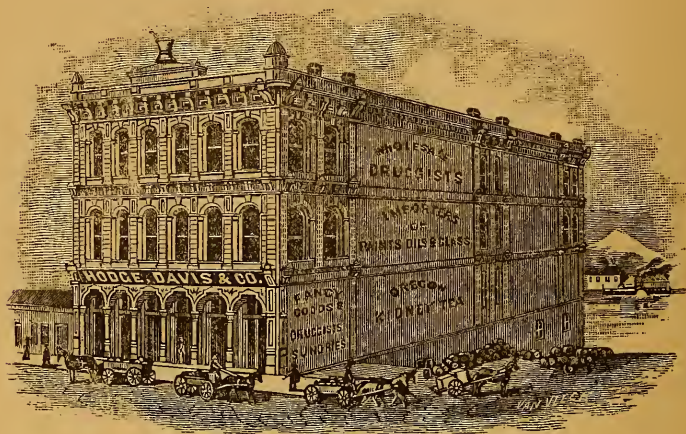
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Proprietors of Oregon Kidney Tea, the Great Cure for Kidney Diseases.
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INTERNATIONAL HOTEL,

Cor. 3d and E Sts., Three Blocks from R.R. Depots and Steamer Landings.
THE BEST DOLLAR A DAY HOUSE IN PORTLAND.

L. Lewiston, formerly of the Minnesota House.



NO CHINESE EMPLOYED.

Lewiston & Higgins, Proprs.

Mary and Long Tom rivers, are its principal tributaries. On the banks of these streams, and in the fertile valleys and foot-hills watered by them, the present population and most important cities, towns and industries in Oregon are located. The Snake River—the next largest affluent of the Columbia, rises in Shoshone Lake, Wyoming, and forms the eastern boundary of the State, from Riverside to near the mouth of the Grand Ronde River, a distance of about 150 miles. It is navigable from its mouth at Ainsworth, over 150 miles to Lewiston, Idaho. The Grand Ronde, Powder, Burnt, Malheur and Owyhee rivers are the principal streams flowing into it.

The principal rivers of Oregon flowing into the Pacific are the Rogue, Coquille, Umpqua, Siuslaw, Alsea, Yaquina, Siletz, Nestucca, Trask, Wilson's and Nehalem.

LAKES.

Klamath, Summer, Albert, Fish, Silver, Goose, Warner, Harney, Wapato, Devil's, Loon, Diamond, Crater, Crescent and Odell, are the largest lakes.

BAYS AND HARBORS.

Coos, Yaquina and Tillamook Bays, afford safe harbors, accessible except in stormy weather, for vessels drawing from eight to twelve feet of water, and are becoming of considerable commercial importance. Yaquina Bay is the ocean terminus of the O. P. R. R., and now a port of entry.

VALLEYS.

The principal valleys of Oregon are the Willamette, Rogue, Walla Walla, Powder, Grande Ronde, Wallowa, John Day, Des Chutes and Klamath.

GEOLOGICAL FORMATION.

The geological formation of Oregon, as shown by the deposits, is evidently the result of volcanic upheavals during the Cretaceous period. The surface of Eastern Oregon consists largely of immense deposits of volcanic matter. West of the Cascade Range the older rocks are generally buried under the deposit of the Tertiary and Post-Tertiary period. Salt-water seas, and lakes covered, at one period, the plains and valleys of the Pacific Slope.

ROGUE RIVER VALLEY is a magnificent stretch of country, extending not along the river of that name, but southward therefrom for more over 30 miles, with a most genial climate, very fertile, and growing excellent fruit, in great variety, as well as cereals and root crops.

Jacksonville, Phoenix and Ashland are its most important towns.

There are warm sulphur springs near the latter place.

At Smith's Ranch and Store, on Wolf Creek, I left the stage, and took a foot trail over a steep mountain to the southern terminus of the Oregon and California Railway.

Proceeding by a construction train, a big slide was encountered, covering the track near Cow Creek Cañon.

Thus detained, I met a pioneer, J. B. Nichols, the owner of a 2000-acre ranch at the base of Table Mountain, where he had lived thirty-one years. During that whole period his stock had never suffered from drouth, and only two winters from snow.

Salmon were so plentiful in the streams that a single railway construction blast killed sixty in Cow Creek by concussion.

About 36 miles beyond Roseberg I visited

THE PAYTON MINERAL SPRINGS. They are situated immediately on the line of the Oregon and California Railway, in the beautiful valley of Yoncolla, two miles south of Drain's Station, and 166 miles from Portland.

They are surrounded by the most charming landscapes, composed of gently rolling hills and handsome dales, finely wooded with fir, cedar, maple, oak and other indigenous trees, through which course numerous clear mountain streams.

The climate is a delightful mean the year round—mild, yet invigorating, and free from all malaria.

The springs burst forth fresh and sparkling a short distance from the hotel, and have been very highly endorsed by Prof. Philip Harvey, of Portland, and others too numerous to mention, for the cure of rheumatism, dyspepsia, asthma, scrofula, liver complaints, visceral obstructions, and all blood and skin diseases.

The specific gravity of the water is by Bumes' Hydrometer, 1.01, yielding 435 grains of solid matter to the gallon, of which 173 grains are chlorides of sodium, 145 grains chloride of magnesium and 115 grains chloride of calcium. They also contain a small quantity of carbonate of lime and iron, and considerable free carbonic acid.

The grounds embrace a splendid 320-acre tract—adjoining the well known Jesse Applegate 6000-acre estate—through which flows Elk Creek, a tributary of the Umpqua.

It is finely wooded, watered by living streams and springs, and is the resort of deer, fox, partridge, quail, and other game.

The improvements comprise, besides a good hotel, a carp pond, hennery and garden supplying the table with the luxuries of fresh fish, butter, eggs, milk, vegetables, fruit, and fowl.

The springs are owned by Dr. Payton and Mr. Cartwright, who together with Mrs. Cartwright, an excellent housekeeper, devote their entire attention to providing for the health, comfort and pleasure of their guests.

All trains stop, when requested, directly opposite the hotel.

Between Payton's and Portland, I examined the Soda-ville, Aurora, and Wilhoit Mineral Springs, from two to twenty miles from the line of the Oregon and California Railroad.

SODAVILLE SODA SPRINGS are situated about 18 miles southeast of Albany, in Lynn County, in the western foot-hills of the Cascade Mountains, four miles from the line of the railway at the town of Lebanon.

The water is agreeable to the taste, and well recommended.

The situation is healthful and pleasant, and visitors will find comfortable accommodations at Foot's Hotel, close to the springs.

THE AURORA MINERAL SPRINGS, Dr. Giesy, owner. These springs, two in number, are situated about one and a half miles from the Oregon and California Railroad, at Aurora, 27 miles south of Portland.

They are a powerful saline, and highly recommended for dyspepsia, scrofula, skin and kidney diseases.

ANALYSIS MADE BY J. H. BELL, M. D.

	GRAINS.
Chloride of Calcium.....	474.128
Chloride of Sodium.....	356.00
Magnesium.....	19.872
Carbonate of Iron.....	Traces.
Carbonate of Lime.....	Traces.
Silica.....	10.608
Organic Matter.....	1.016
Total.....	861.624

THE CELEBRATED WILHOIT MINERAL SPRINGS. — The Wilhoit Mineral Springs are situated upon Rock Creek, in Clackamas County, Oregon, in the western foot-hills of the Cascade Mountains, at an elevation of about 3000 feet above the sea.

Though first discovered and taken up by John Wilhoit, for their mineral properties, in 1868, they have been known to the pioneer hunters of this region as the great deer-lick for over thirty years.

Hundreds of deer, cougar and other wild animals have been killed at these springs.

Horses have been known to break out of their pastures, miles away, to satisfy their thirst for these waters.

They are, without doubt, among the most remarkable in the world for their curative qualities and agreeableness as a beverage.

With little or no effort made to advertise them, they have already become the principal health resort of this whole section, and their waters in such local demand that two four-horse teams were constantly employed during last season, at an expense of \$2600, to supply Portland alone.

They are immensely popular with the people of the Willamette Valley, who would probably rebel against any attempt to exclude them from their customary use.

From summer until autumn they flock here by the hundreds, camping in the pleasant fir groves bordering, and when the season is over drawing the water to their homes by the barrel.

There is probably not a settler for twenty miles around but will tell you of their remarkable cures.

They are especially efficacious in the cure of dyspepsia, kidney complaints, skin and nervous diseases, and are a sure antidote for sea sickness.

The springs are seven in number, yielding an inexhaustible supply of one of the most delicious, sparkling, appetizing and refreshing natural beverages ever discovered.

The time will come when the Wilhoit Mineral Springs will take a front rank among the most famous natural sanitariums of the world—become the Saratoga of the Pacific Coast—and when their waters will be as widely known and drank as those of the most celebrated.

Nature has provided here everything necessary for a great popular watering-place, a very pleasant and healthy situation, sheltered by handsome groves of fir, with numerous crystal springs bursting from the hill-sides close at hand, admirable camping-grounds, an abundance of trout in the brooks, and game—deer, grouse, pheasant, etc., in the foot-hills.

This valuable property is now owned by the Wilhoit Springs Mineral Water Company, incorporated April 30th, 1881, Messrs. A. Labbe, President, R. S. McLeran, Secretary, stock owned by Labbe Bros. and McLeran Bros., with their principal office and agency at LabbeBros., S.E. corner Second and Washington Streets, Portland, Oregon.

There are at present good accommodations at the springs hotel for all who may come, excellent fare, home comforts, hot and cold mineral baths, etc., under the efficient management of Mr. McLeran and wife, who spare no pains to provide everything possible for their health and comfort.

The company, who own a fine tract of 200 acres surrounding the springs, embracing a promising vein of coal about to be developed, contemplate the building, at an early day, of a railroad from Portland, and the expenditure of large sums in improving and beautifying the grounds.

Analysis of Wilhoit Mineral Spring Water, made by Prof. John A. Veatch, M. D., April 8th, 1869.

CONTENTS OF ONE WINE GALLON.

	Cubic Inches.
Carbonic Acid Gas	338.44
	Grains.
Chloride of Sodium	291.00
Carbonate of Soda	87.57
Carbonate of Magnesia	85.32
Carbonate of Lime	32.23
Carbonate of Protoxide of Iron	6.00
Sulphate of Soda	3.40
Sulphate of Magnesia	6.45
Total solid contents	422.00

PORTLAND, the commercial metropolis of the Pacific northwest, is situated at the head of ocean steamship navigation, on the banks of the Willamette River, 12 miles from its confluence with the Columbia, and 115 miles from the Pacific. It lies mainly along its left bank, the suburbs extending to the base of the fir-clad foothills of the Coast Range, which, rising to an elevation of several hundred feet, encircle it on the west and south. It is regularly laid out, with broad streets, lighted with gas, and traversed by street cars on its principal thoroughfares. An abundant supply of excellent water is distributed by iron pipes throughout the city.

Front street is chiefly occupied by ware and wholesale houses, and the steamship and railroad companies, controlling the ocean, river and rail transportation of this entire region. Its principal trade centers between Front and Fourth streets, and is represented in its various departments by large, substantial, handsome blocks of iron, brick and stone. The resident portion is well built, and ornamented by many spacious, elegant mansions, the homes of its most opulent citizens. Educational and religious institutions are well sustained, its public schools and churches costing over \$300,000.

New-Market Theater, the Masonic, Odd Fellows', Turn Verein and other Halls, afford commodious and convenient facilities for the frequent plays, lectures, readings, etc., provided for the entertainment and instruction of the people. A Library Association of over 300 members and 11,000 vol-

umes, is in a flourishing condition; a free reading-room and library is also provided by the Young Men's Christian Association. The Press is ably represented by the Daily and Weekly Oregonian, and numerous other papers and periodicals. Over 30 hotels and boarding-houses furnish ample and excellent accommodations suited to all classes of the traveling public. Her population, now numbering about 25,000, and rapidly increasing, is derived from the best elements of our home and foreign immigration, intelligent, energetic and progressive. Life on the streets presents that wide-awake aspect characteristic of the great business centers of our stimulating northern climates. The fresh air, clear complexions, intelligent faces, vigorous and well developed physique of the people, indicate that the finest types of manhood and womanhood are here finding homes and prosperous occupations.

Established industries are pushed with great vigor, and every opportunity seized upon for utilizing the abounding resources awaiting development on every hand. Millions of acres producing the choicest cereals; the greatest timber reserve of the continent, which generations will not exhaust; deposits of coal and iron sufficient for all the demands of transportation and manufacturing; the most extensive and valuable salmon fisheries in the world, lie at her doors, and pay generous tribute to her commerce.

Whatever importance other places may assume in the progress of the development of the immense resources of this great region, Portland, by reason of her unrivalled natural advantages, commanding through the enterprise and concentration of the capital and interests of the great companies already operating over 4000 miles of railroad, ocean and river transportation, with important extensions in course of construction, the internal commerce of over 250,000 square miles of one of the richest portions of the Union, will not only maintain her present commercial supremacy, but rapidly rise in population, business and wealth, and hold her position as one of the three great cities of the Pacific Coast.

EXCURSIONS FROM PORTLAND. — TRIP No. 1 — *Up the Willamette Valley to Roseburg, at the Head of the Umpqua Valley, and then to Corvallis, in the Month of March. Round trip, 700 miles.*

The Willamette Valley (proper) extends from the Columbia River on the north, 125 miles southward, to the base of the Calapooia Mountains, and from east to west from the Cascade to the Coast Range of Mountains, comprising, including the foot-hills, more than 4,000,000 acres of the richest agricultural, pastoral and fruit lands.

It is traversed, lengthwise, by the Oregon and California Railway, now operated on the east side of the Willamette its entire length, and as far south as Glendale, 262 miles, and west of the river 96 miles to Corvallis.

Along these lines of road there are more than forty thriving villages, towns and cities. Of these Oregon City, Salem, Albany, Harrisburg, Eugene City and Roseburg are the most important.

They run through the heart of the valley, and fairly exhibit its beauty and fertility.

Its special features are a level surface, forests of evergreen, fir and spruce bordering or surrounding green prairie openings and meadow lands.

The present is one of the most backward seasons ever known, but the grain is about six inches high, the pasturage good, the stock looking well, and the numerous orchards are beginning to bloom.

It is impossible to have every good thing at any one place and time; and while the people of Western Oregon are blessed with such abundant rains that crop failures are almost unknown, they suffer from extremely bad roads during the winter season.

The low lands are very wet, and spring plowing just commenced, nearly a month later than usual.

There is considerable ditching, but not half enough. The country impresses me much more favorably than the thrift and enterprise of the settlers occupying it.

The average condition of the farms, buildings, fences

and other improvements is much inferior to those of our more prosperous agricultural communities of the same age in the West.

I am satisfied that the products of the Willamette Valley would be increased two-fold by an intelligent, thorough system of tillage of the area now farmed. The old settlers themselves admit this; they have little ambition as agriculturists beyond getting a comfortable living in the easiest manner.

Hitherto, until quite recently, there has been no encouragement for production in excess of home demands. The costs of transportation have been so great that the producer has often received little or no profit for his labor. But a new era is now dawning, not only for the farmer, but for all classes in the Pacific Northwest. Competing lines by rail and ocean will soon bid for the carrying traffic of Oregon.

The tourist who admires scenic beauty will be charmed with the landscape, especially surrounding Harrisburg, Eugene City, Cottage Grove, and the villages of Drain's, Rice Hill and Oakland, beyond the divide in the foot-hills of the Calapooia Mountains.

At Oakland the train was boarded by the freshest, merriest and most intelligent company of young men and women I have seen for many a day. They were native-born, and students at a seminary located here.

On the west side of the river the general elevation is a little higher than on the east.

The soil is a dark sandy or alluvial loam, the foot-hills equally as rich as the bottom lands.

A settler by the name of Clancy, living on Gale Creek, in Washington County, says his neighbor Schultz raised last year 45 bushels of wheat to the acre upon the burnt lands, without plowing or harrowing, simply brushing the seed in with a tree-top.

There are tens of thousands of acres in the Burnt District of the Coast Range susceptible of profitable cultivation. It grows the choicest fruits and berries. Game and fish abound, the water is excellent, and the climate healthy.

TRIP No. 2. -- *From Portland to Astoria, Tillamook and Yaquina Bays, Oregon, on Steamer Yaquina. Round trip, 430 miles.*

The new, staunch little steamer Yaquina, loaded with railroad building material for the Oregon Pacific Railroad, a full list of passengers—including master mechanic, engineers, surveyors, traders, prospectors and others—sailed from Portland, at five in the morning, bound for San Juan Island, Puget Sound, via Tillamook and Yaquina Bays, Oregon, and Gray's Harbor, Washington Territory. Ned Moody, an experienced master and pilot, stood by the wheel, and gave the writer the benefit of his thorough knowledge of the great water-ways of this region.

The Willamette is here a considerable stream, broad and deep enough for large ships, its bottom covered with cottonwood, fir and spruce prevailing upon the uplands. The few settlers are engaged chiefly in dairying and logging. Swan, Sauvie's, Nigger Tom's and Coon Islands are soon passed. Twelve miles from Portland we sight the old settlement of Vancouver and take leave of the Willamette.

The Columbia is one of the mighty rivers of the world, broad, deep and rapid. Its descent affords a succession of most glorious views, and subjects of great interest. Dense forests of stately fir and spruce, unbroken excepting a little here and there by fires and the woodman's ax, extend along both banks from the ocean almost to The Dalles, and as far into the interior as the eye can reach. Bold rocky headlands, and frowning snow-capped cliffs and peaks, alternate with smooth rolling hills and green meadows along this grand review.

Mounts Hood, St. Helen's, Ranier, Jefferson and Adams, raise their white, majestic heads among the clouds, thousands of feet above the timber line. Salmon fisheries, sawmills, villages, islands, rivers, creeks, steamers, vessels and fishing-boats, are passed in rapid succession. We met the Bonita, Clatsop Chief, Toledo, Jos. Kellogg, Manzanillo, Hayward and Fleetwood—small, swift, stern-wheelers plying between Portland and Astoria, and these places and Kalama

and points on the Cowlitz, and other tributaries of the Columbia. Warriors' Rock, Martin's Bluff, Coffin Rock, Carroll's Point, Green's Point, Bunker Hill, Oak Point, Cape Horn, Cooper's Point, Pillar Rock, Jim Crow Mountain, Tongue Point and Saddle-Back Mountain, are the most prominent and interesting landmarks; St. Helen's, Columbia City, Ranier, Kalama, Cathlamet and Westport, are the principal villages; Batchelors, Deer, Sand, Martin's, Carroll's, Walker's, Fisher's, Crim's, Puget and Woody, the larger islands; St. Helen's, Martin's, Walker's, and Hog's Back, the bar obstructions.

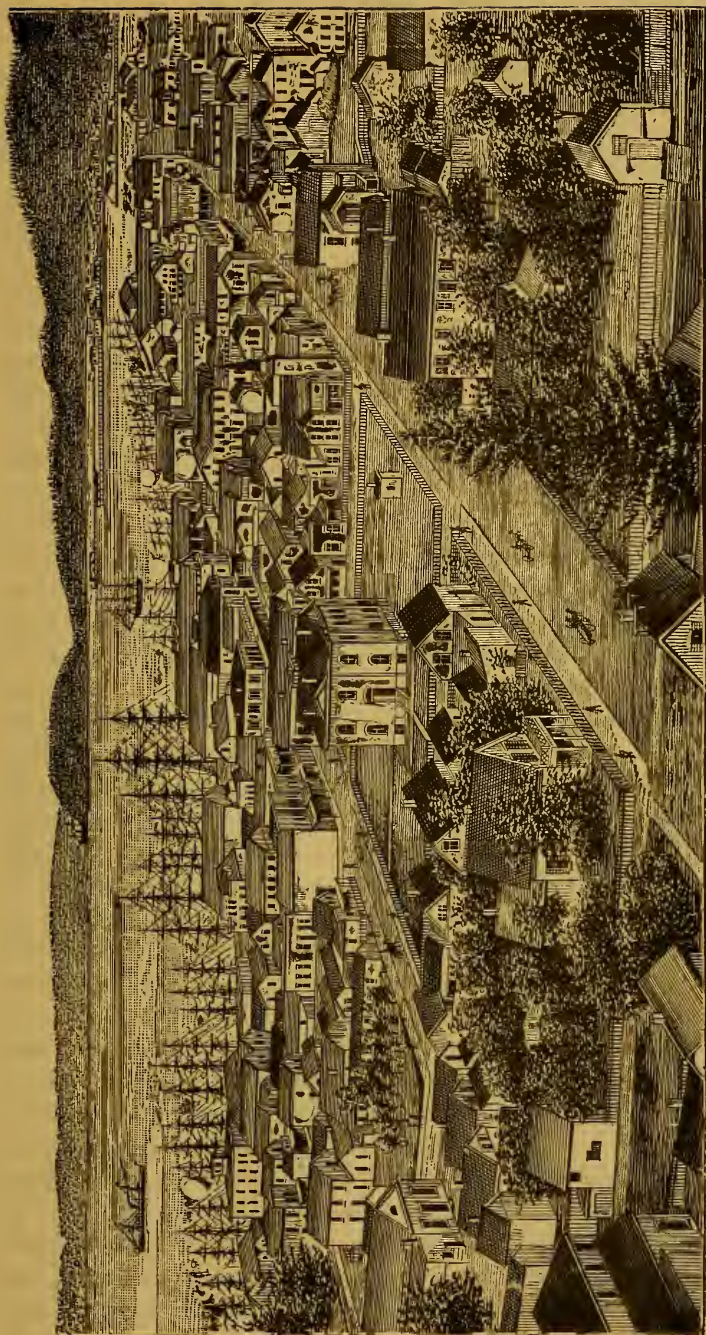
Six miles below Vancouver we reach the first of the thirty-six salmon canneries lining the banks of the lower Columbia. In the brief period of twelve years, this industry has grown to such proportions that a single firm, Kinney's, packed 32,000 cases during the season. It is estimated that the annual salmon product of the Columbia, Frazer, Rogue and Umpqua rivers, exceeds 1,000,000 cases, containing forty-eight 1-lb cans each; the yield of the Columbia river alone amounting to 550,000 cases, valued at upwards of \$3,000,000. The fishing season commences on the first of April, and continues till the first of August. The canneries furnish boats and nets, and pay the fishermen two-thirds the value of all the fish caught, ranging from 50 to 60 cents each. The fishing boats are from 22 to 24 feet in length, and from $6\frac{1}{2}$ to $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide, each carrying two men, and a gill-net from 250 to 350 fathoms long, and about 40 $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch meshes deep. The average salmon weighs about 24 lbs., three and a half usually filling a case. They are occasionally caught weighing over 80 lbs., but the medium sized are preferred. When a few miles from Astoria, the Columbia rapidly widens, being seven miles across from Gray's Bay, Washington Territory, to John Day's, in Oregon. A strong ocean breeze whitens this broad expanse with foaming sea-caps; a fleet of brave fishermen under full sail are darting in every direction, many of the boats showing half their keel's length. It is perilous business in stormy weather—more than seventy daring fellows having been drowned last year, by venturing too far among the angry breakers at the bar.

Rounding Tongue Point, and touching a few moments at a salmon cannery, at 5:50 P. M. we are alongside the wharf at

ASTORIA, the largest city on the Columbia River, is situated on the left bank, about 12 miles from its mouth. It was founded by John Jacob Astor in 1811, and contains a resident population of 3981 inhabitants. Its most important industries are salmon canning, lumber manufacturing and commercial trade; the aggregate value of its export shipments during 1881, amounting to upwards of \$3,000,000. The surrounding country is mostly covered with forests of cedar, spruce, hemlock, white and yellow fir, the area adapted to agriculture being quite limited. The rainfall is somewhat excessive, but the climate equable and healthful. The great advantages of Astoria as a shipping point, will, in conjunction with her other resources, ultimately build up a large city here. Public and private schools and churches are well sustained. The various branches of business represented appear to be in a flourishing condition. Her saw-mills cut upwards of 6,000,000 feet of lumber annually. A tannery is in successful operation. It presents excellent advantages for ship-building, which will doubtless soon be improved.

Veins of coal have been discovered at the base of Saddle Mountain, about ten miles distant, but not sufficiently developed to determine their probable extent. The business portion of the city is mainly built upon piles, and is one of the cleanest and most wholesome in the Union. The sewer abomination, which poisons the atmosphere of so many of our towns and cities, does not exist. The daily ebb and flow of the tide removes all filth more thoroughly than can any human agency.

Astoria is the headquarters of the most extensive salmon fisheries and canneries in the world. It is now the height of the fishing season. The Columbia river, for twenty miles from its mouth, is literally alive with fishermen; their nets would stretch from shore to shore every few rods of the whole distance. The city front for several miles is a vast



ASTORIA.

collection of fishing outfits—boats, nets, reels, drying-racks, canneries, etc.

Desiring to examine this great industry thoroughly, I determined first to see how the salmon were caught. For this purpose I proceeded to one of the largest canneries and made known my wishes. They smiled all around, looked at me, as if to see whether I meant it—and said I would probably find some one to take me out, though there wasn't any fun in it!—that men were drowned almost every day—two yesterday, two the previous day, etc. I then went out among the fishermen, some of whom were going and coming with their boats all the time. They were of many nationalities, Italians and Scandinavians predominating, a strong, hardy, dare-devil set!

When I told them what I wanted, they invariably looked upon me with a broad smile, and expressions of mingled doubt and curiosity, but upon being assured that I was in earnest, readily agreed to let me go with them. Now came the difficulty of finding a party starting and returning at times to suit other engagements.

The best of the fishing is at the mouth of the river, where hundreds of the fishermen rendezvous at Sand Island, improving the best stages of the tide day and night; frequently, if the catch is good, remaining out from 20 to 60 hours, sending up the salmon by steam tenders, which ply between them and the canneries.

Finally I found, as I supposed, my man! He was to start early in the evening and return at daybreak, and wanted to hire a good oarsman for the night. I told him that I was the son of a fisherman, and had rowed everything, from an Indian canoe to a schooner, and was a man of muscle and endurance! He seemed to be favorably impressed, and at once engaged my services, agreeing to pay therefor the usual price. But he failed to meet me at the appointed place of starting. The next fisherman I consulted on the subject, said a steamboat had just cut his net "all to h—ll," and he couldn't go out again that night. There still remained one chance to get down among the fishermen, and back again to Portland in time to start on Monday, with Captains Kellogg

and Smith, on their first attempt to navigate by steamer the upper Cowlitz river.

The Ilwaco Steam Navigation Co., (Captain Gray, agent) run a daily line of boats from Astoria to Ilwaco, where they make connection with the Shoalwater Bay Transportation Co.'s steamers and Loomis' stage line through to Olympia. Touching at Forts Stevens and Canby, and passing through the thickest of the fishing fleet, calling at several of their stations for salmon—it affords not only a excellent opportunity to witness all the details of salmon catching, but a splendid pleasure excursion.

The Saturday boat leaves Astoria at 8 A.M. Our first landing was at Fort Stevens, situated on a low sand beach, seven miles down on the left. Sam. Adair has a fishing station here.

From thence eight miles to Fort Canby, our course lay directly through the thickest of the fishing fleet; the river here, six miles in width, was literally a network of seines, from the meshes of which it would seem no salmon could escape. It was impossible to keep the steamer clear of them without making unreasonable detours, and we run through and over more than thirty nets, cutting several in two, and dragging in our return a dozen fathoms of one that caught in the screw of a disabled steam launch which we stopped to take in tow.

At Sand Island we found a numerous fleet of fishing boats. The island belongs to the Government, but is leased to a salmon cannery, for a term of years, at \$500 a year.

About three miles beyond, on the Washington shore, lies Fort Canby, occupying a delightful situation in a sheltered cove a short distance from Cape Disappointment light-house.

While discharging freight at the Government wharf, a fishing boat came alongside and threw on board 181 splendid salmon, the catch of four boats during the night.

Two miles further brings us to Ilwaco, very pleasantly situated on the beach, under the fir-covered foot hills of the Coast Range. Loomis & Co. own a good wharf here, 1260 feet in length, with a frontage 100 by 60 feet.

Returning, we called at several fishing stations for salmon, receiving altogether quite a deck load. One boat brought us 91, taken since nine o'clock the previous evening, but this is twice the usual catch for this season. The best fishing is in the south channel, and sometimes outside of the bar, but it is attended with great danger. They go out with the ebb tide and fish in with the flood. If the salmon are plentiful, they are tempted to keep their nets in as long as possible, and are frequently overtaken and swamped and drowned in the breakers, which rise very suddenly upon the turning of the tide. Hundreds have lost their lives in this manner, and by storms—scarcely a day passing during the fishing season which does not add to the list.

Having seen how and where the salmon were caught, I next visited

M. J. KINNEY'S CANNING ESTABLISHMENT, not only the largest on this coast, but in the world! Over 400 hands are employed in catching and preparing the salmon for market. Their outfit consists in part of 95 fishing boats, from $23\frac{1}{2}$ to $25\frac{1}{2}$ feet long and 7 feet wide, built in the strongest manner, from the best models, costing \$200 each. The same number of nets, from 250 to 300 fathoms in length and four fathoms deep, made from the strongest linen thread, worth a dollar a pound, each net costing \$450, and lasting only one year.

Besides the extensive wharf and buildings used in the canning operation, there are seven great piers, 275x60 feet, fitted up with racks for drying the nets. Last year they put up 50,000 cases, and expect to can 35,000 cases this season. About half of their entire product was shipped to the eastern cities of the Union, but their largest orders now come from Europe. They are now loading 10,000 cases upon a great iron ship for Liverpool, which will carry away on her return over a quarter million dollars worth of canned salmon from Astoria alone.

Mr. Kinney has built up his immense business in the brief period of six years, and such is the demand for his brand of these goods, that its expansion seems to be only limited by the salmon catch; which, while increasing in the

aggregate, is likely to diminish so far as individual firms are concerned.

Beginning at the wharf, where these splendid fish are received, I followed them through all the various operations of cleaning, packing, curing, testing, labeling, etc., to which they are subjected before ready for the market.



SALMON FISHING—CASTING THE NET.

First.—A dozen or fifteen salmon at a time are arranged side by side upon a long table, when two Chinamen, with great knives, cut off their heads, tails and fins, and remove their entrails, at the rate of 1500 a day. The rejected parts are thrown down a chute, and taken away to the oil-works.

Second.—The fish are carefully cleaned, scraped and scaled by two Chinamen, and passed on to No. 5, who, with a single stroke of a machine, cuts each into five pieces, four and a half inches long, the exact length of the can which is to receive them.

Sixth.—Two Chinamen, armed with great knives, cut these pieces in two, lengthwise, when they are carried in trays to the packing-tables. Here they are put into cans, one pound—over-weight—in each, and passed to Chinese boys, who carefully wipe the inside of the top edge with clean cotton cloths.

Ninth.—The cans now receive their covers, which are rapped down and secured by means of a small wooden mallet, and are taken to the solderers. When perfectly sealed, they are placed in the bath-rooms or tanks of boiling hot water, nine in number, each three and a half feet square, holding 720 cans. Here they remain for one hour and ten minutes, when they are removed to the stopping-bench, each can tested by tapping with a small wooden mallet, a hole punched in the top to allow the gases to escape, and then re-sealed. They are next run on a tramway-car into three retorts, each containing 2160 cans, where for an hour and a quarter they are subjected to a steam heat of 240° . From the retorts they go into the washing-tanks, and from thence to the lacquer-baths. These consist of ten large tanks filled with a solution of turpentine and copal varnish, into each of which a hundred cans at once are quickly immersed.

The nineteenth operation consists in removing with one stroke of a brush the excess of the solution from the top of the cans. Now they are taken to the first tester, who by tapping the top of each can, with a steel nail, at once detects any defect in the sealing of the cans. This is one of the most important parts of the whole process of canning. Upon its thoroughness the reputation of the goods for general excellence depends. There are three separate tests made of each can after leaving the stopping-bench, and it is rare to find a spoiled one of the Kinney brand. The second and third testers are white men, trained by years of experi-

ence to discover instantly by sound the slightest defect, its character and location.

The cans are next labeled by young girls, with astonishing rapidity, each putting on about 4000 daily, when they are ready for the twenty-fourth and final operation—that of packing.



SALMON FISHING—HAULING THE NET.

From forty-five to fifty Chinamen are employed in manufacturing the tin cans used by this firm, about 25,000 daily. They are very expert, rapid and accurate workmen. Squaring machines cut the tin into strips of the exact size required; one clips the corners; a former, with one revolution, rounds it into shape; the bottoms are soldered, then floated,

finally rimmed, and sent below through a hopper, all ready for use, in a surprisingly short space of time.

The whole process of salmon canning by this establishment is done in the most thorough and cleanly manner. No fish are used except fresh from the water, and experienced superintendents carefully watch every operation from beginning to end, securing the highest degree of perfection possible in this most excellent article of food.

FROM ASTORIA TO TILLAMOOK BAY.

Soon after passing Fort Stevens we came in full view of the raging surf, breaking with a thundering roar, along a front of more than five miles. A storm was brewing, a fog obscured the buoys of the tortuous channel and though the Yaquina is an excellent sea-boat, and Capt. Denny a brave and experienced master, it was thought best to round-to and anchor under the lee of Sand Island for more favorable weather.

The tardiness of the Government in providing every facility for the safe navigation of the Columbia is the cause of much complaint on the part of shipmasters, merchants and the traveling public. I was much surprised to find no signal station at so important a port of entry. The passenger transportation alone exceeds 3500 a month, and demands every possible safeguard.

The storm abated during the night, and at 8 o'clock the following morning we rode safely over the Columbia bar into a comparatively smooth sea.

Sailing southward, Oregon first presents some ten miles of low lands, occupied chiefly by dairymen.

The Sea-side Hotel, a favorite summer resort of the Portlanders and Astorians, built by Ben. Holliday, is situated here.

Soon the Coast Mountains confront the ocean, rugged and thickly wooded, Tillamook head-light standing sentinel upon a huge rock, one mile and one-eighth from the shore.

During a severe storm, about a year ago, the workmen then engaged in erecting this light-house, heard loud cries of distress, and through the darkness could just discern the

outlines of a ship dashing helplessly upon the rocks. In the morning the beach was strewn with the wreck and the dead bodies of the officers and crew, not a soul surviving to tell the story of that awful night.

Next the mouth of the Nehalem, where excellent coal has recently been discovered, then a long stretch of magnificent beach, succeeded by a bold, rocky shore, to

TILLAMOOK BAY, 45 miles from the mouth of the Columbia. This is a fine body of water, about 14 miles long and six miles wide, almost completely land-locked, full of salmon, bass, clams, crabs and other fish, its shores thickly timbered with spruce and fir, abounding with elk, deer and bear.

John Hobson, who rode down the Columbia River in an Indian canoe 39 years ago, came with us to expend \$40,000 here in the building of a salmon fishery and cannery, greatly to the delight of the old settlers, who have been patiently waiting these 20 years for something to turn up for the benefit of beautiful Tillamook.

There are about 25 American families and a small remnant of the Tillamook tribe of Indians living immediately upon the bay, and a large settlement occupying an extensive opening on the southeast side. They are engaged chiefly in dairying, lumbering and stock-raising.

There is a considerable body of surveyed Government land lying to the north and east along the western slope of the Coast Range, which though much broken, will afford many desirable situations for those seeking homes in Oregon.

We reached this pleasant harbor just in time to escape a severe southwester, which raged for forty hours, breaking up rafts, logs and lumber, and threatening to drive us from our anchorage. The following day we ventured to sea again, encountering a strong head wind and heavy sea, both increasing in violence, until our little ship was barely able to stem the storm.

"The glass is going up rapidly; it will blow a gale to-night," said Captain Moody, in a low tone, as he passed me on the forward deck.

All eyes were fixed upon a locomotive and tender complete, standing upon timbers across the hatchway, which though strongly lashed and blocked, began to surge alarmingly.

"Look out!" shouted Captain Denny from his post by the wheel-house; "if she goes, you'll be crushed or knocked overboard." Stepping from my exposed position, just as a heavy sea sent the vessel reeling, and looking up, I saw that we were turning back.

Certain passengers, unknown to me, had persuaded the Captain to attempt to recross the bar of Tillamook before the tide should run too low, rather than risk the dangers of the ocean in such a storm, with such a cargo, and no accessible harbor for more than 500 miles ahead.

Hoisting all sail, we fairly flew over the 12 miles it had taken us more than three hours and a half, under full steam, to advance, and through the skillful guidance of Captain Denny, dashed through the breakers, over the bar, to a safe anchorage again.

The storm raged for over thirty hours, the severest ever known here at this season, said Mr. Meggason, who had lived at Cape Foulweather 27 years.

Resuming our voyage, rapidly passing Oyster Bay and Cascade Head, sighting the light at Cape Foulweather at ten o'clock at night; then slackening speed for flood-tide, just at day-break we rode into one of the finest little harbors on the Pacific coast.

YAQUINA BAY, now attracting so much attention, as the ocean terminus of the Oregon and Pacific Railroad, is situated about five hundred miles north of San Francisco, and one hundred miles south of the mouth of the Columbia. It is about six miles long, with an average width of one mile and a half, its rugged, picturesque shores covered with fir, spruce and pine. A deep sea channel extends to Oneatta, there being twenty-five feet of water off the railroad wharf, one mile below, and six miles from the entrance. I noted carefully the soundings, as we crossed the bar, made by Mate John Jaques, an experienced and excellent leads-

man, formerly employed in the Government Coast Survey in that capacity. The tide had been ebbing about fifty minutes, when the first throw was made, showing 23 feet, then 21, 20, 17, 22, 24 feet, when Captain Denny, who was Master of the Government steamer employed in its survey, remarked, "We are over." The channel is narrow but straight, and the soft sand-stone formation of the short bar favorable to its permanent removal by blasting. It can, without doubt, be deepened sufficiently to admit of the safe passage of deep draught ships in all ordinary weather.

The Oregon and Pacific Railroad, reaching the great ocean highway at this point, begins at Boise City, crossing Central Oregon *via* Baker City and Corvallis, through the heart of its richest valleys.

Yaquina Bay, already much resorted to in summer, promises to become the favorite sea-side watering-place of this region. The pretty little village of Newport is nestled cozily under the sheltering bluffs, on the northern side.

The bay is alive with fish and fowl—rockbass, halibut, smelt, herring, flounders, salmon, sturgeon, clams, oysters, geese, ducks and other kinds. Large game is plentiful in the bordering forests—deer, elk, cougar, etc.

There is a splendid bathing beach, delightful camping-grounds, an abundant supply of excellent water, and good hotel accommodations.

The back lying country, for more than fifty miles, known as the "Burnt District," though generally rough and mountainous, requiring considerable labor to clear and reclaim, is scarcely less productive than the richest bottoms, and well adapted for mixed farming and dairying.

Veins of coal, said to be of good quality, have been discovered near the bay, and large bodies of fir, spruce and cedar timber grow on the Siletz and Elk Rivers, the principal streams flowing into it.

TRIP No. 4.—*From Portland up the Willamette River to Corvallis, the head of steamboat navigation. Round Trip, 228 miles.*

The Willamette River, excepting the Columbia, is the principal stream west of the Cascade Range of mountains.

It is formed by the junction of the Mackenzie, middle and east forks, and the waters of over 40 tributary rivers and creeks, draining a water-shed of some 20,000 square miles. The Willamette Valley comprises such an important part of Oregon, that for a long time, and until a comparatively recent period, it has received almost exclusive mention abroad in connection with its agricultural resources, though some other sections are just as fertile and attractive. It contains more than half of the entire population of the State, about 50,000 of whom occupy the cities and towns built on the banks of the Willamette.

First—Portland, the chief city of the North Pacific Coast, situated on the west bank 12 miles from its confluence with the Columbia, contains a population of upwards of 25,000. It is the great center of trade, commerce and transportation for this whole region. Her steamships and vessels sail to the most distant seas—her railroads traverse nearly every portion of Oregon and Washington, and steamers ascend every navigable river.

We started from the Ainsworth Dock in that city at 6 A.M., on the O. R. & Co's steamer *Occident*, Capt. Bell, which makes regular trips throughout the year to Salem (70 miles); and during high stage of water, 114 miles to Corvallis, sometimes going as far as Eugene City, 172 miles from Portland. There are 31 different landings on the river, 14 of which are towns and villages. The boat stops at about 20 of these landings, on an average, each way.

OREGON CITY, 12 miles from Portland, on the east bank, is the most interesting point. It contains a population of about 1200. Here the river falls some 40 feet, faced by high perpendicular walls of basaltic rock, the town being built on a narrow strip beneath, and upon the picturesque fir-covered slope above. Its magnificent water-power is improved by woollen, flour, paper and other mills. The falls are surmounted by means of five locks, each one raising the boat eight feet, the passage consuming about 40 minutes. When a short distance above, Mr. Chamberlain (the mate) says that there is nothing more worth seeing—that a thick

growth of fir, cottonwood, willow, etc., along the banks, shuts off all distant views. Though this is comparatively true, the trip is far from being a monotonous one.

For a considerable distance above there are frequent farm openings with numerous orchards, and occasionally a pleasant homelike place, surrounded by lawns, filled with flowers and ornamental trees; then islands, rivers, creeks, narrow channels, sandbars, old river beds, and various formations and timber growths—besides, the towns and their inhabitants engage the attention. Above Oregon City the river (which maintains an average width of about 200 yards) is now confined within its banks, which are from eight to twenty-five feet in height, exhibiting uniformly a deep grayish alluvial loam, with a clayey subsoil. During the winter rise, the river is sometimes bank full; and since within 20 years (1861 and 1881) has flooded the whole back lying country for a distance of from five to ten miles.

At Butteville (a little village 29 miles up on the east bank) an old lady gets aboard, who says she once embarked in a small boat from the doorstep of the church—now full 15 feet above the present water level. Capt. Bell (who has run on the river for about 15 years) told me that its channel is constantly changing, and pointed out old river-beds now high and dry, covered with a thick growth of cottonwood, over which he had sailed scores of times in former years. But by the judicious expenditure of the appropriation made for its improvement—from \$12,000 to \$20,000 annually in removing snags and dredging sandbars—its navigation is made comparatively easy and safe. Opposite Champoege (a village of some 25 houses on the east side) the Bald Hills are first visible. They are not extensive, but their bare, brown slopes form a striking contrast with the luxuriant vegetation which covers most of this region.

Forty miles up, we passed the mouth of the Yamhill—a small sluggish stream, navigable for 19 miles to McMinville. At Feaster's Rock the first bad sandbar was reached, but as the Occident only drew about 18 inches of water, it is crossed without difficulty. The Captain said the worst obstructions are snags near Salem, and sandbars at the mouth

of the Luckiamute. Two landings more at Wheatland and Lincoln, small villages on the west bank, and we reached

SALEM, the capital. It is pleasantly situated on the right bank of the Willamette, 72 miles from Portland by river, and 52 by rail. It contains a population of about 3000, and is an important manufacturing point. The Santiam River here affords a great water-power, which is being utilized by extensive woollen and flour mills, already in operation or in course of erection. Independence, ten miles above on the west bank, is a flourishing town of some 500 inhabitants. At Buena Vista, ten miles further, the Occident lay over until morning, the upper river being too low for safe navigation at night. The most extensive pottery works north of San Francisco are situated here, manufacturing about 30 tons of ware weekly — comprising jars, jugs, flower-pots, water-pipes, etc. Considerable attention is being paid to hop culture on the opposite bank. One field of 12 acres produced \$3500 worth last year.

Resuming our journey, a run of two hours brought us to

ALBANY, 103 miles from Portland. This city is finely situated on the east bank of the river, in the center of a very rich wheat-growing district, and contains a population of about 3000. The Santiam River also supplies Albany with almost unlimited water-power, already utilized by large flour and other mills. At 8 A.M., we arrived at Corvallis, the head of navigation, except for very light-draught boats during high water—114 miles from Portland. It is pleasantly located on the west bank of the river, and has a population of about 1200. The Agricultural College is situated here. The Oregon and Pacific Railroad is now in course of construction from this point to Yaquina Bay, its ocean terminus.

Within an hour the boat had finished discharging and receiving freight, and was on her return to Portland. Reaching Salem at an early hour and lying up over night, afforded an opportunity to visit the public buildings, flour mills, etc. The State Capitol is a large, plain structure in a half-finished state, built for convenience, without much regard for architectural beauty. The County Court-house is

a much finer building. At the Salem flouring mill (the largest in the State) I saw ten run of stone grinding at the rate of 500 barrels of flour daily. They ship directly from Portland to Liverpool—and run day and night to supply the demand.

At Fairfield, 15 miles below on the east bank, the boat received 3000 bushels of wheat for the Oregon City mills. During a stoppage of two hours for its delivery, I visited the Imperial flouring mill, the largest here, having eight run of stone, and manufacturing about 500 barrels every 24 hours; and also the Oregon City woollen mills, the most extensive north of California. They operate 11 set of looms, employing 215 men and women—manufacturing blankets, flannels, reversible cloths, cassimeres, buggy-robcs, shawls, etc., in great variety and of superior excellence.

This brief description is only suggestive of the objects of interest to the observing traveler on the Willamette. The physical features of a country, its resources, and the state, and means of their development, are subjects of absorbing interest; but the study of the peculiar characteristics and habits of the people occupying it, and met in passing through it, is hardly less so.

TRIP No. 4.—*Up the Columbia River and through the Walla Walla, Touchet and Snake River Valleys to Texas Ferry; and from Wallula Junction to Pend-de-Oreille Lake, Idaho. Round trip, 1120 miles.*

There is probably no journey of equal distance upon this continent, so remarkable in contrasts and wonderful physical features, as that from Portland to the Snake River, Idaho. It presents in their most striking forms, the infinite expressions which the face of nature, like the human countenance, assumes. To the old military station at Vancouver, and for miles above, the broad, deep river sweeps silently and grandly through the green forests and meadows, affording varied and impressive views, but only by the volume of the waters, and by the mountains from, and through which they come, suggesting the untold grandeur of the scenes beyond. Then the river grows more rapid, its banks are higher, and

often rocky and precipitous, and the rugged sides of the Cascade Range, rising higher and higher, approach nearer and nearer on either side, as if they would close up again the rock-bound passage they have been forced to yield. Vast ledges and columns of bare basaltic rock, detached by some mighty force, now rise hundreds of feet, with perpendicular walls above us. This is only the beginning of the grandeur of these most sublime exhibitions of nature. Approaching the Lower Cascades, mountains, forests, rivers and water-falls unite their wonders for a crowning display. Mountain walls of adamantine rock, roasted, seamed and blackened by volcanic fires, narrow the now turbulent river. Surmounting these, far above, upon successive terraces, by the hundred and the thousand feet, up to the very summits, 5,000 feet, rise hugh basaltic castles, cathedrals, domes and towers, which dwarf to comparative insignificance, all of the creations or conceptions of man. From a single point are seen four water-falls, dashing down the mountain side, leaping from cliff to cliff, from one hundred to seven hundred feet at a bound. Down the six miles of rapids between the Upper and Lower Cascades, the pent-up river rushes, roaring and foaming among the rocks. For sixty miles, this matchless panorama of God's wonder-land rivets the gaze, and humbles the soul of the spectator. Beyond the divide, greater diversity of scene brings welcome relief to the straining eyes. Here the mountains sometimes recede, and the forests give way to pleasant, grassy slopes; again they are torn open by impetuous mountain streams, and we catch glimpses of the deep, dark gorges, cut out by their headlong descent. At the mouth of Hood River, on the right, and Klickitat on the left, green valleys present their smiling faces, and the homes of the pioneers are seen on the hill-sides. At the mouth of the Salmon River, an immense scow was loading with 250 cords of wood, shot on to her from the mountain side six miles distant, through a water-chute, with the velocity of an arrow.

We were on the steamer *Harvest Queen*, and here exchanged salutes with the passengers of the *Mountain Queen*, on her downward trip to the Cascades. Nearing The Dalles,

the river flows with swifter current, between perpendicular walls, harder than granite, thrice higher than ever built by man, and overtopped here and there with storm-scarred fortresses and battlements fit for the battles of the gods. The pine-clad summits of the mountains still rise far above in the background on the right; but on the left, our eyes greet the first broad expanse of smooth, green, rolling hills, fringed with fir and spruce. A solitary horseman suddenly appeared upon the edge of an overhanging bluff five hundred feet or more above us, and halting his fine steed, surveyed us with the air of a military chieftain.

One hundred and ten miles from Portland, we reached

THE DALLES, the most important city of Eastern Oregon, containing a population of 2300. It is picturesquely situated—the business portion under the high, precipitous river bluffs, the residences occupying the eastward-sloping foot-hills of the Cascade Range, hundreds of feet above. An extensive scope of rich agricultural and grazing country lies to the southeastward. Here we took leave of the mountains and the forests, and enter the “Great Plains of the Columbia,” and of Washington Territory.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

WASHINGTON—which, prior to the purchase of Alaska, was the extreme northwestern territory of the United States—extends from the British possessions on the north, about 200 miles to the Columbia River on the south; and from Idaho on the east, about 350 miles west to the Pacific Ocean. It embraces, including the waters of Puget Sound, an area of 69,994 square miles, or 35,000,000 acres. Exclusive of water surface and mountains unfit for use or occupation, there are probably upwards of 20,000,000 acres of forest, 10,000,000 of plains and prairies, and 5,000,000 acres of bottom lands.

Down to 1840, Washington was an unknown wilderness, except to the native tribes and a few daring explorers. About this time, missionaries and the Hudson Bay Company established the first settlement of white men. In 1853, a Territorial Government was organized. The census of 1860 showed a population of 11,505; of 1870, 23,905; and of 1880, 75,000.

The comparative slowness of its progress for many years was mainly due to its isolation, and the character of its resources, which in the most accessible portions west of the mountains required considerable capital for their development and utilization. The increasing demand for building material and fuel by the rapidly augmenting population of the Southern Pacific Coast, and other timberless regions, is now opening for their use the resources of her vast forests and fields of coal.

MOUNTAINS.

The Cascade Mountains extend across Washington in a northwesterly direction, at a distance of about 125 miles from the Pacific, with an elevation ranging from 3000 to 13,000 feet above the sea; they create two divisions, the opposite in climate, soil and natural productions. The Coast

Mountains cover the extreme western and northwestern portion—the Olympic Range rising over 8000 feet, embracing the country north of the fifth standard of parallel, surrounded by the ocean, the Straits of Juan de Fuca and Hood's Canal. They are generally covered with forests of fir, spruce, cedar and pine, but comprise many lightly timbered openings and rich valley bottoms.

RIVERS.

The Columbia River, rising in the Rocky Mountains, flows through the northeastern portion of the Territory, and forms its southern boundary from near the mouth of Snake River to the ocean. The elevated plains through which it courses east of the mountains are known as "The Great Plains" of the Columbia and of the Spokane Rivers. West of the Cascade Range it gives its name to the Great Basin extending from the Calapooia Mountains of Oregon, on the south, more than 300 miles north, to Puget Sound. Its principal Washington tributaries are the Spokane, Okanagan, Methou, Chelan, Enteatwa, Wenatchee, Snake, Walla Walla, Yakima, Klickitat, Washougal, Cath-la-pootle, Lewis and Cowlitz Rivers. The Lummi, Swinamish, Skagit, Steilaguamish, Snohomish, Duwamish, Black, Puyallup, Nisqually, Des Chutes and Skokomish Rivers empty into the waters of Puget Sound; and the Salmon, Dungeness, Elwha, Lyre, Psyche and Hoko, rising in the Olympic Mountains, flow into the Straits of Fuca. The ocean slope of the Coast Range is drained by the Hosett, Quillehute, Charlat, Queets, Shaklett, Quinault, Chehalis, Willopah, Silver, Bear and other rivers.

LAKES.

Washington, Whatcom, Quinault, Kachelus, Kahchess, Lleealum and Coville, are the largest lakes in the Territory.

BAYS AND HARBORS ON THE PACIFIC.

Washington has a coast line of 245 miles; Shoalwater Bay and Gray's Harbor are accessible (except in stormy weather) for vessels drawing 12 feet of water. They abound with shell-fish, codfish, sturgeon, and innumerable water-fowl.

VALLEYS.

The Walla Walla, Snake, Palouse and Yakima, of Eastern Washington; and the Cowlitz, Chehalis, Skagit, Puyallup and Chimacum, of Western, are the principal valleys.

THE GEOLOGICAL FORMATION

Which characterizes Oregon prevails in Washington. A fine, light, volcanic ash, intermixed with sand, gravel and decomposed basalt rock—the latter protruding above the surface in many places, especially along the water-courses; dry, elevated, rolling, timberless plains, covered with bunch-grass and sage-brush, are its prominent features east of the mountains. The surface deposits and formations of Western Washington are less uniform. A light, moist, gravelly (and often rocky) soil, mixed with decomposed vegetable matter, prevails on the uplands. Along the river bottoms a deep, wet, dark, rich alluvial and peat soil is most common, with forests almost everywhere. Extensive coal and iron fields surround Puget Sound; gold is also found in paying quantities.

THE ZOOLOGY AND ORNITHOLOGY

Of Washington corresponds with that of Oregon. It is one of the best fields for sportsmen in the world. Its growth of trees, shrubs, plants and grasses also closely resembles that of Oregon.

CLIMATE.

No two sections of country lying so near together, present greater contrasts of climate than Eastern and Western Washington. The former is dry, clear and windy; free from all malaria, hot at mid-day, cool at night, with frequent summer frosts; the winters short, but sometimes severe; snows generally light, but occasionally covering the grasses until stock suffers. The rainfall ranges from 8 to 20 inches; the summer temperature from 30° to 100° above, the winter from 60° above to 20° below zero.

The climate of Western Washington is moist and cloudy; uniformly cool, seldom hot; some malaria in the bottoms, though generally very healthy; cool at night, sometimes

frosty; winters usually mild with but little snow, which soon melts. The rainfall varies from 50 to 130 inches; the summer temperature from 40° to 90° above; the winter from 50° above to 15° below.

PRODUCTS AND INDUSTRIES.

Stock and wheat raising are the great natural pursuits of Eastern Washington. Millions of acres afford the choicest bunch-grass grazing in the world; an immense area produces most bountiful crops of wheat of unsurpassed excellence. The butter made in the upper Columbia country is of superior quality. A variety of fruits flourish in the Walla Walla and Touchet valleys; corn does well in a few localities. There are magnificent water-powers, especially at Spokane Falls, which is destined to become the great manufacturing centre of this region. West of the mountains, lumber, coal, iron, fish and lime, are the great natural productions. There are also extensive bodies of land adapted to agriculture and grazing; farming, dairying and sheep raising are already important pursuits. All kinds of hardy fruits and vegetables grow in abundance. The nights are too cool for corn, peaches, tomatoes and melons, except in a few exceptionally warm and sheltered situations. Large crops of wheat, oats, barley and hay are raised, and hops of superior quality on the bottom lands.

TRIP FROM PORTLAND THROUGH THE GREAT COLUMBIA PLAINS AND WALLA WALLA COUNTRY, CONTINUED.

From The Dalles, the railroad runs along the left or south bank of the river for a considerable distance, which with a mighty and impetuous flow cuts its way through the solid basaltic rock. A few Indians crawl out of their miserable huts and hovels, and look at the passing train. Now a range of sand hills extends for many miles. It drifts like snow before the strong winds which sweep up the river from the ocean, sometimes covering and obstructing the track for hours.

At Wallula Junction, 126 miles from The Dalles, the Columbia turns northward, the O. R. & N. Co's line continuing its eastward course up the valley of the Walla Walla 30 miles

to Walla Walla; and from thence, running northeastward across the Touchet and Tucannon valleys 56 miles to Texas Ferry on the south bank of the Snake River, 78 miles from Lewiston, Idaho. The rocks and sand hills are gradually succeeded by sage-brush and bunch-grass, the latter gaining ground as we advance.

WALLA WALLA is a flourishing city of some 4000 inhabitants, occupying a central situation in the Walla Walla Valley, about 900 feet above the sea. It is surrounded by a very extensive body of the richest wheat, grazing and fruit lands. The yield of grain here is large, averaging about 20 bushels per acre, and the quality unsurpassed. The Walla Walla is a warm valley, growing fine peaches, melons and grapes in abundance. Stock ranges at large throughout the year, subsisting entirely upon the native grasses. About every sixth winter, on an average, it sustains severe losses from cold and starvation.

Between Walla Walla and Snake River lies an immense area, excellently adapted either to farming, stock-raising, or dairying. The general surface of the country is inviting—consisting of elevated plains, high rolling hills, and pleasant valleys. The climate is one of the most desirable in the Union—comparatively mild, pleasant and healthful. It is watered by the Snake River and its tributaries, the Walla Walla, Touchet, Pataha, Tucannon, Alpowa, Asottin, and other streams. The principal towns and settlements are situated upon their banks; Dayton the most important place, with upwards of 1500 inhabitants, upon the Touchet; Grange City and Marengo on the Tucannon; Pomeroy and Pataha City on the Pataha. The O. R. & N. Co's lines of transportation, by rail and river, will soon traverse this whole region. They are now operated to Lewiston, Idaho—134 miles from Walla Walla, 56 miles by rail to Texas Ferry, and from thence by steamer up the Snake River 78 miles. A branch also runs from Bolles Junction (14 miles) to Dayton.

FROM WALLULA JUNCTION, W. T., PEND D'ORIELLE, LAKE IDAHO,
OVER THE NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Returning to Wallula Junction, I resumed my journey over the great Columbia and Spokane Plains. Here I made connection with the Northern Pacific, bound for Lake Pend d'Oreille, 233 miles northeast. Twelve miles out the train was ferried over the Snake River to Ainsworth, situated on the right bank, near its mouth. A force of men were unloading from scows great blocks of granite for the abutments and piers of the railroad bridge soon to span the river here.

This is a sandy, sage-brush, wind-swept section, lying directly in the pathway of the strong ocean winds which rush up the Columbia, cooling and moistening the dry, heated atmosphere of the interior. But even here, upon these, to all appearances, the most unpromising of lands, the crops of grain, potatoes, etc., growing upon the experimental farms recently opened, show that they are quite productive when sufficiently moistened.

The rainfall is less than at any other point east of the mountains, but by thorough cultivation these fine soils absorb moisture from the atmosphere to a surprising degree. This description applies especially to the country immediately bordering the Lower Snake and Middle Columbia Rivers.

For more than 60 miles beyond Ainsworth the road runs through broken, rocky, sage-brush lands.

Railroads following the cheapest routes and grades, frequently traverse the most desolate portions of the country. The subsidence of the waters which once prevailed over this region, left a comparative desert along the principal water-courses.

From five to eight miles back from these river-beds the country generally improves in a marked degree, the soil increasing in depth and richness, and a thick growth of bunch grass, affording excellent pasturage. It is, therefore, a very poor place to hunt land from a railroad train, and yet thousands do this. A young man sat next to me who had come

all the way from Iowa in search of a home. Arriving at Portland, and proceeding directly up the Columbia, thus far he had seen nothing but grand rivers, forests and mountains and magnificent scenery, then deserts and sage-brush plains, all most satisfactory to the tourist, but utterly failing to meet his expectations and views of a place good enough to settle down upon and live from. Arriving at Sprague, where the trains pass, though he had purchased a ticket as far as Cheney, he gathered up his baggage, said he had seen enough, and hurried aboard of the returning car. He doubtless returned to Iowa, and told his neighbors what he knew about Eastern Washington, which, of course, was next to nothing at all.

The country grows more inviting as we advance, the sage-brush disappearing, the rich, green, nutritious bunch grass covering all the plains and hill-sides, and the black, unsightly croppings of basaltic rock becoming less frequent.

Nearing Ritzville ranches, houses, cattle and horses are seen in the distance.

About 15 miles beyond, we reach Lake Colville, and, skirting its western shores for several miles, suddenly pass from the solitude of vast treeless and almost uninhabited plains, into the bustling, thriving town of

SPRAGUE.--The suddenness with which towns spring up, and rapidly grow to importance, is one of the wonders of this railway age.

A great scope of good farming as well as grazing land surrounds the place. It is well watered, and supplied with sufficient wood for fuel and fencing, conveniently near.

A short distance from Sprague our eyes were gladdened by the sight of scattering pine and hemlock. We all love the companionship and cheering presence and the protection of the trees. We find the pioneers clinging close to the native groves and forests, and when compelled to go out upon the lonely plains, they plant and grow them around their homes as soon as possible.

In 1870 I saw hundreds of cabins on the great prairies of

Western Minnesota without a stick of live wood larger than a riding-whip within a day's journey. Revisiting the same section, after the lapse of nine years, I found almost every farm house in a pleasant grove, affording not only grateful shade and shelter, but often sufficient fuel for household use. Such results may, without doubt, be realized upon the treeless plains of the upper Columbia.

Twenty-five miles further brings us to

CHENEY. It is a thriving, promising place, very pleasantly situated among the pines, the county seat of Spokane County, site of the Cheney Academy, and headquarters for the railroad land department of this region.

MINERAL LAKE, reputed to possess extraordinary healing virtues, is situated about seven miles distant.

There are extensive bodies of rich farming lands within a radius of 30 miles, and unlimited tracts beyond. Hundreds are finding homes here, and there is room for thousands more.

Now we ride 16 miles, through level, pine, gravelly openings, to

SPOKANE FALLS, the most important town in this region. It possesses a magnificent water power, situated in the heart of a country so great in extent and resources that its utilization may be regarded as certain. Agriculture, stock raising and manufacturing combined will build up a large city here.

Leaving Spokane, the timber increases in density and area, becoming a thick forest where we cross the line into Idaho, 179 miles from Wallula Junction.

NORTHERN IDAHO embraces that portion of the territory lying north of the Clearwater River, bounded by Montana, the British Possessions and Washington. While mountains, forests and lakes cover most of its surface, there are extensive bodies of land lying along the western slope of the Bitter Root Range, comprising the eastern portions of the Palouse and Spokane prairies, capable of supporting a large population by farming and stock-raising.

The Potlach, Genessee, Paradise and other rich and well watered valleys also contain hundreds of thousands of acres open to settlement under the United States Land Laws.

Forests of pine, cedar and tamrack now prevail to Lake Pend d'Oreille.

This lake is about 75 miles in length, with an average width of two and one-half miles, and from 25 to 80 feet in depth, and full of bass, trout and other fish.

Its shores are thickly wooded with yellow and white pine, cedar, spruce and tamrack, and abound with black bear, deer and mosquitoes.

TRIP No. 5.—*From Portland, Oregon, to the head of navigation on the Cowlitz River, Washington Territory, 20 miles higher up than any steamer ever ran before, with Captain Joseph Kellogg. Round trip, 230 miles.*

The Cowlitz River is one of the most important streams in Washington Territory, west of the Cascade Range. It rises in the western slope of these mountains, and flowing southerly, empties into the Columbia River, 50 miles from its mouth, eight miles below Kalama, and 50 miles from Portland.

It is navigable throughout most of the year to Toledo, 45 miles from its confluence with the Columbia, and at high stages of water 20 miles above.

The valley of the Cowlitz is about 60 miles in length, varying in width from two to ten miles.

It is the oldest settled in the territory, having been occupied by the trading posts of the Hudson Bay Company more than 40 years ago.

It is traversed by the Northern Pacific Railroad as far as Olequa, 28 miles from Kalama, by rail, where the Cowlitz turns eastward toward the mountains.

A line of steamers, comprising the Joseph Kellogg and Toledo, make regular trips between Portland and Toledo, calling at all way points. They are owned by Captain Joseph Kellogg & Sons and brother Jason Kellogg, who have navi-

gated the waters of Oregon and Washington since 1848, and whose popularity is as great as their experience.

The Toledo, under command of Captain Smith, started from Portland at six o'clock in the morning.

The rivers of Oregon and Washington were all "booming." The Columbia and its tributaries, draining a watershed area of over 275,000 square miles, were overflowing with the waters of a thousand streams, gathering the melting snows from the loftiest summits of the Coast, Cascade, Blue and Rocky Mountains—from California to the British Possessions, and from the Pacific Ocean to Montana.

The Willamette, swelled by its own tributaries, and backed up by the Columbia, was flooding the front streets of Portland, twenty-five feet and seven-tenths above low water mark, and within two feet six inches of the highest point ever reached - June 24th, 1876—and was still rising.

The Kellogg steamers are exceedingly accommodating. They stop whenever and wherever anybody desires to get on or off. First a lady was lifted aboard from a little skiff which came out into the middle of the stream to intercept us; a little further on, a man, horse and dogs were taken from the left bank; then two yoke of oxen were landed near a farm house on the right, and soon after we ran right into an orchard, and picked fine cherries from the limbs overhanging the upper deck of the steamer.

The pleasant village of St. Helena, 33 miles from Portland, on the left bank of the Columbia, was the first settlement reached.

The front street was flooded, but most of the town lay high and dry.

Next, Columbia City, two miles below, which was partly under water; then Kalama, or "Calamity," as a fellow-passenger suggested, which was in a pitiable condition, being almost wholly submerged. A sail-boat was coursing through the streets, skiffs were tied up at the porch of the Fulton House; the salmon cannery was drowned out, and all business suspended.

Touching a moment at Ranier, 45 miles from Portland, we entered the mouth of the Cowlitz, which flows into the Co-

lumbia opposite. It was swelled to unusual proportions, covering the lower valley from foothill to foothill, in some places three or four miles broad, sweeping over the rich bottoms, destroying the crops, and doing serious damage to some of the farms.

Monticello, two miles up on the left, a small cluster of decaying buildings, the remains of an old Indian village, a few good farm houses, and extensive hop-yards, stood in several feet of water.

FREEPORT, a mile and a half above, is the most important place on the river.

The Cowlitz bottom lands are exceedingly rich and productive.

The river narrows above Freeport to an average width of about 150 yards. The banks are higher, and thickly wooded with fir, cedar, alder, cottonwood and maple.

There are frequent openings and farm clearings. The soil is a fine rich alluvial loam, with a clayey subsoil.

Passing Castle Rock, Carroll's Point, Arkansas and Cheholt Landings, the mouth of the Tootle River, Olequa and Cowlitz Landing—the site of an old Hudson Bay trading station—about 6 o'clock we arrived at

TOLEDO. This is the historic ground of Washington Territory—the field of the first operations in trade, agriculture and navigation.

The Cowlitz River has been the principal thoroughfare of travel to and from Puget Sound from the earliest times; but above Freeport, until the running of the Kellogg steamer Toledo, by Capt. Smith, the entire river traffic, the carrying of mail and passengers, the transportation of supplies and shipment of furs, etc., was done exclusively by Indian canoes and batteaux.

A walk of about two miles brought me to Cowlitz Prairie, one of the pleasantest, most homelike spots I have visited in the Territory. It is about five miles long and from one to two miles wide, enclosed by a forest of fir. This valley was occupied and farmed by the Hudson Bay Company over 40 years ago. Some of its old servants are still living there.

I was fortunate in meeting several of these pioneer settlers--first, Mr. H. H. Pinto, 72 years of age, a native of New Haven, Connecticut, a sailor on 40 voyages, 20 years a resident of New Orleans, coming here 30 years ago--himself and wife traveling most of the way across the plains and over the mountains on foot. He said that during 15 years' trade with the Indians, though selling considerable on credit, his losses in bad debts did not exceed \$30. The spirit of this aged couple may be inferred from a remark by Mrs. Pinto: "I wish," she said, "I was only a few years younger, and I would go to Alaska!" "Yes, my wife's got the gold fever," replied her husband. Then he proceeded to tell me of the recent discoveries of rich mines on the upper Cowlitz, with all the enthusiasm of a youth of 20 years.

The place opposite Mr. Pinto's has been farmed for the past 40 years by Mr. Plomondon, a servant of the Hudson Bay Company, who died here last year, at the advanced age of 99 years 9 months and 6 days.

There is room on the Klickitat and Grand Prairie, and other lightly-wooded vine-maple lands lying within 30 miles, for at least 1000 families. The climate is very healthy, water excellent, and crops certain and abundant.

Returning to Toledo, the steamer proceeded on her tortuous course. While the first ascent of the upper Cowlitz was not quite so important an event as the discovery and exploration of the Mississippi, yet it was sufficiently so to excite great interest in the undertaking among all the settlers hereabouts. Adequate and cheap facilities of transportation is the first great necessity for the prosperous occupation of a country. In winter the roads of Western Washington are generally too soft for the profitable movement of field produce, except for short distances, and there is not much encouragement for opening a farm and raising big crops, to see the fruits of all your hard labor rot upon the ground where it is harvested.

We were soon joined in the wheel-house by an old Indian known as George, one of the few survivors of the once numerous Cowlitz tribe. He must have been over 65 years of age, but was as enthusiastic as a child, pointing out with glis-

tening eyes and rapid articulation and gesture, the site of a once populous village of his people, and landmarks familiar to him for half a century. It was most fitting that one of the oldest survivors of the canoe period of the navigation of the Cowlitz, should be present to witness its first ascent by steam.

The river still maintains an average width of 200 yards, a dense forest of fir, cedar, spruce, cottonwood, alder and maple, extending to the water's edge, excepting when an occasional settler has cut his way in. The banks are from five to twenty-five feet in height, their exposed faces exhibiting a sandy alluvial loam, underlaid with clay and sandstone. In some places, croppings of coal were seen in the lower stratas, where the river cut through the hills. A short distance above Layton's Landing, the river divides into four or five streams, but Capt. Smith took us through the best channel, some 40 feet wide, without any apparent difficulty.

Now there are rapids, with a current of ten miles an hour, great piles of drift logs, carried down from the mountains by the winter floods, sometimes projecting their great lengths half way across the channel, and sandbars and rocks, but no serious obstructions.

By the gauge at Toledo, the river was three feet nine inches above low-water mark, and our soundings showed about four feet in the shallowest spot found thus far. Beginning at Layton's, our progress was the occasion of great rejoicing among all the people living upon and near the banks. Men, women and children came rushing out to see us, cheering lustily, and swinging their hats, bonnets and handkerchiefs, as though our appearance was the greatest boon of their lives. Taylor and Bill Parker made the woods ring with their shouts; and when old Hinckley—standing waiting for us at the base of Hinckley's Bluff—broke out into a thundering roar: "'Rah for Garfield!" and the steam whistles chimed in, the old forests of the Cowlitz, I venture to say, never echoed a war-whoop half so loud and thrilling. Scott on the left bank, and Hackett on the right, soon joined the chorus of shouts, which reached a climax when Pioneer Bennett ran out of his cabin, with rifle in hand, and

fired round after round; while his wife enthusiastically waved the stars and stripes over his head.

The boat landed amidst the loud noise of guns, cheering and steam whistles; and when steward Parsley broke open his Fourth of July stores and let loose his fireworks, the scene will always be remembered as one of the happiest demonstrations of loyalty to country, and gratitude for approaching deliverance from the severest hardships of pioneering, I ever witnessed. Comparatively few people ever stop to consider how much we owe to those who so bravely go before and prepare the way for the march of civilization. Mr. Bennett and his *two daughters packed in their last winter's supplies upon their backs, including 900 pounds of flour.*

These people are making the most of the situation, many of whom are surrounded by fields of grain, young orchards, excellent pastures and gardens. The fine potatoes, beets, peas, onions, beans, etc., grown by Mr. Hackett, were especially noticeable.

A short distance beyond Bennett's, the river broadened and shallowed to less than four feet, and Capt. Smith called everybody forward to keep the bow of the boat down. Judge Strong is a man of great proportions, outweighing physically as well as mentally, a whole squad of ordinary men. Just as the boat reached the most critical point, the dinner-bell rang, and the Judge, whose giant form towered alongside the jackstaff, looked up with such an appealing look toward the wheel house, that Capt. Smith at once exclaimed: "Not yet—hold on, hold on!" and the distinguished jurist was detained in one of the most important of the many honorable positions he has occupied—until we were safely over the bar. His self-sacrifice on that occasion could only be appreciated by the patrons of steward Parsley's excellent dinners.

The river, its banks and the bordering forest, grew more and more interesting as we advanced. The rapids were more frequent and stronger, in several places boiling over rocky beds at the rate of 12 miles an hour; limestone bluffs arose perpendicularly from 50 to 175 feet above the water; and giant firs and cedars stretched their handsome green tops

300 feet above us. By common consent, names were given to a few of these prominent landmarks. Hinckley's Bluff has already been mentioned, the next highest on the left bank was called Sandrock Bluff; a moss-covered projecting ledge of basaltic formation, just below, will probably be known as Moss Rock; then comes Berry's Bluff, on the right; and lastly, "High Bluff"—rising highest, and extending farthest of all, also on the right bank. Opposite Berry's Bluff, there is one of the finest bodies of fir and cedar timber in Western Washington. Many of the latter trees are from 10 to 13 feet in diameter, and proportionately tall. It comprises some six or seven sections of Government land, all still vacant.

Up to 10:40 P.M. the progress of the Toledo was uninterrupted, except by taking aboard the settlers who wished to go with us; and we had reached a point within a few miles from Klickitat bridge, where the rapids are reported impassable. Here an extensive log-jam chokes up a former channel, and obstructs the present just where the current is strongest, not less than 12 miles an hour, and where a sand-bar crowds the navigation close upon the side of danger. The ugly jam and the strong rapids and the sand-bar, altogether, were a little too much for even the skill of Captain Smith, and in spite of every effort, the Toledo went crashing and sweeping down broadside against the jam. A great heartless monster of the forest, projecting over the deck, crushed in the sides of the house; another rakes down the guards on the port side, and wedged the boat so firmly that both the engines and the capstan, with strong hawsers made fast to the shore, were powerless to move it. But the officers and crew were equal to every emergency. Powerful and experienced ax-men cut in two, one after another, the great logs, until the boat was nearly liberated, when the order, "Go ahead," is heard, and under full steam, by the aid of bowlines, windless and levers, at 12:25 P.M., we slowly pull away from the "Toledo Jam" into plain sailing.

A run of an hour and a half—past the mouth of Mill Creek, against a 10 or 12 mile current—brought us to Parker's

Landing, on the right bank, about two miles below Klickitat bridge, and some 20 miles above Toledo.

The timber here is exceptionally fine, and the soil very rich.

At 3 P.M. the Toledo was again slowly advancing. Soon the river narrows to 30 or 40 yards, and grows more and more rapid, rushing between great rocks which stand out threateningly in the channel, as if warning us to come no farther.

Captain Smith said he could have taken us through, but everybody appeared well satisfied to see the boat turning back and heading for Toledo.

The supply of wood was getting short, the time set apart for the expedition far spent, and besides the Captain didn't propose to take any further risks with such fishermen as Judge Strong, lawyer Catlin and their friend Seoggin—who, if given half a chance, might sink his boat with mountain trout, just for the sport of it! It was reported that they had already caught *one* fish between the three, since morning, which shows the wisdom of the Captain's course.

The way we went down the Cowlitz was a caution to unskilled navigators, in some places not less than 20 miles an hour, but touching bottom only once, when, in turning a short bend, the stern of the boat swung on to a sand-bar.

At Bennett's the ladies presented Captains Smith and Kellogg with a beautiful bouquet, and all along the way the settlers most enthusiastically shouted and waived their congratulations.

The ascent was highly satisfactory to all concerned. The navigation of the Cowlitz, from Toledo to Parker's Landing, presents less difficulties than have already been overcome by the Kelloggs in reaching that point.

The shallowest water found was nearly four feet, and the river is quite free from snags and other obstructions, which can be removed with comparatively small outlay.

Captain Orin Kellogg informed me that they will now make trips to the highest point reached whenever the patronage warrants it, and the stage of the water permits.

Judging from my own observations and interviews with

parties who are familiar with the country, there is room on the upper Cowlitz for at least a thousand families to make comfortable homes. It is true they will have to be cut and dug out of the forests, but the excellence and certainty of the crops and healthfulness of the climate are considerations which will insure its rapid settlement.

THE COAST OF WASHINGTON.

TRIP No. 6.—*Through the Shoalwater Bay, Gray's Harbor and Chehalis Country—Its Dairy, Lumbering, Mining and Fishing Industries. Among the Sea-side Resorts of Washington—Illwaco, Sea-view, Oysterville and Peterson's Point—and Three Days with the Sea Otter Hunters of the North Pacific Coast. Round Trip, 600 Miles.*

My readers have already become familiar with the principal places and points of interest from Portland to the mouth of the Columbia.

Arriving at Astoria, I took the Gen. Canby, Captain Parker, which, as previously stated, makes regular daily trips to Ilwaco, via Forts Stevens and Canby, connecting with the Shoalwater Bay transportation steamers and Loomis' stage line through to Puget Sound, and in about two hours reached

ILWACO, now so rapidly growing in favor as a sea-side resort.

It is charmingly situated on the north shore of Baker's Bay, with a fine southern exposure, almost perfectly sheltered from all harsh and disagreeable winds by thick forests of spruce, with an excellent reputation for healthfulness and remarkable evenness of temperature.

Though the annual deposit of moisture exceeds 65 inches, the rainfall during the months of July, August and September, comprising the season of its occupation as a summer resort, seldom interferes with its thorough enjoyment as such.

Already the campers were arriving, and they could scarcely find a more desirable place to pitch their tents.

The soil is a light sandy loam, quickly absorbing moist-

ure, never muddy, and covered with groves of spruce, just dense enough to afford agreeable and healthful shade.

There are many places of interest within easy walking distance—the U. S. garrison of Fort Canby, occupying a delightful situation in a sheltered cove, two miles eastward. Just beyond, upon the summit of a rocky promontory, the fort, its guns commanding the entrance to the magnificent Columbia, and a little further on the Cape Hancock Lighthouse, from which point, if the day be clear, the visitor will obtain an ocean and inland view of exceeding grandeur.

A good road leads through a forest of spruce to Sea-view, two miles, and from thence along a splendid beach for 18 miles to Oysterville, on Shoalwater Bay, and another seven miles to its southern shore.

Mr. James D. Holman (deceased), was the pioneer of Ilwaco, having settled there in 1850, but was almost its sole occupant for many years.

The Holman Tract, laid out into 50x100 foot lots and five-acre blocks and plats, embraces nearly a thousand acres of the choicest portions of the town-site, fronting with a splendid beach, three-quarters of a mile on Baker's Bay, and one-quarter of a mile on the Pacific Ocean, affording most admirable building sites and excellent locations for salmon fisheries and canneries.

The property includes the magnificent Butte Tract, near Sea-view, and also the spring of splendid water near by.

It is now quite a little village of hotels, boarding-houses and residences, comprising two hotels—the Bay-view House, by Captain Williams, and the Ilwaco Hotel, Mr. J. H. Howerton, proprietor, two general stores, Davis & Brown and W. W. Ward, also Postmaster.

The main support of the people is derived from salmon fishing.

There is daily communication between Ilwaco and Astoria, tri-weekly with Portland, and also to points on Shoalwater Bay and Gray's Harbor.

I next proceeded to

SEA-VIEW, which has not inappropriately been called the Long Branch of the North Pacific Coast.

So far as its beach is concerned, which extends from Cape Hancock, for over 25 miles, an unbroken stretch of very gradually receding shore, entirely free from rocks, and without inlet or other obstructions, it surpasses the great ocean attraction of that famous watering-place.

That portion of it embraced within the limits of the town of Sea-view, as laid out by Mr. J. L. Stout, the proprietor, contains 30 acres, comprising 21 blocks, and 168 lots, 50x100 feet, many of which have already been sold to prominent citizens of Portland and Astoria.

Some eight or ten cottages were being erected and others contemplated building soon.

These desirable sea-side lots are still offered for the small consideration of from \$50 to \$100 each.

The Sea-View House, the principal hotel on this part of the coast, is new, and affords good accommodations for about 60 guests.

The table is constantly supplied with excellent butter, fresh milk, eggs and vegetables from the proprietor's own dairy farm of over 400 acres of the richest beaver-dam lands.

Two miles beyond Sea-View is Long Beach. This is about five miles from the Cape, and the beginning of the Shoal-water Bay peninsula—a narrow strip of beach, upland, meadow and tide land, varying from one to two miles in width, with an average elevation of about 12 feet above high water, and extending 20 miles north to the entrance of the bay. Six men own and occupy the first 10 miles—Mr. Tinker, 320 acres; John Briscoe and Capt. Eastabrook, pioneers of 1853—the former 1100, and the latter 800. Mr. Briscoe is also the owner of a fine 300-acre tract near Cape Disappointment, containing splendid building sites for sea-side cottages and villas, for which it is now offered. Next L. A. Loomis and E. G. Loomis own over 1000 acres, having a frontage of three miles to the ocean, and embracing one of the choicest portions of the peninsula. Their residence and farm buildings occupy a very pleasant divide, gently sloping both ocean and bay-ward, and covered with a fine growth of Scotch pine. These lands are devoted chiefly

to dairying and stock-raising, for which they are well adapted. The butter made here is of excellent quality, the cows grazing throughout the year, being seldom fed, except for a short period during an occasional severe winter. Mr. E. G. Loomis—the oldest settler now residing in Pacific county, having located at Ilwaco 32 years ago—informed me that their wool-clip averaged $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. to the fleece, and that 12 lbs. had been taken from one sheep. Though the soil is sandy and light, it produces good crops of potatoes and other vegetables, oats and hay.

Ten miles travel from Loomis'—eight along the splendid beach, and two miles through burnt spruce bottoms—brought me to

OYSTERVILLE, the principal town and county seat of Pacific county. Settled in 1852, '3 and '4, by Frank Garrison, Clark, Capt. Eastabrook, Espey, Stephens, Richard Carruthers and others, for a number of years, and down to 1874, during the height of activity in the oyster trade, it was one of the most important places in the Territory. Over 50,000 baskets of oysters were shipped annually to the San Francisco market. In 1875 the oysters became diseased and poor, and the industry declined rapidly, and without other developed resources, the place languished. But it is now entering upon a new era of prosperity. The oysters have recovered their health and are on the increase, some 200 baskets a month being now exported to Portland and San Francisco; saw-mills of large capacity are being erected on the shores of the bay within sight; new settlers are coming in, and its many advantages as a summer watering-place are yearly attracting an increased number of visitors from the interior.

The situation is pleasant and very healthful, temperature cool and equable, water good, and people hospitable.

It comprises some 50 buildings, including a church, school-house, Carruthers' hotel, the Pacific House, store and post-office by D. A. Rodney, and store by Mr. I. S. Jones. Mr. Carruthers informed me that there are extensive cranberry marshes along the shores of the southern arm of the bay, which were formerly very productive.

Here, after a good dinner at the Pacific House, I took passage on the steamer Gen. Garfield, Capt. John Brown, for Woodward's Landing, the present head of navigation on the Willopah River, the principal stream flowing into

SHOALWATER BAY.—This body of water, most appropriately named, embraces at high tide a surface area estimated at 80 square miles, about one-half of which is laid bare at low tide. The entrance is five and a half miles wide from Leadbetter Point on the south, to Lewis or Toke Point on the north. There are two channels, the North and South, with a large shoal called the Middle Sands, lying between them. The bar at the North Channel is about a mile in extent, and has three and a quarter fathoms of water. At the South Channel the bar is a mile in width, with four fathoms of water upon it. Good channels are found throughout the bay, but pilots are necessary to follow them. An arm stretches southward for 14 or 15 miles toward Baker's Bay, with an average width of about three and a half miles.

There are three islands in the bay, known as Long, Pine and Round Islands—the former the largest, being some six miles long and one and a half miles wide. The shoals are covered with shell-fish, and salmon, codfish, halibut, sturgeon and herring abound. It is a great resort for wild geese, swan, mallard and canvas-back duck, and other water-fowl. The Willopah, Pulux, Nesal, Necomanche and North Rivers, are the most important streams flowing into it. There is a considerable quantity of unoccupied Government lands, adapted to dairying and farming, lying along the latter, now attracting settlers.

It was low tide when we started from Oysterville, laying bare thousands of acres of flats opposite, the long half-mile wharf only reaching about halfway to where the little 16-ton steamer lay waiting to receive us. The accommodating driver of the Ilwaco stage pressed his team into the bay almost belly deep, until met by a small boat called a dingey, into which we stepped from the stage, and were quickly taken aboard. The wind was blowing quite fresh directly ahead, but the Gen. Garfield plunged fearlessly into the rising

waves—sometimes covering us with spray—rounding near the bluff white shores of Goose Point, and reaching the first landing, Bay Centre, 10 miles from Oysterville, in about an hour and a half. This village lies on the northeast side of the point, and consists of some 15 buildings—wharf, house, store, school-house and residences, with a light growth of spruce and hemlock in the background. A half-dozen oyster boats were anchored near the shore opposite. A narrow belt of rich tide land borders Patia Creek, which flows into the bay here. A few Indian huts were seen near its mouth. Capt. Brown carries the U. S. mail, and we next headed for North Cove, two miles east of the Toke Point light-house. The Indian village of Georgetown, containing some 50 people of the Quinault tribe, is situated on the shore two or three miles to the eastward. The U. S. Government provides them with a school, but no other assistance. There is no landing at the Cove, and the steamer lay out in deep water and sent the mail ashore in a small boat. It was nearly dark when we got under way again, and 10 o'clock before the Captain announced our arrival at

SOUTH BEND.—This town—situated on the left bank of the Willopah River, about three miles from its mouth—is at present the most important business centre of the Shoal-water Bay country. Simpson & Co's saw-mill, located here, manufactures about 12,000,000 feet of lumber annually, shipping in their own vessels to San Francisco. They employ 40 men at the mill, and a much larger force in their numerous logging camps.

There are extensive bodies of excellent fir and spruce timber upon the head-waters of the Willopah and Nesal Rivers, about 10,000,000 feet of which are being cut annually. The logs scale on an average about 1000 feet, and the loggers receive \$4.75 per 1000. Boats drawing eight feet can reach this point at low tide.

Remaining here over night, in the morning we ascended the river nine miles further to

WOODWARD'S LANDING, at the head of steamboat navigation on the right bank, 30 miles from Oysterville. It

is quite free from snags, log jams or obstructions of any kind, there being four feet of water on the shallowest bars at low tide. The current does not exceed four miles an hour in any place. The Willopah valley is over 30 miles in length, varying from one-half to one mile in width. A considerable area of the richest tide lands extends along both banks for a distance of 14 miles from its mouth. These produce large crops of grass, afford excellent pasturage, and may easily be reclaimed, by dyking, for agricultural purposes. They are bordered by a forest of spruce and hemlock, which increased in density as we advanced, except where consumed by timber fires.

It is settled all along the way, there being more than 70 families living upon the upper Willopah above Woodward's Landing, on and near the little openings known as "Forks," "Half Moon," "Fern" and "Elk" Prairies. They speak highly of the healthfulness of the climate, though the women complain somewhat of the excessive rainfall in winter, which confines them so much in doors. These people are engaged mainly in dairying and stock-raising. Small fruits generally do well, but apples are subject to blight and specking.

Returning, Capt. Brown landed me at North Cove, Toke Point, just in time to secure passage on Peterson's stage for Peterson's Point, 15 miles north, at the entrance to Gray's Harbor. This line makes regular trips twice a week in connection with the Ilwaco, Shoalwater Bay and Gray's Harbor steamers.

We started from the North-Cove House, Mrs. Johnson, situated in a very pleasant Scotch pine opening near the bay, and crossing the point some two and a half miles, most of the way through a thick growth of pine, spruce and alder, followed a magnificent beach eleven miles, then recrossed to Mr. Glen Peterson's on the Gray's Harbor side. A sea-side resort called

OCEAN PARK has recently been laid out here. This vicinity possesses rare attractions for those health and pleasure-seekers fond of hunting and fishing.

GOLD MINING AT GRAY'S HARBOR.—Peterson's Point contains one of the largest known deposits of black magnetic

gold-bearing sand. There are upwards of 100 acres exposed to sight, every cubic yard of which weighs two tons, assaying from \$12 to \$20, and yielding from \$2.25 to \$2.40 gold per ton by sluice tests. The gold is exceedingly fine, and so difficult to save in paying quantities by the means hitherto employed, that prospectors, after a brief period of experimenting here some ten years ago, abandoned the work for more inviting fields.

GRAY'S HARBOR, discovered by Capt. Gray in 1792, contains an area of about 40 square miles, more than two-thirds of which is bare at low water. The entrance (some three miles in width) lies between Point Brown (or Damon) on the north, Point Hanson, Chehalis (Armstrong or Peterson) on the south, the channel being about five-eighths of a mile wide, with 16 feet of water on the bar. The Chehalis, Humptulups, Hoquium and Johns are the principal rivers flowing into it. The Chehalis, the most important, drains an area of upwards of two hundred square miles. Its chief tributaries are the Newaukum, Skookum Chuck, Black, Satsop, Wynoche, and Whishka rivers. It is navigable during six months of the year to Claquato, for boats drawing three feet of water; and to Shotwell's Ranch, 15 miles up the Black River, and within 14 miles of Puget Sound, at Olympia.

Prior to May, 1882, there had been no regular line of boats of any kind traversing these waters—Indian canoes, bateaux, dingies and small sail boats called plungers, having been the only means of communication. On the 3d of that month, Capt. J. P. Whitcomb began to run the "Montesano" bi-weekly between Montesano and Peterson's Point, carrying the U. S. mail, and touching at Damon's, near Point Brown, Hoquium, Cosmopolis, and other points, as desired.

Having completed my examination of the immediate coast as far north as intended, I took passage on this steamer for Montesano, *en route* through the Chehalis country. This ride of about 40 miles by the channel, affords excellent views of the entire shore of the harbor. They embrace quite ex-

tensive tracts of tide lands on the southeast side, and at the mouths of the principal rivers; with white bluffs of sandstone, clay and shells, intervening—being the highest on the northern side. A thick growth of spruce, hemlock and alder border the bottom lands and the banks everywhere. Six miles out on the right, we passed the mouth of John's River, upon which there are a few settlers, and a fine body of cedar timber being logged for the Cosmopolis saw-mill. Twelve miles further to the northwest brought us to the mouth of the Hoquium. Simpson & Co. of San Francisco, were building a saw-mill there, with a daily capacity for cutting 80,000 feet, to supply their export trade. This river is navigable for light-draught boats, for a distance of 10 miles. About half a dozen families occupy its rich tide lands.

Two miles above, we touched at Hume's salmon cannery, situated at the mouth of the Wishka River, navigable for some eight miles, and soon after entered the Chehalis. It is here about 250 yards wide, with low banks, and broad tide land meadows extending up for ten or twelve miles, and then succeeded by spruce bottoms, only subject to overflow during the winter freshets. Cosmopolis (our first landing on the stream, two and a half miles up on the left bank), was formerly the principal trading point of this section. It now consists of the saw-mill already mentioned, which manufactures a very excellent quality of cedar lumber. A short distance above, on the right, we passed the mouth of Preacher's Slough—so called from the misfortune of an early missionary, who, supposing it to be the main river, paddled his canoe up it all one night before discovering his mistake. A pleasant opening on the right bank, about seven miles from the mouth of the Chehalis, was pointed out to me as the proposed terminus of the Seattle and Gray's Harbor Railroad.

At 4 P.M. we reached lower Montesano, a small village, picturesquely situated on the left bank, about 40 miles from the ocean by the channels. The principal part of the town lies on the west side of the river, about one mile from the landing. Here I made connection with Sutton's stage for Olympia. There are three different lines running-- one by

Moore's mail route, following up the Chehalis and Black rivers 57 miles; and two (Sutton's and Peel's) over the Black Hills 42 miles, usually by the Hicklin, though sometimes taking what is known as the "Hard-Scrabble Road," running further west through Mason County. Dense forests of fir and hemlock cover more than three-quarters of this entire region. There are, however, numerous prairie openings containing from 250 to 3000 acres, and also large bodies of river and creek bottom lands, comparatively lightly timbered with vine-maple, alder and cottonwood. The soil of the prairies is generally very light and gravelly, suited only to grazing; but the bottoms are very rich and quite productive of all the staple crops excepting corn.

A ride of 12 miles through the Wynooche and Satsop prairies, brought us to Elma. At Mr. Metcalf's, near Montesano, the largest dairy ranch in this section, they were milking some 70 fine cows. In the fall they are turned out upon the tide-land meadows, where, without shelter or feeding, they keep fat all winter. As already stated, the butter made all along this coast is of excellent quality.

Seven miles out we crossed the Satsop River, one mile and a half from its mouth, on Smith's ferry. He said that salmon run up that river by the thousands in the fall, and after spawning die in large numbers.

Elma is a new, clean, handsome little village, situated in a fine oak opening near the foothills. I saw no saloon, and was glad to hear that no liquor is sold there.

Continuing our journey, early on Saturday morning, the village school teacher and one of her pupils rode with us a short distance to join a berrying party. They each carried ten-quart pails, and picked them full, as they afterwards told me. They grow in greater variety and, especially the blackberry, more abundantly than I have ever seen elsewhere. The large, sweet salmon-colored salmon-berry is also quite plentiful, also the red oval thimble-berry, both growing upon bushes from four to eight feet in height. There were besides raspberries, gooseberries, black and red huckleberries and salal berries, currants and Oregon grapes.

Crossing Choquallam Creek, past an Indian encamp-

ment, through small prairie openings, occupied by stock and dairy farmers, about noon we descended into a pleasant little valley, the home of J. T. Hicklin for over seventeen years.

On the Mock Chehalis River or Creek, which heads near his ranch, there are said to be several sections of vacant Government land, suited for farming and stock raising.

FIVE MILES THROUGH A BURNING FOREST.

Before leaving the coast, great volumes of smoke were seen rolling over the forests in the direction of Olympia. Near Elma a horseman cried out that the whole country ahead was on fire; that several families had been burned out; that the roads were so blockaded with fallen timber that it would take weeks to remove it.

The mail messenger passed us, mounted, having left his wagon behind for fear of detention; and before reaching Hicklin's the crash of falling trees, sounding like the roar of heavy artillery in the distance, as well as the thickening smoke, gave much ground to fear that the worst reports were not exaggerated.

A few miles beyond, re-inforced by the Road Overseer, a broad-shouldered, brawny man, armed with saws and axes, we found ourselves face to face with, and inhaling the hot breath of the raging, devouring element.

It is impossible for those who have never seen the forests of Western Washington, to imagine the grandeur and desolation of the spectacle they present when these great fires are sweeping through them. Magnify the fiercest prairie fire a hundred times; add the thundering roar of the rapid downfall of monster firs, big and long enough for an effectual breastwork for 300 men; pile these black, burning giants one above another, from ten to thirty feet in height, over hundreds and thousands of acres; let great burning limbs descend, whizzing and glaring like meteors shot from the heavens; hear the crackling of the advancing flames through the undergrowth sounding as the musketry of an advancing army; then envelop the whole scene with an atmosphere glaring with heat, stifling with smoke and full of

cinders, and lighting up the heavens at night for miles around, driving all animals and birds before it in great alarm; witness the consternation of the threatened and retreating inhabitants, and the picture is still incomplete.

Fortunately, the fire had crossed our road a few hours previous, and though burning fiercely on all sides, and the air hot and choking, we were able to penetrate the lines and soon reach the first obstructions. I doubt if ever two men did better execution with saw and axes than Sutton and his able assistant in our four hours' battle for a passage around, over and under them.

After we had flanked several monster trees which lay across the road higher than breastworks, and had sawed and cut in two a score of lesser size, and driven under half as many more, we came to a burnt bridge, entirely gone, and the prospect of getting through that day, after all our hard labor, appeared dismal enough. But, on looking up the creek, we discovered within sight an old decayed bridge, which, after strengthening with props, bore us safely over, to our great delight.

Night was approaching, and, by request, I went on ahead to examine and report upon the character and extent of the difficulties which still lay before us. We were very glad to find that half an hour's more work cutting around the trunk of a huge fir would release us from the last obstruction.

Washing in a clear, cool stream a short distance beyond, we rode rapidly on, reaching Olympia at 10 P.M., some five hours late.

I returned with Wm. Moore, who carries the mail from Olympia to Montesano, via the Black River and Chehalis Valley, passing through the most extensive prairie openings in Western Washington—Bush's, Mima, Canby, Round-tree and Ford's—gravelly and poor, covered with a thick growth of fern, surrounded with forests of fir, cedar and hemlock, and bordered along the rivers with rich clay and beaver-dam bottoms.

I saw several fields of fine-looking wheat of the club variety, large growths of timothy, red-top and meadow grasses.

There are extensive tracts of fir and cedar timber lying along the water-courses, the choicest of which is owned by the great lumber and saw mill companies.

At the crossing of the Black River, one of the passengers told me he helped build the "Carrie Davis," which some 12 years ago made one trip as far as Shotwell's, the first and only steamboat navigation of that stream. This man is one of those interesting specimens found only among those who for the last 30 or 40 years have lived on the extreme frontiers of the country.

"I have been on a drunk for a month," he said, "and am now tapering off with brandy punch," and taking out a quart bottle from his side-pocket, poured down about half of its contents, the balance of which soon followed. He had never seen any of the modern inventions of mowing, reaping or threshing machines. On one of the large ranches we overtook a farmer driving home on the road ahead of us a new mower.

"What in h-ll is that?" he exclaimed, with an earnestness which left no doubt of his sincerity, and we explained to the astonished discoverer its use and operation.

Further on a Methodist circuit-rider jogged past on horseback, and with a most comical expression, our tapering-off companion remarked; "There goes a gospel-grinder!" Soon after the abundance of the salmon-berries attracted our attention. "I once picked salmon-berries with a bear," said the brandy punch man. "A black bear?" "Yes!" and he laughed right heartily. "I'll tell you how it was: In 1857 a party of us went out berrying one Sunday, about two miles from Olympia. I was intently engaged in picking from a bush which hung very full, when I heard a noise on the opposite side. Looking up, expecting to see one of our party, a huge black bear stood staring me right in the face! He was so near I could have put my hand on his head. But I didn't stop to pet him! No! I let him go, and was mighty glad to get away myself!"

At Smith's ford of the Chehalis, an Indian derrick for spearing salmon stood in the middle of the stream. It consisted of a tripod of poles strongly fastened at the top, sup-

porting a platform covered with boughs, raised about two feet above the water. Standing upon this, they spear them in large numbers.

During the winter freshets, Moore swims the river with the mail on horseback, an old Indian never failing to meet him just in time to accompany him across with his canoe. Now the blackened ruins of log houses confirmed the report of several poor settlers having been burned out of house and home. People building cabins in the forests should clear away the timber around them for at least 50 rods.

Arriving at Montesano the following morning, I proceeded by steamer to Damon's Point, the home of Captain Damon, who owns a very extensive dairy ranch here.

THREE DAYS WITH THE PRINCIPAL SEA-OTTER HUNTERS ON THE
NORTH PACIFIC COAST—THE RANGE, HABITS, AND MODE OF
HUNTING THE SEA-OTTER.

The shore of the Pacific, from Gray's Harbor northward to Point Greenville, a distance of about 30 miles, contains the most extensive sea-otter hunting grounds in the United States.

The object of my visit, to examine this most interesting pursuit, becoming known, I was soon introduced to three of the otter hunters—S. R. Grover, H. W. Weatherall and A. Congdon—who had come to Damon's for their mail, and by them cordially invited to their hunting cabins. I most gladly accepted their hospitality, and spent three days with the principal sea-otter hunters of the North Pacific coast.

THE SEA-OTTER,

One of the most valuable fur-bearing, amphibious mammals, is found chiefly between latitudes 49° and 60° north, in Kamtschatka, Alaska, British Columbia and Washington's waters, though formerly killed in considerable numbers as far south as the southern coast of California. Their range off the coast of Washington extends from Gray's Harbor north for a distance of about 30 miles. When driven off by storms or other causes, they return again as soon as possible. Their preference for this part of the coast is

doubtless due to the abundance of clams and sea-crabs, their principal food, found here.

The full-grown sea-otter is over six feet in length, of a lustrous black color, with a round, smooth head, short neck, small eyes and ears, short webbed feet or flippers, and weighs from 50 to 75 pounds. They reach maturity at from two to three years, but are known to live to be over twenty years old.

The veteran hunter, Congdon, familiarly known as "Yank," killed an otter in 1881 containing a bullet shot into it by Blodgett in 1862.

They are quite prolific, bearing their young one and two at a time, at all seasons of the year. It is thought by most of the hunters that they bring them forth in the water, since they are found at sea when evidently only a few hours old, and of late years they are seldom seen on the shore or rocks.

The mother shows a strong attachment for the infant otter, folding it carefully upon her breast, when swimming, never abandoning but often risking her own life to protect it when closely pursued. They are supposed to live almost exclusively upon clams and crabs, no other articles of food having been found in their stomachs. They dive to the bottom, pull up the clams by the heads, shell and eat them with surprising dispatch.

They swim upon their backs, using exclusively their hind flippers, which, when moving against the current, have a semi-rotary screw motion; and they are often seen floating lazily before the wind, with their flippers extended upward for sails.

They are very hard to kill, and never give up the struggle for life until quite dead, when the head and tail drop, leaving only a small portion of the back exposed. They are rapid swimmers, but when frightened, sometimes breach, jumping out of the water their full length, or diving, remain under for a long time, and coming up out of the range of the hunter.

Though naturally docile and easily tamed, they defend themselves bravely when attacked. Not long ago the hunt-

ers witnessed a fierce battle between a sea-lion and an otter, which lasted until a great wave cast both high and dry upon the beach. Once a year, in July, the several families of otter upon this range—variously estimated from six to ten, with from twenty to fifty members in each—have a grand reunion for some unknown object.

The Indians are fond of their meat, which is very fat and oily, considering it equal to elk or venison.

Congdon said they could not be poisoned, for he once fed them upon strychnine, which they ate in quantities, without any observable bad effect.

The male otter is the largest, having the finest and most valuable fur, which is in prime condition at all seasons; the best specimens bring from \$80 to \$110, none having been sold for less than \$60 this year.

While interviewing the hunters at Capt. Damon's, his daughter came into the room, bringing a most beautiful otter skin over six feet in length, its rich, glossy black fur sparkling with the much prized, white silver-tipped hairs intermixed.

A walk of some ten minutes, through a light belt of Scotch pine, then across a meadow and a wide beach thickly covered with immense drift logs, brought me to "Yank's" cabin, the first of the six, which at intervals of about half a mile along the shore northward, are occupied during the summer months by

THE SEA-OTTER HUNTERS.

The regular professional white hunters are A. Congdon, H. Blodgett, H. W. Weatherall, S. R. Grover, Chas. McIntyre, Capt. Joseph Parin, A. Holeman and Chas. White. They are intelligent, well-informed men, several past middle life, Congdon over 70 and Capt. Parin 55; miners, trappers, whalers and war veterans, full of rich experience and thrilling adventure. Congdon has hunted sea-otter on the Pacific Coast for over 30 years, and is a most remarkable specimen of robust health, good eyesight and steady nerve at that age; and Blodgett for about 20 years, continuously at this place. There are also several successful hunters belonging to the

Quinault tribe of Indians, Dan. O. Pittum, Mason, Hallaskin, Col. Baker Toastum and others. The last named drove me up from the steamer to Damon's with a pair of flying trotters. When I praised his fine team he was exceedingly gratified, and leaning forward and elevating the reins in true race-course style, enthusiastically exclaimed, "Way up! Way up! you bet," his long black hair streaming in the wind. Grover says this extravagant sporting Indian buys the best horses he can find almost every spring, from the proceeds of his otter hunting, and starves them to death the following winter.

They received me with the utmost cordiality, Grover and McIntyre going with me to Weatherall's cabin. A young Indian was preparing the evening meal, and after an excellent supper on boiled crabs, oyster stew, prunes, meat, bread and butter, etc., they took down their rifles for a little off-hand target practice.

WHAT THEY SHOOT WITH.

Sharp's rifles—from 12 to 16 lbs., from 40 to 45 lb. calibre—are used exclusively by the hunters. They are very emphatic in their preference, after having tried all the most favorably known of other manufacture. For accuracy, power, safety, promptness and durability, combined, they pronounce them superior to all others. They make their own cartridges, using Hazard's best 90 and 100 grain rifle-powder, and conical balls, with the hunter's initials or private mark run in the base cavity, to assist in determining, in case of doubt, who fired the fatal shot. Their rifles are kept in splendid order, by carefully wiping and oiling with Singer's machine sperm oil, after using. We fired several times all around, the only difference in our shooting being that, while I missed, they hit the mark almost every time! And yet, notwithstanding their remarkable accuracy, about 100 shots are fired, on an average, for every otter killed. Formerly they were comparatively tame—swimming within gun-shot of the shore, but now seldom come within three or four hundred yards—and then, only when the wind blows quite freshly from the north or southwest. The best target and

dead shots have utterly failed at otter-hunting. Besides, the most perfect skill as a marksman, it requires the most accurate judgment in estimating distances and the force of the drift or wind and the voluntary and involuntary motions of the animal in the breakers.

HOW THE OTTER ARE SHOT.

There are only about two good otter-hunting days in a week, on an average, during the season—from May to September—and two passed after my arrival, with only two or three long range shots by Weatherall. I was pressed to remain over another day, and when the wind sprang up in the afternoon, climbed up with Grover to the top of one of his hunting-derricks. These consist of a tripod some 40 feet in height, constructed of poles mounted with a boxed seat provided with a rifle-rest. They stand out in the ocean several rods at high tide—when the otter run most—and at intervals of about half a mile for a long distance, there being fifteen derricks in all. Weatherall, Grover and McIntyre have also hunted successfully from a great rock situated about one-quarter of a mile from shore, upon which they built a cabin and lived for several months.

When the otter moves too rapidly to follow on foot, Weatherall mounts a pony, and attaching one end of a rope to an ingenious combination of hand and horse ladder mounted on wheels, and winding the other end around the pommel of the saddle, gallops up or down the beach with his movable derrick as required, until within range. He also keeps two most intelligent water-dogs—Rough and Sneider—to bring out the otter when killed or fatally wounded, which cost him \$150.

The sea-otter sleeps very soundly, and taking advantage of this habit, the Indians go out in canoes and cautiously approaching, shoot or spear them. Weatherall and Holeman have each recently purchased fine cedar canoes, and propose to try the same method.

All the hunters are provided with field or opera glasses, some preferring the latter on account of their wider field. Grover uses a fine Waldstein opera, and after looking through

it for a short time, remarked: "I think I see an otter! Yes, look?" and handing me the glass, seized his rifle and fired (some 400 yards) making a splendid shot. Several rounds followed, before the sleek-headed fellow disappeared for the last time. It was most admirable shooting, barely missing; and had the otter rode one more breaker near shore, as expected, I am quite sure Grover would have killed it. There was a little skirmishing all along the line—one otter seriously wounded by Capt. Parin, but none captured.

Returning to the cabin, I examined the process of preparing the skins for the market. It is very simple, consisting of stretching them, fur side in, over two smooth boards, by means of a long entering wedge, and carefully scraping off all meat and fatty substance with a dull knife. After drying for about three days, without the application of alum or anything else, they are ready for shipment.

THE PROFITS OF THE HUNTERS.

In former years considerable fortunes were made by sea-otter hunting, but since they have grown so wild, the results vary greatly, according to the skill and enterprise of the hunter, ranging from a few hundreds to thousands. Weatherall, for example, shot five otter in a single day, worth at least \$350; but this is nearly one-fifteenth of the entire number killed here during the season.

The steamer *Montesano* did not touch at Damon's Point as usual on her down trip. The Indians had all gone to a death dance—over an old man drowned while fishing—except one, and he had been sent across the harbor by Col. Oliver Wood, of the Quinault Indian Agency. While casting about how to get over, I met the Colonel, a very affable gentleman, who kindly proposed to go out on the point and hail Indian Sampson, whose returning sail could be seen in the distance. Sampson saw our signal, and carried us safely to Peterson's Point. The stage for Shoalwater Bay, 15 miles distant, had been gone over an hour. Could I overtake it, and still make connection through to Portland? The landlady thought it impossible. I determined, however to try. Reaching the fine beach stretching away southward, level

as a floor for ten miles, the stage heavily loaded and moving slowly, was seen several miles ahead. Keeping close to the water's edge where the sands were hardest, I rapidly gained upon and overhauled it just before leaving the ocean shore, for the pine woods of Coke's Point. The driver now urged his team to its best efforts, and the last two miles was a warm race, but the stage was beaten two minutes. The steamer, however, which we had been assured would wait for the arrival of the stage, had left. Searching the shore of the bay, we discovered a small sailboat high and dry, which, after some difficulty, we launched by means of rollers, then found the owner, who carried us over to Oyster-ville, still in time to secure passage on the out-going stage.

TRIP NO. 7. —*From Yaquina Bay, Oregon, to Puget Sound, on steamer Yaquina, visiting Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma, Olympia, Whatcom, and many other points of interest, 900 miles.*

The good people of Newport—men, women and children, flocked to the bluffs overlooking the beautiful harbor, and enthusiastically waved us their adieus. The sea was as smooth as though it had never storm-tossed and wrecked a poor sailor or passenger, and made the latter sick unto death, and never would do so again. With a favoring wind and bright starlight night, early on the following morning, we were passing Fort Hancock, at the mouth of the Columbia River.

After detaching the bold, imposing headlands of the Cape, to welcome and guide the mariner into its grand river, the Coast Mountains recede for a considerable distance from the ocean—the intervening country being comparatively unbroken, presenting everywhere the dark, green foliage of its interminable forests. The homes of a few settlers are seen half-concealed among the trees bordering the fine beach. The "Ocean House," a sea-side resort, is situated here.

When opposite Gray's Harbor, 12 miles further on, the thick clouds which had obscured the summits of the mountains for several hours, rose and unveiled the snowy peaks of Mount St. Helens, far in the interior, and the steep, rugged,

snow-covered sides of the Coast Range now approaching nearer the sea.

Dense clouds hung threateningly along the base of the mountains, a mist enveloped the shore, confining our views to narrow limits around the vessel, an hour before sundown.

I awoke at 3:30 the following morning, with the wind blowing freshly into my stateroom, which I had imprudently left open. I could hear the wind and the pouring rain, and looking out, see the breakers glistening through the darkness. The ship was swinging with rapid but easy motion.

I found Mr. Hatch, our most obliging purser, in his night-clothes, "corralling," as he said, his books and stationery, which had broken loose and were playing a reckless game of "blind man's buff," with damaging collisions. The dishes in the pantry were clinking a lively medley, which seemed to threaten their destruction.

Proceeding to the upper deck, I was met at the top of the ladder by Moody, who exclaimed, "Look out, or you'll go overboard!" I seized the railing and held on, while a big wave rocked the vessel like a cradle in the hands of an angry nurse.

"It didn't stay 'settled fair' very long," I remarked; the barometer having indicated that a few hours before.

"No; but, thank God, it will soon be daylight, and we are not far from Cape Flattery," replied Moody.

Soon the Captain appeared in his storm suit, and shouting to the helmsman, "Nor' by nor'east!" continued: "This is a rocky coast, and I have kept well out at sea. But for the storm we would have reached the Straits of Fuca two hours ago."

At 6:35 A.M., while the mate was securing a rope on the mainsail, and the Captain had gone a moment for a warmer coat, I discovered the dim outlines of a high projecting point of land right ahead.

"Is that the Cape?" I asked of Jaques.

"Yes, that is the Cape."

Just then, the Captain returning, I inquired, "How can you hit it so close in such foul weather?" for we had seen no light.

"Oh, I have been figuring it out carefully," he answered, smilingly.

Soon we were running between Cape Flattery light-house, situated on a little island close to the main land, called Ta-toosh, and Duncan's Rock, one mile and an eighth from the shore, and were in the Straits of Juan de Fuca.

A little pilot boat lay waiting for service, for which we had no need.

THE STRAITS OF FUCA are an open sea, broad and deep enough for the navies of the world to advance in battle line.

The mountains of Vancouver Island loomed up through the mist to the northward, as we rounded into

NEAH BAY, six miles from the cape. Steaming through a fleet of sealing schooners, we dropped anchor in 30 feet of water opposite the buildings of the

MAKAH INDIAN AGENCY,

A Government Life Saving Station, the store and warehouse of the Galleck Brothers, fur traders, and the Indian quarters. The shore was lined with hundreds of Indian canoes, made from great cedars, many of them over 30 feet in length, carrying from 20 to 30 people. A large one, paddled by five brawny Indians, came alongside, with Mr. Gus Galleck, for whom we had fifteen tons of freight.

"How will you take it?" asked the Captain. "In canoes," replied Galleck, and large boxes and heavy packages and barrels were lowered, and so nicely balanced by the dusky navigators, in their canoe lighters, that the transfer was made without accident and with great dispatch. A party of some 15 Indian women packed the goods from the beach to the warehouse, a great muscular brave, nearly naked, condescending to assist them in loading their heavy burdens upon their heads and backs.

While the transfer was going on, by invitation of Mr. Galleck, we visited his pleasant home, and the quarters of Chief Aschicabic and Indian Saxey, examining many fine specimens of Indian work—baskets, mats, flasks, napkin

rings, etc. We regretted to find the Chief absent. His wife was sitting on the floor, braiding a mat, with their bright little daughter clinging to her shoulders, looking wonderingly upon the strange visitors. The walls were hung with various articles of curious Indian wear. An old woman was cleaning fish in a corner, with two or three bushels of clams around her. A bladder full of seal oil lay on the table, with an abundant supply of dried fish and other Indian luxuries.

Aschicabic is worth several thousand dollars, and it is said that most of his tribe, now numbering about 1000, have a few hundred in gold saved up. They are good-sized, healthy and strong.

Dr. Powers says they bathe in the sea every morning throughout the year.

Returning to the beach, we met a party just in from a seal hunt, bringing four seals with them. They go out in their canoes, two in each, from 20 to 100 miles, cautiously approach the seal when sleeping and spear them. The use of fire-arms for their capture is not allowed. They receive from \$1.50 to \$7.50 for each seal skin, and in imitation of their white brethren, were on a strike for higher prices.

Nine of us got into a medium-sized canoe, and were quickly paddled to the steamer, an Indian woman steering it most skillfully.

Bidding our Neah friends good-by, we sailed for Port Townsend, 95 miles from the cape. The sun shines again, the wind shifts to the northward, driving the clouds into the mountains, and giving us a bright, royal day for our glorious ride.

A little way out, the steam tug *Goliah*, belonging to the Port Gamble Mill Company, was towing an American and foreign bark down the straits: then a full-rigged ship, with all sails set, was beating her way, running close to the Vancouver shore, 15 miles away; at Challan Bay we passed a salmon fishery; five miles further, at the mouth of Pyscht River, 23 miles from Neah Bay, a lumbering camp, and at five o'clock Race Rock light-house on the Vancouver shore.

The straits are here about 18 miles in width, deep as the

ocean, with a current of three miles an hour. The Washington shores are bold and often precipitous; the snow-covered peaks of the Olympic Range looked down upon us from above the clouds; the island of San Juan was seen in the distance on our left, New Dungeness light on the right, when darkness closed the scene until morning, which found us at

PORT TOWNSEND, the principal port of entry of the North Pacific coast.

It is very picturesquely situated upon a beautiful and excellent harbor, 95 miles from Cape Flattery and 45 miles from Seattle.

The business houses occupy a narrow strip near the shore, and the residences the summit of the hills, a hundred feet or more above.

A garrison of United States troops is stationed within sight across the bay,

It has daily communication, by steamer, with the principal points on the Sound; tri-weekly with Victoria, B. C.; weekly with New Dungeness, Port Angeles, Elwah, Pyscht, Hoko, Neah Bay and the San Juan group of islands; tri-monthly with San Francisco, and monthly with Alaska. Commanding the trade of a large scope of country, it does a business disproportionate to its size.

No less than 400 vessels, with an aggregate capacity of over 250,000 tons, laden with exports of lumber, coal, wheat and other home products, valued at \$1,435,615, have cleared from this modest little port in a single year.

Leaving Port Townsend, we soon entered

PUGET SOUND proper, which for extent and depth, number and excellence of its harbors, safety of navigation, and grandeur of scenery combined, is the most magnificent body of water in the world. It has more than 1500 miles of shore line, hundreds of beautiful islands and bays, deep water everywhere, and abounds in fish and game. Whidby's Island extends on the left for nearly 40 miles, its immediate shores thickly wooded, but containing considerable openings, with prosperous settlements in the interior. On the right, Ports Ludlow, Gamble and Madison, the locations of

the most extensive saw-mills on the coast, are soon passed. Then the entrance to Possession Sound, and a little further on Sandy Point Light-house, when

SEATTLE, the principal city of the territory, comes in full view.

This city, already containing a population of over 7000 people, has reached the summit of the harbor-sloping hills, and is still extending its limits ambitiously toward the beautiful shores of Lake Washington. Walking over the three miles of rolling, lightly-timbered pine lands to the lake, I found parties of men digging and burning out the great stumps of forest trees upon lots three-quarters of a mile from the city front, which they said were selling from \$350 to \$1000 each.

The Territorial University, occupying a prominent central location, is an imposing structure. A \$25,000 public school building and palatial hotel were in course of erection. Her marine numbers over 50 vessels, and her annual coal exportations exceed 150,000 tons.

It is early to determine with much certainty the location of the city which will in the near future rise to greatness upon the shores of Puget Sound. I have seen enough of the abounding resources of lumber, coal and iron lying in Western Washington alone, to leave no doubt in my mind but that their development, now so rapidly progressing, will build up a populous commercial and manufacturing city upon these, the most magnificent of inland waters. Nature has not only provided these great materials of wealth in lavish abundance, but made them so accessible that their utilization is as certain as the westward movement of the millions now seeking homes on the Pacific slope. The Straits of Juan de Fuca are an open sea channel from 10 to 18 miles in width, and from 25 to 250 fathoms in depth, the only safe entrance in stormy weather on the whole North Pacific coast. Ships may sail through without the aid of pilots, and when inside, find numerous convenient land-locked harbors, affording safe anchoring grounds during the severest storms.

Seattle possesses the great natural advantages of a cen-

tral position on the Sound, and the concentration there already of large capital and important interests, under the watchful control of an exceptionally able and enterprising class of citizens. The great lumber manufacturing establishments of Blakeley, Seabeck, Tacoma, Madison, Gamble and Ludlow, lie within a radius of 30 miles; her extensive coal fields are the most productive on the coast, and considerable bodies of the richest and most available farming lands in the Territory lie near at hand. Its growth has been so rapid that the stumps of the forest trees are still standing in many of the streets just as they were left by the woodman's axe. The suburbs of the city extend to the beautiful shores of Lake Washington, affording admirable sites for country seats and excellent advantages for summer resorts. Its harbor is safe and commodious enough for all the demands of a large commerce. With such commanding advantages, the future of Seattle is to a great extent in the hands of its people. Portland and New Tacoma will be powerful competitors for the trade of Eastern Washington and Oregon. The combined capital of these places and of the great companies now controlling the main lines of transportation of this region, will unite to grasp and hold as long as possible, this immense interior traffic. It will naturally flow toward the best markets for the producers. Seattle should lose no time in building the railroad over the Cascade Mountains already projected, and create such a market. When completed, wheat can be shipped from her wharves in deep sea ships, cheaper than from any other port north of San Francisco. Western Montana and Idaho, as well as Eastern Washington, would come to her for coal and timber; manufactures would spring up, and agriculture gradually reclaim from the neighboring forests extensive areas of fertile lands, capable of supplying all home demands and a large surplus for exportation.

NEW TACOMA.—The Puget Sound terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, is situated on the southerly shore of Commencement Bay, about midway between Seattle and Olympia. It commands one of the most sublime mountain,

forest, and inland water views, found on this continent. Mount Ranier, the grand central figure, clothed in perpetual white, surveys in silent majesty from her towering heights the magnificent scene. The town site comprises a series of plateaux, the first under the high bluffs, occupied by the depots, wharves, warehouses, and headquarter offices of the Northern Pacific Railroad; the second by business houses, the residences covering the hill-sides from 100 to 200 feet above. The great stumps of hundreds of forest trees still standing in the streets and door-yards, forcibly suggest the rapidity of the onward march of civilization on this coast. Its population now numbers about 3500, and is rapidly increasing.

New Tacoma bases her hopes of future importance upon four great interests; her mines of coal and iron, forests of fir and cedar timber, agriculture, and foreign commerce. The excellence of its harbor, the variety and extent of the tributary resources, determined the location here of one of the great terminal points of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

The whole country for 30 miles or more along the western base of the Cascade Mountains, 20 miles eastward, is a vast field of coal.

The manufacture of lumber, already a most valuable industry, will materially enlarge with the growth of the country; and there is a sufficient quantity of agricultural lands within a radius of fifty miles, when improved, to sustain a large population.

It is beyond the possibilities of human foresight to determine which place upon the Sound will eventually control the principal export trade.

Seattle has the advantage of position, and New Tacoma of corporate capital and influence, and one railroad already in operation. Both will flourish and increase in size for many years, from the development of their separate resources, independent of Eastern trade; and both will soon reach out for that, by railroads over the mountains into the great Columbia basin.

OLYMPIA.—Taking the little steamer Zephyr from Tacoma and sailing southward, touching at the old settlement of Steilacoom, and passing near the Territorial Penitentiary on McNeil's Island, about three o'clock we rounded into Budd's Inlet, when Olympia, the capital, charmingly situated at its head, came in full view. It contains about 1500 inhabitants, and is, in many respects, the most inviting, home-like place in the northwest.

The inlet is about six miles long and one mile in width—its picturesque shores covered with a thick growth of fir, cedar and other woods. It abounds with fish, clams and oysters, the latter being exported in considerable quantities.

The Olympia and Tenio Narrow Gauge Railroad connects with the main line of the Northern Pacific at Tenio, about 15 miles south.

A little way out from Olympia, the narrow gauge road runs through the village of Tumwater. The beautiful falls of the Des Chutes River, over 60 feet, within half a mile, afford an excellent water-power, improved by saw, flour and other mills.

FROM SEATTLE TO WHATCOM—THE SNOHOMISH, STEILAGUAMISH, SKAGIT AND NOOKSACK COUNTRY.

Proceeding northward from Seattle, the 100 miles of country lying between it and the British possessions, is richer in timber, agricultural and mineral resources, than any other of equal extent bordering the waters of Puget Sound. It comprises the counties of Snohomish and Whatcom, the latter, the extreme northwestern in the United States, and both extending eastward to the divide of the Cascade Range. Numerous streams drain the western slope of these mountains, within the section described, the Snoqualmie, Skykomish, Snohomish, Steilaguamish, Skagit, Samish, Lumni and Nooksack being the most important. There are quite extensive tracts of rich tide and beaver-dam lands bordering them. They are expensive to reclaim, but produce large crops of oats, hops, potatoes and other vegetables. Above tide water there are numerous comparatively lightly-timbered valleys, available for agricultural purposes, and especially in

the Nooksack region, many thousand acres of level plateau still open for settlement. The finest bodies of fir timber in the Territory lie along the Skagit and Samish Rivers, and also promising coal, iron and gold fields.

About 22 miles from Seattle, at the white, terraced bluffs of Skagit head—the southeastern extremity of Whidby Island—we entered Possession Sound, the northern arm of Admiralty Inlet, which leads to the straits of Juan de Fuca, through Saratoga Passage and Deception Pass. The shores of the mainland and the islands are uniformly covered with a thick growth of fir, spruce, hemlocks and pine, the former prevailing. There are occasional farm houses and clearings in sight, though the forests are as yet almost unbroken.

Eight miles beyond at the entrance to Port Gardner, we landed at Mukilteo, a little village of 25 buildings, mainly supported by the lumber business. There is a large body of fine fir timber lying between the Sound and the Snohomish River, of which the Port Blakeley and Port Gamble Mill Companies are the principal owners. The firm of Blackman & Howard are getting out here over 2,000,000 feet of logs annually for these mills. Salmon are caught here in considerable numbers and taken to the Seattle cannery.

Leaving Mukilteo, we passed to the right of Gedney Island, opposite the mouth of the Snohomish. Along the river and its tributaries there are prosperous farming settlements and extensive logging camps.

Nine miles from Mukilteo, the 60 or 70 buildings of the Tualip Indian Agency presented an inviting appearance. Gen. O'Kane is agent of the Muckleshoot, Old Man-House, Tulalip, Swinomish and Lummi Reservations, containing altogether 2800 Indians, 560 of whom belong on the Tualip. The Catholics maintain a mission school there. Just as we were leaving Sister Blandier, in charge, arrived in a large skiff, rowed by 12 well-dressed, comely Indian girls.

Twenty miles further, through Saratoga Passage, past McLean's, Eaton's and Forrest's logging camps, and the entrance to Holmes' Bay, between Camano and Whidby Islands, which compose Island County, and we reached

COUPEVILLE, its principal town, a pleasant village, comprising about 30 buildings, situated on the latter, on the south side of and one-half mile from the head of Penn Cove, Coveland.

This is one of the numerous termini of the Northern Pacific Railroad, which lie all along the Sound, at short intervals, from Olympia to Bellingham Bay.

Olympia, Tacoma, Seattle, Port Townsend, Freeport, Mukilteo, Holmes' Bay, Coveland, Anacortes, Sehome and Whatcom have all had expectations of winning the great prize, and becoming the commercial metropolis of this region. I met many who spoke hopefully of several of these points, though the prevailing opinion among disinterested outsiders is that Seattle occupies the most commanding position on the Sound, and will control its chief trade in the future.

It has been proposed to utilize the fine harbor of Coveland as a terminal point, by cutting a ship canal from its head across Whidby Island, only one and a half miles to the Sound, opposite Port Townsend.

On the shore of the cove and of Penn Harbor, six miles to the north, are some of the best farms in Washington—Whidby Island being one of the oldest settled portions, and now containing a population of about 1000.

UTSALADY, one of the most extensive lumber manufacturing places of the Puget Mill Company, was next reached. It occupies a sheltered cove at the north end of Camano Island, and contains besides the mill, store and warehouses, about 20 other buildings.

The mill has been operated since 1853, employs 80 men, and has a capacity for sawing 80,000 feet of lumber daily. They pay \$6.50 per thousand feet for logs, and sell common lumber at \$15, and finished at \$18 per thousand—shipping principally to San Francisco and Honolulu.

GLORIOUS SCENERY.

Of all the ocean, sound and lake shores, these are the most magnificent; so clean cut and handsomely wooded with evergreens, and abounding in picturesque situations, a

charming labyrinth of straits, inlets, islands, bays and cosy indentations, surrounded by the grand snow-covered peaks and slopes of the Olympic and Cascade Mountains.

When better known and more accessible by such conveniences of travel as modern tourists desire, they will be much resorted to during the summer months by health and pleasure seekers from all parts of the world.

From Utsalady northward to Bellingham Bay our course lay among a group of exceedingly beautiful islands—Fidalgo, Guemes, Cypress, Lummi and others, belonging to Whatcom County.

LACONNER, near the mouth of the Skagit, is approached by a narrow, tortuous channel, winding close to small rock-bound islets, through “Hole in the Wall” and Swinomish Slough.

The town comprises about 40 buildings, the precinct having a population of 600. The Laconner bottoms, so famous for their fertility, lie adjoining on the north. They comprise about 20,000 acres, 14,000 of which are under cultivation, producing enormous crops of oats, the average yield being about 70 bushels per acre; 8400 bushels are said to have been harvested from 84 acres, and 125 bushels per acre from a 40-acre field owned by Mr. Dave McCormick.

The Swinomish Indian Reservation, of over 6000 acres, lies upon Fidalgo Island, and embraces a large tract of rich tide lands.

THE SKAGIT VALLEY is the most important lumbering, farming and mining region in Western Washington. It extends to the base of the Cascade Range, varying in width from three to eight miles, and containing a considerable area of rich agricultural lands.

The river is navigable for 70 miles from the mouth, and bordered by extensive bodies of the choicest timber, upon which several of the largest saw-mills mainly depend. Coal, iron and gold mines have been discovered and are being developed with promising results.

Mosquitoes are reported very troublesome, especially on the delta tide lands. The overflow of the Skagit is sometimes very destructive.

Ten miles from Laconner we rounded into Squaw's Bay, on the northeast side of Fidalgo Island. This is a remarkable healthy and prolific locality. On one side a white-haired, ruddy-faced veteran came out in a small boat for his mail, rowed in good style by a young daughter, one of 21 living children; and on the other Mr. Monk showed us a field of wheat, which he said will yield 75 bushels per acre. He settled at Fidalgo 21 years ago, the first white man in that section, selected a choice tract of 400 acres, which he farms most thoroughly and successfully, underdraining his most productive lands.

Four miles further, the steamer touched at Anacortes, a small village situated at the north end of Fidalgo Island, aspiring to become the metropolis of the northwest coast.

Next at Samish, on the mainland, 10 miles from Anacortes, near the mouth of the Samish River, upon which there is considerable logging and cultivation of tide lands.

Between Samish and Sehome there are inexhaustible quantities of what is known as Bellingham Bay stone. It is a handsome blue sandstone, easily cut, but quite durable. Several fine blocks in Portland, Seattle and Port Townsend have been built of it.

BELLINGHAM BAY, SEHOME, WHATCOM AND THE NOOKSACK
COUNTRY.

About ten o'clock we reached Bellingham Bay, one of the most commodious and safe harbors on this coast. It is 14 miles in length and three in width, with from eight to twenty fathoms of water, and good anchorage.

Sehome and Whatcom are both small villages of about 20 buildings each, situated a mile and one-half apart, near the mouth of Whatcom Creek.

They flourished during the operations of the coal mines there, but since their suspension, in 1877, have been almost deserted until quite recently.

Whatcom is filling up again, and now that the tide of

immigration is setting into the Nooksack country, its future prosperity is assured, or of some point upon the bay accessible by deep-draught vessels. Whatcom Creek affords an excellent water power, now being improved with a saw-mill. That portion of Whatcom County, lying between Mount Baker and the Gulf of Georgia, probably comprises, all things considered, the most desirable Government lands in Western Washington. The climate is very healthy, and the water good; winters comparatively mild, rainfall moderate, soil rich, and incoming people intelligent and industrious. I saw apple and pear trees full of fruit, and fine gardens of potatoes, onions, peas, beans, green corn, etc.

This is a rare field for sportsmen. Deer are numerous, and Whatcom Lake famous for its trout fishing.

Returning to Seattle, I proceeded *via* San Juan Island, to British Columbia.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BRITISH COLUMBIA is a vast region, extending from the 49th parallel of latitude more than 700 miles north to the 60th, and from the divide of the Rocky Mountains on the east, 400 miles west to the Pacific, containing 341,515 square miles, or 218,435,200 acres, a country nearly three times as large as England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales combined. It is traversed lengthwise by two great mountain ranges, the Rockies and the Cascades, about 250 miles apart, the former reaching an elevation of 9000 and the latter of 6000 feet. The Columbia and the Fraser, the second and third largest rivers on the Pacific Coast, rise within the Province, and with the Skeena, Nass, Stickeen, and innumerable other streams, drain its western slope. The interior is well watered by numerous rivers and creeks, and thousands of lakes and springs. Parallel to the mainland, and at a distance of from three to twenty miles therefrom, extends Vancouver Island for over 250 miles. The shores of the mainland and of Vancouver, and the intervening waters, embrace the most wonderful collection of inlets, sounds, harbors, straits, channels and islands to be found upon the planet. British Columbia, in common with the whole Pacific Coast, possesses two distinct climates. Along the west coast, even as far north as latitude 53° , the mean winter temperature is about 42° ; the annual rainfall averaging from 45 inches at Victoria, to 75 inches at Fort Simpson, 630 miles north. In the interior the climate is much drier, the entire precipitation ranging from 10 to 20 inches; the mean summer temperature being about 75° , and the winter 10° above. North of latitude 51 the winters are severe, but the snowfall moderate, except in the higher altitudes. This section is not subject to the terrible blizzards which prevail east of the Rocky Mountains, the coldest weather usually being perfectly calm and clear. Though mountains and forests cover a considerable portion of its surface, there

are very extensive areas excellently adapted to stock raising and agriculture. The great natural resources of the Province are minerals, coal, fish, timber, grazing and furs. Although there are millions of acres as yet untouched by human foot, the discoveries of valuable mineral deposits already made are immense. Her gold fields are among the most extensive and richest in the world; coal underlies hundreds of thousands of acres; there are mountain masses and islands of iron, and rich mines of silver, copper and other precious metals.

The principal cities, towns and settlements in British Columbia, are Victoria, Esquimalt, Saanich, Cowichan, Nanaimo, Wellington, Comox, Fort Rupert and Sooke, on Vancouver Island; New Westminster, Port Moody, Moodyville, Hastings, Granville, Langley, Sumass, Chilliwack, Hope, Emory, Yale, Lytton, Lillooet, Cache Creek, Cook's Ferry, Clinton, Lake La Hache, Soda Creek, Quesnelle, Stanley, Barkerville, Savona's Ferry, Kamloops, Tranquille, Grand Prairie, Salmon River, Spallumcheen, Okanagan, Mission, Cherry Creek, Similkameen, Port Essington, Rivers' Inlet, Metlakathla, Fort Simpson and Cassiar, on the Mainland, containing altogether about 50,000 inhabitants.

VICTORIA, the chief city and capital of British Columbia, occupies a magnificent situation on the south shore of Vancouver Island, about 60 miles from the Pacific, and 750 north of San Francisco. Its immediate surroundings are charmingly picturesque, embracing a beautiful harbor and inlet, pine and oak covered shores and rolling hills, with green forests of fir and pine-clad mountains in the near background. The distant view is one of exceeding grandeur, comprising the loftiest peaks of the Olympic and Cascade Mountains. A person unfamiliar with the marvelous progress of civilization in the new world, surveying its busy marts of trade, ships of commerce laden with exports for the most distant ports, numerous manufacturing industries, well graded streets and good public and private buildings, would scarcely believe that all these things are the creation of a little more than 20 years, and that only a generation has

passed since the Hudson Bay Company first planted the English flag on these shores. But this is only the beginning as compared with the brilliant future which awaits Victoria. The resources of the vast region to which she holds the commercial key, are only in the bud of their development. That she has reached her present status while laboring under the great disadvantages of extreme remoteness from the centers of population and demand for her products, excessively costly transportation, shows not only their enormous extent and richness, but what may reasonably be expected when all railway communication shall be established with the East and the country opened to immigration and capital.

Victoria is provided with all the concomitants of the progressive cities of our times—good religious and educational advantages, three newspapers, the *Colonist*, *Standard*, and *Evening Post*, a public library, and the usual benevolent orders, an able and active Board of Trade, gas and water works, efficient police and fire departments, a beautiful public park, and a well ordered government.

VICTORIA AS A SUMMER RESORT FOR TOURISTS AND HEALTH SEEKERS.

Nature has awarded to Victoria the most attractive and interesting situation and surroundings of any city on the north Pacific Coast. Possessing a most enjoyable, invigorating and healthful climate, she lies central amidst the sublimest scenery in the new world. The waters of Puget Sound and of the Inside Passage to Alaska, between Vancouver and the Mainland, embrace more that is unique and wonderful in nature, than can be found on any equal area of the earth's surface. I can scarcely conceive of a grander panorama of mountains and inland waters, forests and islands, than that afforded from the summit of Beacon Hill, her favorite Park resort. Her drives are unsurpassed, both in respect to the excellence of the roads, and the beauty of the scenery through which they pass. The three miles from Victoria to the fine harbor of Esquimalt, with its pretty village, off-lying fleet of ships, Graving Dock, etc., is a delightful drive or walk; so is the one to the Gorge, a pic-

turesque, romantic spot, situated about the same distance from the city. It may also be visited by a small boat through a charming inlet, extending from Victoria almost to Esquimalt. To Cadboro Bay, returning by the Government House, Race Course and Beacon Hill, a distance of about eight miles, affords a splendid excursion. Excellent macadamized roads lead from three to twenty miles into the country, in all directions. Victoria is central in one of the best fields for hunting and fishing, of which I have any knowledge. Deer and other large game abound on Vancouver Island, and within a short distance of the city. All kinds of waterfowl are numerous, and the streams and lakes are full of trout. It is only a few hours' ride by steamer, amidst magnificent scenery, to the most important places in the Province, New Westminster, Port Moody and Nanaimo; and to the principal towns of Puget Sound—Port Townsend, Seattle, Tacoma and Olympia. Steamers also run among the beautiful islands of the Archipelago De Haro, and of the San Juan group, touching at their chief points of interest. Upon the completion of the Canadian Pacific and Northern Pacific Railways, Victoria will be thronged with tourists and health-seekers, from all parts of the East.

EXCURSIONS FROM VICTORIA.

TRIP No. 1.—*From Victoria to Yale, the head of navigation on the Fraser River, with Capt. John Irving, on the steamer R. P. Rithet. Through the Archipelago De Haro, Plummer Pass, Gulf of Georgia, and South Arm of Fraser River. Magnificent scenery, salmon fisheries and canneries, rich delta and bottom lands. The towns of Ladner's Landing, New Westminster, Mission, Maple Ridge, Langley, Matsqui, Sumas, Chilliwack, Harrison River, Hope, Emory, and Yale—350 miles.*

VICTORIA, the beautiful capital city of the Province, is the headquarters and starting-point of all the principal steamboat and other lines of transportation through it. Of these, the Pioneer line of steamers to the head of navigation on the Fraser River, is one of the most important. It comprises three boats, the Wm. Irving, R. P. Rithet and Reli-

ance, owned by Capt. John Irving and others, which run in conjunction with the Hudson Bay steamers Princess Louise, Enterprise and Otter.

I took passage on the R. P. Rithet, Capt. John Irving, one of the finest boats upon the waters of the northwest coast. She is a new, powerful stern-wheeler, 200 feet long, 39 feet wide, 816 tons burthen, accommodating 250 passengers, and having a speed of 13 miles an hour. Her cabins are elegantly finished and furnished, state-rooms large, and table excellent.

The usual time to Yale—175 miles from Victoria—is from 18 to 22 hours on the upward, and 12 hours on the downward trip, the difference being occasioned by the strong currents encountered both in the straits and river, in some places from seven to eight miles an hour.

No passage of equal distance in the world affords a succession of more magnificent natural views.

Sailing out of the fine land-locked harbor of Victoria into the Straits of Juan de Fuca, on a clear day, presents a panorama of indescribable beauty and sublimity. The grandest mountains outline the horizon on every hand—rising 5000 feet from Vancouver, the snow-covered Olympian Peaks 8000 feet—and sweeping east and northward along the rugged Cascades, the eye is arrested by the white crowning peaks of Mount Baker, 10,800 feet above the sea. The intervening landscape is exceedingly picturesque and charming. Sailing northward, the immediate shores of Vancouver, faced with a sea-wall of rounded trappean rock, sparsely wooded with pine and oak, receding gradually, are interspersed with pleasant green slopes and park-like openings. The large, conspicuous mansion situated upon the commanding eminence in the eastern suburbs of Victoria is the Government House, now occupied by His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Cornwall. The Governor recently kindly showed me through the fine grounds, which afford a most magnificent view of the incomparably grand scenery of this region. Looking into Cadboro Bay—three miles from the city opposite the small, rocky islands of Discovery and Chat-ham, a fine little harbor of refuge—a number of well-im-

proved farms are visible. Driven in here by a storm in crossing from San Juan Island to Victoria, I was surprised to find vegetation more advanced than in Oregon and Washington, which I had just left. Several varieties of flowers bloom here throughout the winter.

Approaching the entrance to the Canal De Haro, San Juan Island, to the northeast, first engages the attention. It is the largest of the San Juan group, comprising Orcas, Lopez, Blakeley, Decatur, Waldron, Shaws, Stuart, Speiden, Henry and others, being 13 miles long, with an average width of about four miles. It acquired historical importance as disputed territory, having been jointly occupied by the English and American forces, from 1858 to 1873, when the boundary question was finally settled. The white-faced cliffs of the extensive limestone quarry of McCurdy's is a prominent land-mark on the Southern slope. Lying to the westward of the group, and comprising the Archipelago De Haro, are numerous islands, belonging to British Columbia. Of these, Salt Spring, Galiano, Saturna, Pender, Sidney, Moresby and Mayne are the most important. The main channel, usually taken by deep-draught vessels, runs between San Juan, Stuart and Waldron, on the east, and Sidney, Moresby, Pender and Saturna on the west; but our route, that of most river steamers, lay between Sidney, James, Moresby, Portland, Pender, Provost, Mayne and Galiano Islands, reaching the Gulf of Georgia through Active or Plumper Pass. These islands are uniformly rock-bound, with basalt, sandstone and conglomerate formations, interspersed with lignite, rugged and irregular in outline, thickly wooded with fir and spruce, and rising from 500 to 1500 feet above the sea. Their climate is healthy and uniform, rainfall not excessive, and great extremes of heat or cold are unknown. The forests abound with deer, otter, coon and mink, and the surrounding waters with salmon, halibut, cod and other excellent fish. There are no beasts of prey or poisonous reptiles. Approaching the pass, a steam sealing schooner and three large Chinook canoes, filled with Indians, were sailing northward. Their huts were occasionally seen upon the shores. A considerable settlement of whites

occupy a pleasant green slope on Vancouver Island, at Cowichan.

Then we seemed to be advancing against a mountain wall of solid rock, and just as we were wondering most where we could be going, two channels suddenly appear—the left leading on to Nanaimo, the right to Plumper Pass—not exceeding two or three hundred yards wide in places, and about two miles long, to the Gulf of Georgia.

Emerging from the pass, we headed for the delta of the Fraser River, visible in the distance. The Gulf of Georgia is from nine to twenty miles in width and 120 miles in length. When opposite Point Roberts the boundary line between British Columbia and the United States, a wide pathway cut through the timber, entirely across, is plainly seen from the steamer with the naked eye. Just before entering the south arm of the Fraser River we passed the steamer Beaver, which Captain Irving said is the oldest on the Pacific coast, having come around the Horn in 1835. She was still doing good service for her owners, the British Columbia Towing Co.

The Fraser River, the third largest stream flowing into the Pacific upon the continent of North America, rising in the Rocky Mountains, drains, with its tributaries, an area estimated at 125,000 square miles, reaching from the 118th to the 125th degree of longitude. The intervening country embraces the greatest diversity of physical features, climates, soils, natural resources and adaptations, east of the Cascade Range, mountains, rolling foothills and elevated plateaus, covered with bunch grass, sage brush. plains, forest and timber lands, with occasional prairie openings, are its prevailing characteristics.

It is rich in gold and other valuable minerals, contains extensive stock ranges of unsurpassed excellence, and large areas of arable lands excellently adapted to the growth of cereals, roots and fruits generally. Irrigation is necessary over a considerable portion of this region. The summers are hot, the nights cool, and sometimes frosty in the valleys and in the elevated plateaus; the winters dry and not unfrequently severe, though the snow-fall, except in the mountains, seldom exceeds two feet in depth.

Crossing the Cascades, its western slopes and valleys, embrace the greatest variety of climates and range of productions, varying according to altitude and local surface configurations.

Forests of Douglas pine, cedar, spruce and hemlock cover a considerable portion of this region, though there are extensive bodies of excellent grazing and agricultural land. But no general description can convey correct impressions concerning or do justice to this region.

The climatic conditions existing in the same latitudes on the Atlantic coast afford no guide in judging of those found there. The warm Asiatic ocean currents sweeping along the western coast and through the Gulf of Georgia, modify the temperature in a marked degree.

It is one of the healthiest portions of the globe. Even the river bottoms and deltas are free from all malarial fevers.

THE RICH AND EXTENSIVE DELTAS OF THE FRASER RIVER.

The delta lands of the Fraser are more extensive than those of any other river flowing into the Pacific. Advancing up the South Arm, a broad, rapid, muddy stream, the tide lands stretch away for many miles on either hand, extending from Boundary Bay on the east, to Point Gray on the west, a distance of 13 miles, embracing over 100,000 acres susceptible of cultivation. Enriched by the silt and alluvial deposits of ages, brought down from the plains and mountain slopes of the interior, they are famous for their inexhaustible fertility. They generally require dyking to the height of three or four feet, for protection against high tides, though escaping, almost altogether, any damaging effects from the spring floods.

THE SALMON FISHERIES AND CANNERIES.

Although salmon fishing and canning has been an important industry on the Pacific coast since 1866, and during the last 12 years has grown to immense proportions, it is only a few years since the establishment, by Ewen & Co., of the first cannery on the Fraser. Now there are 13—the Phoenix, English & Co., British American Packing Co., British

Union, Adair & Co., Delta, Findlay, Durham & Brodie, British Columbia Packing Co., Ewen & Co., Laidlaw & Co., Standard Co., Haigh & Son, and the Richmond Packing Co., their aggregate annual product amounting to not less than 230,000 cases. The fish of Northern waters are of superior quality, and their ranges for hatching and feeding so extensive and excellent that the salmon, especially if protected by the Government, will constitute one of the great permanent resources of this region. Before proceeding far up the Fraser, we meet the advance of the numerous fleet of salmon fishing boats which throng the river for a distance of 15 miles from its mouth. They are from 22 to 24 feet in length, and from five to six feet wide, each furnished with a gill net, made of strong linen, from 150 to 200 fathoms long, and about 40 half-inch meshes deep, and manned by two Indians.

NEW WESTMINSTER, the principal city of the mainland, formerly the capital of the Crown Colony, occupies a very pleasant and commanding situation on the right bank of the Fraser, about 15 miles from the mouth and 75 miles from Victoria. The site was chosen by Col. Moody, in 1858, being then covered with a dense growth of enormous cedars, some of which were 12 feet in diameter. Hon. J. W. Armstrong, late Provincial Secretary, erected the first house—a store and dwelling—in March, 1859. This gentleman related to me how it came by its present name. Originally called Queen or Queensborough, a dispute having arisen between Gov. Douglas and Col. Moody as to which should prevail, the matter was submitted for settlement to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, who decided against both, by substituting New Westminster.

It lies in the heart of the great resources of the Province, surrounded by the most extensive and richest bodies of agricultural lands, with large tracts of the finest timber near at hand, and in the midst of fisheries so enormously productive that 13 canning establishments within a radius of 12 miles, will put up over 12,000,000 cans of salmon, alone, the present season. Vessels drawing 15 feet of water reach New Westminster in safety at all times, and find good anchorage and

wharfage, and Port Moody, on Burrard's Inlet, the best and most commodious harbor along these shores, selected as the terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, is only six miles distant.

The city, now containing a population of about 3000, is in a very prosperous condition, but scarcely realizes the future which awaits it upon the establishment of railroad communication with the interior and the East, the influx of population, and the consequent development of the great resources of this region. Besides many well-built stores, residences, and hotels, it contains the Provincial Penitentiary and Asylum, a public hospital, and good church and school buildings. A fine post-office is in course of erection. A free reading-room and library is well sustained. There are two local newspapers—the *British Columbian* and *Mainland Guardian*—well conducted and supported. At the hospital, Dr. Adam Jackson, the courteous and efficient Superintendent, after conducting me through the several commodious and sunny wards showed me, in the fine flower garden attached, a sweetpea vine over seven-and-a-half feet in height, and close by, vegetables of surprising growth. Rheumatism and paralysis are the most prevalent diseases among his patients. At the time of my visit, just after pay-day among the canneries, the city was full of Indians, representing all the various Mainland and Island tribes, living in canvas tents and huts, dressed in every conceivable mixture of barbarous and civilized costume, one of the most interesting collections of human creatures ever seen on the earth.

These northern tribes are generally good workers, and earn, during the summer, considerable sums of money, which they spend freely upon whatever most pleases their fancy. Many of their purchases, which the traders said included almost everything, were exceedingly amusing, especially in the line of dress goods. Sometimes a prosperous buck will jump from a barbarous into a civilized costume at a bound, and parade the streets in a black suit and white silk necktie, and everything, except habits, to correspond. One Indian was seen proudly leading his little daughter, whom he had gaily dressed in white, with a blue silk sash, a pretty

white waist and a silk parasol in hand, but bare-footed and bare-legged. Though there were upwards of a thousand Indians in the city, I saw no disorderly conduct among them. I am indebted to Captain A. Peele, a prominent druggist and apothecary of New Westminster, and Meteorological Observer for the Dominion Government and Signal Officer for the United States, for the following valuable notes of the mean temperature and rainfall at that place for a period of six years:

	Mean Temp.	Highest Temp.	Lowest Temp.	Rainfall.
January	34.9	57	7	7.26
February	37.9	57	16	6.61
March.	40.3	65	18	6.77
April.	48.1	74	20	2.85
May	54.9	82	34	3.34
June	58.3	87	38	2.33
July	63.8	92	45	1.66
August	61.9	84	44	2.10
September	56.9	81	42	3.68
October	48.9	75	26	5.83
November	40.6	59	14	7.65
December	36.2	54	8	7.87

Between New Westminster and Yale, a distance of 109 miles, the mail steamers not unfrequently make 35 landings, including stoppages at railway construction camps. Maple Ridge, 12 miles; Langley, 17; Riverside, 31; Matsqui, 93; Sumas, 41; Chilliwack, 47; Hope, 85, and Emory, 85 miles above, being the most important places.

LANGLEY, though only a small village, is the oldest settlement on the river, having been laid out for a town in 1858. There is a considerable tract of rich, arable land a short distance back, of which the Hudson Bay Company own about a 1000 acres. Though the area, susceptible of cultivation along the Lower Fraser, is comparatively limited, it comprises, in the aggregate, over 150,000 acres, excluding the deltas.

At Matsqui there is a prairie opening three or four miles square, and on the right bank opposite, north of the Mission, Burton's Prairie, containing over 3000 acres. Sumas Prairie is estimated to contain 25,000 acres of farming lands. Surrounding

CHILLIWHACK, a village of about 25 houses, on the left bank, there is a large body of level, lightly timbered, alder, maple and pine wooded bottoms, enclosed by a grand amphitheatre of mountains. The soil is a deep clay, alluvial, exceedingly productive. Mr. A. Pierce told me that the lessees of his farm, situated three miles back from the landing, will clear \$2000 this season from 48 acres under cultivation. Though comprising the principal farming settlement on the river, these lands are only about half occupied. In common with most of those described, they are subject to occasional overflows, sometimes quite disastrous. The Provisional Government has undertaken to protect them by dyking, and will doubtless succeed.

For 60 miles from the mouth of the Harrison River the Fraser has little valley proper, the mountains rising abruptly from two to five thousand feet above the sea, their rugged, furrowed sides sparsely covered with Douglas fir, and sharply defined peaks, with remnants of the winter snows. There are occasional slopes, benches and bottoms of small extent, occupied, though the general aspect of the country, outside the small settlements, is a wild, unbroken wilderness.

This was the field of the great Fraser River gold excitements of 24 years ago, when miners rushed in from all parts of the world, encountering untold hardships and dangers to share in its rich treasures. The best diggings were found upon the lower benches and bars of the river—the American, Murderer's, Texas, Emory, Hill's, Sailor's, Boston, Kanaka, Fargo's, Chapman's, Wellington and Foster's being the richest. Scores of brave fellows lost their lives in attempting to reach them, in canoes and small boats, through the terrible rapids of the awful cañons intervening.

Between Cornish and American Bars, near the mouth of the Coquhalla River, we reached the small village of

HOPE, charmingly situated upon a high bench at the base of the mountains. A trail leads from thence 160 miles northeastward, into the rich Similkameen and Okanagan country. A silver mine, said to be very rich, has been dis-

covered upon the side of the mountain within sight, upon the development of which great anticipations are based. I was informed by Mr. B. C. Oleson, Superintendent of the C. P. R. R. powder works, that there are good openings in the upper Skagit Valley, within 40 or 50 miles of Hope, for 30 or 40 families.

SALMON RUNNING AND CATCHING EXTRAORDINARY.

I have read, with much allowance, accounts of the multitudes of salmon sometimes seen in the smaller tributaries of the Umpqua, Columbia and Fraser Rivers, but, after what I witnessed along the latter stream, am prepared to believe any fish story within the limits of possibilities. Arriving at Emory, five miles below Yale, two young men from San Francisco reported immense numbers of salmon at the mouth of Emory Creek, a small, rapid mountain stream flowing into the Fraser just above. Going there, I found it packed so full in places that I counted, while standing in one position upon the railroad bridge, over 400 different salmon. Mentioning the matter to a resident, he remarked: "Oh! that's nothing. If you want to see salmon, go to the next creek beyond." Reaching there, after a walk of about four miles, and taking a central position upon the bridge crossing it, I counted, without moving, over 800 salmon. This stream plunges down the mountain side with a fall of probably, 150 feet within a mile and a half, being from five to fifteen yards in width. For a distance of several rods up from its mouth, the salmon were crowding in from the muddy Fraser, now again rapidly rising, almost as thick as they could swim, and in their desperate efforts to ascend the successive falls above, presented a spectacle never before witnessed by the oldest native settler. Mr. John Woodworth, who has lived here for 24 years, said he never heard of the like. The salmon is a fish of extraordinary strength and agility, and is said to jump and swim up perpendicular falls from ten to twenty feet in height. I stood upon the bank an hour, and watched them in their desperate struggles to make the ascent of several of lesser size within sight. Of hundreds which made the attempt, only a few, compara-

tively, succeeded, the rest fell back exhausted, splashing and whirling among the boulders. Many were covered with great bruises, some had lost their eyes, a few lay dead upon the shore, others were dying, and all seemed nearly worn out. Stepping close to a pool filled with them, I easily caught two in my hands, which offered but little resistance. Before leaving, a photographer, Mr. D. R. Judkins, of New Westminster, arrived and took two views of the remarkable scene. Mr. Daniel Ashworth, wife and family, were also present. Reaching Yale, I told a hotel-keeper about it, estimating the salmon at thousands. "Thousands!" he exclaimed, almost with indignation, "Why, there are millions of them now running up the Fraser within a few miles of town." Getting aboard Mr. Onderdonk's construction train I rode along the river, 15 miles, to the end of the track. Millions was probably not much of an exaggeration, for although the river was quite muddy, schools of salmon, numbering thousands each, could be seen from the platform of the cars, at short intervals, the entire distance. The Indians were catching and drying them in large quantities. Standing upon the edge of perpendicular projecting ledges, they capture the largest and finest specimens, either by means of hooks or scoop-nets, dress them upon the spot, and hang them up on long poles to dry in the wind and sun. When sufficiently cured, they are packed in caches made from cedar shakes, and suspended for safe keeping among the branches of trees, from 20 to 50 feet above the ground. It is the opinion of those familiar with the habits of the salmon, that not one in a thousand succeeds in depositing its spawn, and that if hatching places were provided upon these streams, and protected, that they could scarcely be exhausted, under proper restrictions as to catching them.

YALE, the head of navigation on the Fraser River, a town of several hundred inhabitants and buildings, is situated upon a narrow bench, surrounded by mountains of striking grandeur, rising precipitously thousands of feet among the clouds. In the early days of the gold discoveries in this region, Yale presented those scenes of wild dissipa-

tion and reckless extravagance only witnessed in great and rich mining camps. An old miner, who was stopped from working his claim when paying from \$16 to \$20 per day, because encroaching upon the city front, told me that he seldom cleaned up without finding gold pieces which had been dropped from the overflowing pockets of men intoxicated with liquor and excitement. It was nothing uncommon in those days to spend \$50 in a single treat around at the bar. There is still paying placer mining on the river bench opposite, though the place derives its main support from the construction of the C. P. R. R., traffic with the interior, and through travel.

THE GRAND SCENERY OF THE CASCADE MOUNTAINS.

The grandest scenery on the Western slope of the continent is formed by the passage of its great rivers through the Cascade Mountains. When I looked with wonder and admiration upon the stupendous architecture of the mountains through which the Columbia has worn her way by the flow of unknown ages, I thought surely this scene can have no parallel; but ascending the Fraser River, above Yale, mountains just as rugged, lofty, and precipitous, present their rocky sides; a stream as deep, swift, and turbulent, rushes headlong to the sea, between granite walls hundreds of feet in height, above which rise, by every form of rocky embattlement, tower, castle, and terraced slope, which the imagination can conceive, the snow-covered summits of the Cascade Range. Great broad, deep paths have been worn down the mountain sides by the winter avalanches; crystal streams come bounding over their narrow rocky beds, sometimes leaping hundreds of feet, as if impatient to join the impetuous river below, enormous rocks stand out threateningly in the channel, over and around which, the waters boil and foam with an angry roar; and thus above, and below, and on every hand, for more than 50 miles, extends this sublime exhibition of nature.

TRIP No. 2.—*From Victoria to Barkerville, Cariboo, via New Westminster, Yale, Boston Bar, Lytton, Cook's Ferry, Ashcroft, Cache Creek, Clinton, Soda Creek and Quesnelle; returning through the Kamloops, Okanagan, Spallumcheen and Nicola country, 1682 miles; then to Alaska, 1600 miles.*

Arriving at Yale, I proceeded at once to the office of the British Columbia Express to secure a seat in the stage leaving for Cariboo, 400 miles north, the following morning. As I entered, Mr. Dodd, the obliging agent, gravely remarked to a clerical gentleman who was anxious to express a small parcel, that there wasn't room on the stage for a tooth-pick. I did not much regret the detention, for it gave me an opportunity to examine the most stupendous undertaking in railway building on the North American continent, the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railroad through the Cascade range of mountains. My readers are probably more or less familiar with the history of the progress of this great iron highway across the northern portion of the continent. The necessity for such a road through the several Provinces of the Dominion for their better security and more rapid development becoming apparent, in 1871 surveying parties were sent out to explore the comparatively unknown region through which, if possible, it should pass, and report upon the most favorable route. Over \$3,500,000 have been expended upon these preliminary surveys. The location of the road east of the Rocky Mountains being much the less difficult, the work of construction was commenced on the eastern section in 1874, and 264 miles completed and in operation in 1880; but from the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Coast no less than 11 lines, aggregating upwards of 10,000 miles, have been surveyed before determining the best terminal point and route thereto. Port Moody, at the head of Burrard Inlet, has finally been selected as the Mainland terminus, and the Governor-General, the Marquis of Lorne, has recently stated in a public speech at Victoria, that the road will probably cross the Rocky Mountains by the Kicking Horse Pass. An agreement for the construction of the road having been entered into between the Dominion of Canada and a syndicate of capitalists, Mr. A. Onderdonk,

an experienced railroad builder, became the managing contractor for that portion of the western division extending from Fort Moody to Savonas Ferry, a distance of 212 miles. It presented greater difficulties than have ever been overcome in railway building. For nearly 60 miles, from Yale to Lytton, the river has cut through the lofty Cascade Range, thousands of feet below the summits. Mountain spurs of granite rock, with perpendicular faces hundreds of feet in height, project at short intervals along the entire passage. Between them are deep lateral gorges, cañons and plunging cataracts. On this 60 miles of tunnels, rock work and bridges, the greater portion of Mr. Onderdonk's construction army of 7000 men have been engaged since 1880. The loud roar of enormous discharges of giant powder has almost constantly reverberated among the mountains. Fifteen tunnels have been bored, one 1600 feet in length, and millions of tons of rock blasted and rolled with the noise of an avalanche into the rushing, boiling Fraser; workmen have been suspended by ropes hundreds of feet down the perpendicular sides of the mountains to blast a foothold; supplies have been packed in upon the backs of mules and horses, over trails where the Indians were accustomed to use ladders, and building materials landed upon the opposite bank of the river at an enormous expense, and crossed in Indian canoes. It is estimated that portions of this work have cost \$300,000 to the mile.

Following the line of this great road through the mountains to Cook's Ferry, about 75 miles from Yale, I proceeded from thence over 300 miles north, to the gold fields of Cariboo, returning through the Kamloop, Okanagan, Spallumcheen and Nicola country. Having finished my travels in the interior, I then examined the West Coast for about 800 miles northward into Alaska, visiting most of the Indian tribes upon the mainland and on the islands of the Gulf of Gorgia. For the tourist and sportsman, it is a region of unparalleled attractions, and there are many localities in the interior of the Province which can be highly recommended for those health-seekers who require a dry, sunny, equable and stimulating climate.

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